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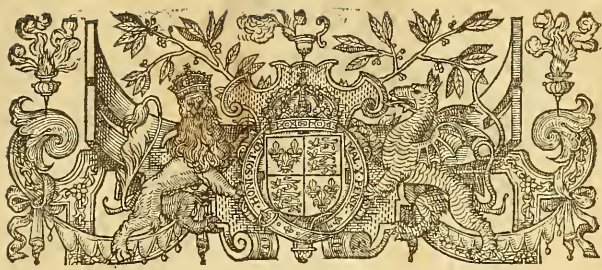




THE  
FAERIE  
QUEENE,  
DISPOSED INTO  
XII. BOOKES,  
Fashioning twelue Morall Vertues.



AT LONDON.  
Printed by H. L. for MATHEW LOWNES.



TO THE MOST

HIGH MIGHTY  
AND MAGNIFICENT  
EMPRESSE, RENOVNED FOR  
PIETIE, VERTVE, AND ALL  
GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT,

*ELIZABETH,*

BY THE GRACE OF GOD QVEENE  
OF ENGLAND FRAVNC E and IRELAND and  
of VIRGINIA, DEFENDOVR of the Faith

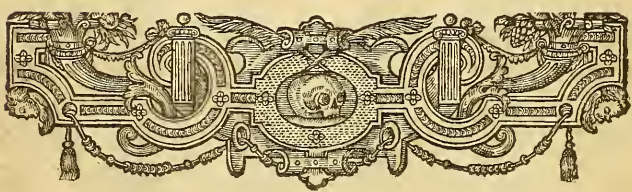
&c. Her most humble seruant, *Edmund Spencer*

*doth in all humilitie dedicate, present and con-*

*secrate these his labours, to line with*

*the eternitie of her*

FAME.





# THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT  
OF THE RED CROSSE,

OR

*Of Holinesse.*



<sup>1</sup> O, I the man, whose Muse whilom did mask,  
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards  
Am now enforc't a far vnfitter task, (weeds,  
or trüpets stern to change mine oatē reeds,  
and sing of Knights, & Ladies gentle deeds;

Whose praises hauing slept in silence long,  
Mee, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds

To blazon broad, amongst her learned throng:

Ficre warres, and faithfull loues, shall moralize my song.

<sup>2</sup> Helpe then, ô holy Virgin, chiefe of nine,  
Thy weaker Nouice to performe thy will:  
Lay forth out of thine euclasting scrine  
The antique rolles, which there lie hidden still,  
Of Faerie Knights, and fairest *Tanaquill*,  
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long  
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,  
That I must rue his vnderferd wrong:  
O! help thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tongue.

<sup>3</sup> And thou most dreaded impe of highest *Ioue*,  
Faire *Venus* sonne, that with thy cruell dart  
At that good Knight so cunningly didst rouse,  
That glorious fire it kuddled in his hart,  
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,  
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde:  
Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mars*,  
In loues and gentle iollities arrayd,  
After his murdrous spoiles and bloody rage allayd.

<sup>4</sup> And with them eke, ô Goddesse heavenly bright,  
Mirrouer of grace and Maiestie diuine,  
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light  
Like *Phœbus* lampe throughout the world doth shine,  
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,  
And raise my thoughts, too humble, and too vile,  
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,  
The argument of mine afflicted file:  
The which to heare, vouchsafe, ô dearest dread a-while.



## Canto I.

*The Patron of true Holinesse,  
Foule Errour doth defeate:  
Hypocrisie, him to entrap,  
Doth to his home entreate.*



**R** Gentle Knight was pricking on the Plaine,  
Yclad in mightie armes and sluer shield,  
wherin old daints of deep woūds did remain  
The cruell marks of many a bloudie field;  
Yet armes til that time did he neuer wield:  
His angry steede did chide his foming bit;  
As, much disdainning to the curbe to yield:  
Full iolly Knight he seem'd, and faire did sit,  
As one for knightly giufts and fierce encounters fit.

But on his breast a bloody Crosse he bore,  
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,  
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,  
And dead (as liuing) euer him ador'd:  
Vpon his shield the like was also scord,  
For soveraigne hope, which in his help he had:  
Right faithfull true he was in deed and word;  
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;  
Yet nothing did he dread; but euer was ydiad.

Vpon a great adventure he was bond,  
That greatest *Gloriana* to him gaue,  
That greatest glorious Queene of *Faerie* lond,  
To win him worship, and her grace to haue,  
Which of all earthly things he most did craue;  
And euer as he rode, his heart did eare  
To proue his puissance in battell braue  
Vpon his foe, and his new force to learn;  
Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearn.

A lowly Lady rode him faire beside,  
Vpon a lowly Assie more white then snowe;  
Yet shee much whiter, but the same did hide  
Vnder a veile, that wimpled was full lowe,  
And over all a black stole shee did throwe,  
As one that inly mournd: so was shee sad,  
And heauie sat vpon her palfrey slowe;  
Secmd in heart some hidden care shee had,  
And by her in a line a milke white lamb shee lad.

So pure an Innocent, as that same lamb,  
She was in life and euer vertuous lore,  
And by descent from Royall lynage came  
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore  
Their scepters stretcht from East to Western shore,  
And all the world in their subiection held;  
Till that infernall fiend with foule vprore  
Forewasted all their land, and them expell:  
Whom to auenge, she had this Knight from far compell.

Behinde her farre away a Dwarfie did lag,  
That lazie seem'd in beeing euer last,  
Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past,  
The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,  
And angry *Ioue* an hidcous storme of raine  
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,  
That euer wight to shrowd it did constraine,  
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselues were faine.

Enforc't to seeke some covert nigh at hand,  
A shadie groue not farre away they spide,  
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:  
Whose lofty trees, yclad with sommers pride,  
Did spread so broad, that heavens light did hide,  
Not perceable with power of any starre:  
And all within were paths and alleies wide,  
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:  
Faire harbour, that them seemes; so in they entred are.

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,  
Ioying to heare the birds sweet harmony,  
Which therein shrouded from the tempests dred,  
Seem'd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.  
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hie,  
The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,  
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,  
The builder Oake, sole king of Forrests all,  
The Alpine, good for staues, the Cypresse funerall.

9  
The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours  
And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,  
The Willow, worne off forlorne Paramours,  
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will,  
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill,  
The Myrthe sweet, bleeding in the bitter wound,  
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,  
The fruitfull Olive, and the Platane round,  
The carver Holme, the Maple sildom inward found.

10  
Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,  
Vntill the blustering storme is overblowne,  
When, weening to returne, whence they did stray,  
They cannot finde that path which first was stowne,  
But wander to and fro in waies vnknowne,  
Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,  
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne :  
So many paths, so many turnings seen,  
That which of them to take, in diuerse doubt they been.

11  
At last, resoluing forward still to fare,  
Till that some end they finde or in or out,  
That path they take, that beaten seem'd most bare,  
And like to lead the labyrinth about ;  
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,  
At length it brought them to a hollow Caue  
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout  
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brane,  
And to the Dwarfie awhile his needlesse speare he gaue.

12  
Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,  
Least suddaine mischiefe yee too rash provoke :  
The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,  
Breeds dreadfull doubts : oft fire is without smoke,  
And perill without shoue : therefore your hardy stroke  
Sir Knight with-hold, till further triall made.  
Ah Lady (said he) shame were to reuoke  
The forward footing for an hidden shade :  
Vertue giues her selfe light, through darknes for to wade.

13  
Yea, but (quoth shee) the perill of this place  
I better wot then you : though now too late  
To wish you back returne with foule disgrace ;  
Yet wisdom warnes, whilst foote is in the gate,  
To stay the steppes, ere forced to retrace.  
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours den* ;  
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :  
Therefore, I reed beware. Fly, fly (quoth then  
The fearefull Dwarfie : ) this is no place for liuing men.

14  
But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,  
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide ;  
But forth vnto the darksome holme he went,  
And looked in : his glistering armour made  
A little glooming light, much like a shade,  
By which he saw the vgly monster plaine,  
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,  
But th' other halfe did womans shape retainie,  
Most lothsome, fishy, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

15  
And, as shee lay vpon the durtie ground,  
Her huge long taile her den all ouerspred,  
Yet was in knots and many boughts vpwound,  
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred  
A thousand young ones, which shee daily fed,  
Sucking vpon her poisonous dugs, each one  
Of sundry shape, yet all ill fauoured :  
Soone as that vnouth light vpon them shone,  
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

16  
Their dam vpstart, out of her den effraide,  
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile  
About her curfed head, whose folds displaid  
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraille.  
Shee lookt about, and seeing one in maile  
Armed to point, fought back to turne againe ;  
For, light shee hated as the deadly bale,  
Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,  
Where plaine none might her see, nor shee see any plaine.

17  
Which when the valiant Elfe perceiue'd, he left  
As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,  
And with his trench and blade her boldly kept  
From turning back, and forced her to stay :  
There-with enrag'd shee loudly gan to bray,  
And turning fierce, her speckled taile aduauft,  
Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay :  
Who, nought agast, his mighty hand enhaunst :  
The stroke down from her head vnto her shoulder glaunst.

18  
Much daunted with that dint, her sense was daz'd ;  
Yet kindling rage, her selfe shee gather'd round,  
And all at once her beauly body raiz'd  
With doubled forces high about the ground :  
Tho wrapping vp her wreathed sterne around,  
Leapt fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine  
All suddainly about his body wound,  
That hand or foot to stirre he stroue in vaine :  
God help the man so wrapt in *Errours* endlesse traine.

19  
His Lady, sad to see his fore constraint,  
Cride out, Now, now Sir Knight, shew what you bee,  
Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint :  
Strangle her, else shee sure will strangle thee.  
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,  
His gall did grate for grieffe and high disdaine,  
And knitting all his force, got one hand free,  
Where-with he gryp't her gorge with so great paine,  
That soone to looke her wicked bands did her constrainie.

20  
There-with shee spewd out of her filthy maw  
A stoude of poyson horrible and black,  
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,  
Which stunk so vilely, that it forc't him slack  
His grasping hold, and from her turne him back :  
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,  
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lack,  
And creeping, sought way in the weedy gras :  
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

21

As when old father Nilus gins to swell  
 With timely pride about the *Aegyptian* vale,  
 His fattie waues doe fertile slime outwell,  
 And overflowe each Plaine and lowly dale :  
 But when his later ebbe gins to auale,  
 Huge heapes of mud he leaues, wherein there breed  
 Tenne thousand kindes of creatures, partly male,  
 And partly female of his fruitfull seed ;  
 Such vgly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

22

The same so fore annoyed has the Knight,  
 That wel-nigh choaked with the deadly stinke,  
 His forces faile, ne can no longer fight.  
 Whose courage when the fiend perceiu'd to shrinke ;  
 Shee poured forth out of her hellish sinke  
 Her fruitfull cursed spawne of Serpents small,  
 Deformed monsters, foule, and blacke as inke,  
 Which swarming all about his legges did crall,  
 And him encombr'd red fore, but could not hurt at all.

23

As gentle Shepheard in sweet euen-tide,  
 When ruddy *Phœbus* gins to welke in west,  
 High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,  
 Marks which doe bite their hasty supper best ;  
 A cloude of combrous gnats doe him molest ;  
 All struiuing to infix their feeble stings,  
 That from their noyance he no where can rest,  
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings  
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmuring.

24

Thus ill bestedd. and fearefull more of shame,  
 Then of the certaine perill he stood in,  
 Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,  
 Resolv'd in mind all suddenly to win,  
 Or soone to lose, before he once would lin ;  
 And strooke at her with more then manly force,  
 That from her body full of filthy sin  
 He rest her hatefull head without remorse ;  
 A streame of coale black bloud forth gush'd frō her corse.

25

Her scattred broode, soone as their Parent deare  
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,  
 Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,  
 Gather'd themselves about her body round,  
 Weening their wonted entrance to haue found  
 At her wide mouth : but, being there withstood,  
 They stock'd all about her bleeding wound,  
 And sucked vp their dying mothers blood ;  
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

26

That detestable sight him much amaz'd,  
 To see thvkindly Imps of heauen accurst,  
 Devoure their dam ; on whom while so he gaz'd,  
 Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,  
 Their bellies swolne he sawe with fulnes burst,  
 And bowels gushing forth : well worthy end  
 Of such a drunke her life, the which them nurst ;  
 Now needeth him no longer labour spend : (tend.  
 His foes haue flaine themselves, with whom he should con-

27

His Lady, seeing all that chaunc't from farre,  
 Approach't in haste to greet his victorie ;  
 And said, Faire Knight, borne vnder happy starre ;  
 Who see you vanquisht foes before youlie :  
 Well worthy be you of that Armoric,  
 Wherein you haue great glory wonne this day,  
 And proou'd your strength on a strong enemy,  
 Your first adventure : many such I pray,  
 And henceforth euer wish, that like succeed it may.

28

Then mounted he vpon his Steed againe,  
 And with the Lady backward fought to wend ;  
 That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine ;  
 Ne euer would to any by-way bend,  
 But still did follow one vnto the end,  
 The which at last out of the wood them brought.  
 So, forward on his way (with God to friend)  
 He passeth forth, and new adventure sought ;  
 Long way he trauell'd before he heard of ought.

29

At length they chaunc't to meet vpon the way  
 An aged Sire, in long black weeds yclad,  
 His feet all bare, his beard all hoare gray,  
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had ;  
 Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,  
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,  
 Simple in shewe, and voyd of malice bad,  
 And all the way he prayed as he went,  
 And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent.

30

Hee faire the Knight saluted, louting lowe ;  
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was :  
 And after asked him, if he did knowe  
 Of strange adventures, which abroad did pass.  
 Ah my deare sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,  
 Silly old man, that liues in hidden Cell,  
 Bidding his beads all day for his trespass,  
 Tidings of warre and worldly trouble tell ?  
 With holy father fits not with such things to mell :

31

But, if of danger which hereby doth dwell,  
 And home-bred etill ye desire to heare,  
 Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,  
 That wasteth all this country farre and neare.  
 Of such (said hee) I chiefly doe enquire,  
 And shall you well reward to shew the place,  
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare :  
 For, to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,  
 That such a cur'd creature liues so long a space.

32

Farre hence (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse  
 His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight  
 May cuer passe, but thorough great distresse.  
 Now (said the Lady) draweth toward night,  
 And well I wote, that of your later fight  
 Ye all forewaried be: for, what so strong,  
 But wanting rest, will also want of might ?  
 The Sunne, that measures heauen all day long,  
 At night doth baite his steeds the *Ocean* waues among.

Then

Then with the Sunne, take <sup>33</sup> Sir your timely rest,  
 And with new day new worke at once begin:  
 Vntroubled night (they say) giues counsell best.  
 Right well Sir Knight ye haue aduised bin  
 (Quoth thou that aged man;) the way to win  
 Is wisely to aduise: now day is spent;  
 Therefore with me ye may take vp your In  
 For this same night. The Knight was well content:  
 So with that godly father to his home they went.

A little lowely Hermitage it was,  
<sup>34</sup> Downe in a dale, hard by a forrests side,  
 Farre from resort of people, that did pass  
 In trauell to and fro: a little wide  
 There was an holy Chappell edifice,  
 Wherein the Hermite duly wont to say  
 His holy things each morne and euentide:  
 Thereby a Crystill streame did gently play,  
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

Arriued there, the litle house they fill,  
<sup>35</sup> Ne looke for entertainment, where none was:  
 Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;  
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.  
 With faire discourse the euening so they pass:  
 For that old man of pleasing words had store,  
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass;  
 He told of Saints and Popes, and euermore  
 He strow'd an *Aue-Mary* after and before.

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,  
<sup>36</sup> And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,  
 As messenger of *Morphews* on them cast  
 Sweet slumbering dew, the which to sleep them biddes.  
 Vnto their lodgings then his guests he riddes:  
 Where when all drown'd in deadly sleepe he findes,  
 Hee to his studie goes, and there amiddes  
 His Magick bookes and arts of sundry kindes,  
 Hee leekes out mightie charmes, to trouble sleepey mindes.

Then chusing out few words most horrible,  
<sup>37</sup> (Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,  
 With which, and other spells like terrible,  
 He bad awake black *Plutoes* grisly Dame,  
 And cursed heauen, and spake reprochefull shame  
 Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;  
 A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name  
 Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darknesse and dead night,  
 At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

And forth hee call'd out of deep darknesse dread  
<sup>38</sup> Legions of Sprights, the which like litle flies  
 Fluttering about his euer damned head,  
 Awaire whereto their seruice he applies,  
 To ayde his friends, or fray his enemies:  
 Of those he chose out two, the fallst two,  
 And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;  
 The one of them he gaue a message to,  
 The other by him selfe itaide other worke to do.

Hee, making speedy way through sperfed ayre,  
<sup>39</sup> And through the world of waters wide and deep,  
 To *Morphews* house doth hastily repaire:  
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steep  
 And lowe, where dawning day doth neuer peep,  
 His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed  
 Doth euer wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steep  
 In silver dew his euer-drouping hed,  
 Whiles sad Night ouer him her mantle black doth spread,

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,  
<sup>40</sup> The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory:  
 The other, all with siluer ouercast;  
 And wakefull dogges before them faire doe lye,  
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,  
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.  
 By them the Spright doth passe in quietly,  
 And vnto *Morphews* comes, whom drowned deep  
 In drowfie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keep.

And more, to full him in his slumber soft,  
<sup>41</sup> A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,  
 And euer-drizzling taine vpon the soft,  
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sown  
 Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swoone:  
 No other noise, nor peoples troublous cryes,  
 As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,  
 Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,  
 Wrapt in eternall silence, faire from enemies.

The messenger approaching to him spake;  
<sup>42</sup> But his waste words return'd to him in vaine:  
 So found he slept, that noight mought him awake.  
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,  
 Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe  
 Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.  
 As one then in a dreame, whose drier braine  
 Is toft with troubled fighs and fancies weake,  
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

The Spright then gan more boldly him to wake,  
<sup>43</sup> And threatned vnto him the dreaded name  
 Of *Hecate*: wherewith he gan to quake,  
 And lifting vp his lumpish head, with blame  
 Halfe angry, asked him for what he came.  
 Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* sent,  
 He that the stubborne Spites can wisely tame,  
 He bids thee to him send for his intent  
 A fit false dreame; that can delude the sleepers sent.

The God obayde, and calling forth straight way  
<sup>44</sup> A diuerse dreame out of his prison darke,  
 Deliuered it to him, and downe did lay  
 His heauie head, deuide of carefull carke,  
 Whose senses all were straight benumb'd and starke.  
 He, backe returning by the Yuorie dore,  
 Remounted vp as light as cheerfull *Larke*,  
 And on his litle wings the dreame he bore  
 In haste vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

45  
 Who all this while, with charmes and hidden arts,  
 Had made a Lady of that other Spright,  
 And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender parts  
 So luely, and so like in all mens sight,  
 That weaker sense it could haue rauisht quight:  
 The maker selfe, for all his wondrous wit,  
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:  
 Her all in white he clad, and over it  
 Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for *Vna fit*.

46  
 Now, when that idle dreame was to him brought,  
 Vnto that Elfin Knight he bad him fly,  
 Where he slept soundly, voide of euill thought,  
 And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,  
 In fort as he him schooled prively:  
 And that new creature borne without her due,  
 Full of the makers guile, with visage fly  
 He taught to imitate that Lady true,  
 Whose semblance she did carry vnder feigned hew.

47  
 Thus well instructed, to their worke they haste,  
 And coming where the Knight in slumber lay,  
 The one vpon his hardy head him plac't,  
 And made him dreame of loues and lustfull play,  
 That nigh his manly hart did melt away,  
 Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy:  
 Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,  
 And to him plaind, how that false winged boy  
 Her chaste hart had subdewd, to learne Dame Pleasures toy.

48  
 And shee her selfe (of beauty soueraigne Queene)  
 Faire *Venus*, seem'd vnto his bed to bring  
 Her, whom he waking euermore did weene  
 To be the chafest flower, that ay did spring  
 On earthly branch, the daughter of a King:  
 Now a loose Lemman to vile service bound:  
 And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,  
*Hymen in Hymen*, dauncing all around,  
 Whilst freshest *Flora* her Yuic girlond crownd.

49  
 In this great passion of vnwonted lust,  
 Or wonted feare of dooing ought amis,  
 He started vp, as seeming to mistrust  
 Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:  
 Lo, there before his face his Lady is,  
 Vnder black stole hiding her baited hooke,  
 And as halfe blushing offered him to kiss,  
 With gentle blandishment, and louely looke,  
 Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him tooke.

50  
 All cleane dismaid to see so vncooth sight,  
 And halfe chragd at her shamelesse guise,  
 He thought haue slaine her in his sicke despight:  
 But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,

He staid his hand, and gan himselfe aduise  
 To proue his sense, and tempt her fained truth,  
 Wringing her hands in womens pittious wise,  
 Tho can hee weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,  
 Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

51  
 And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,  
 Shall I accuse the hudden cruell Fate,  
 And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,  
 Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,  
 For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate?  
 Yet thus perforce he bids me doe, or die.  
 Die is my due: yet ruc my wretched state,  
 You, whom my hard avenging destinie  
 Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently.

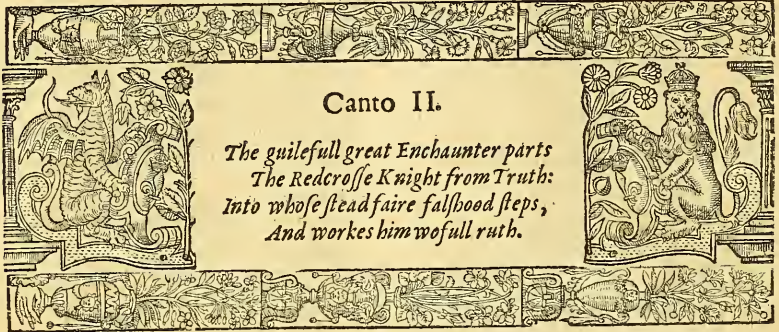
52  
 Your owne decre sake forc't mee at first to leaue  
 My Fathers kingdome; There she stopt with teares:  
 Her swollen heart her speech seem'd to bereaue,  
 And then againe begun, My weaker yeares  
 Captiu'd to fortune and fraile worldly feares,  
 Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde:  
 Let me not die in languor and long teares.  
 Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismaid?  
 What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me afraid?

53  
 Loue of your selfe, shee said, and deere constraint  
 Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night  
 In secret anguish and vn pittied plaint,  
 Whilst you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quite.  
 Her doubtfull words made that redoubted Knight  
 Suspect her truth: yet sith nvntruth hee knew,  
 Her fawning loue with soule disdainfull spight  
 He would not shend, but said, Deare dame, I rewe,  
 That for my sake vnknowne such grieffe vnto you grew.

54  
 Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;  
 For all so deare as life is to my hart,  
 I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound;  
 Ne let vaine feares procure your needles smart,  
 Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.  
 Not all content, yet seem'd she to appeale  
 Her mournfull plaints, beguiled of her art,  
 And fed with words that could not chuse but please;  
 So sliding softly forth, she turn'd as to her ease.

55  
 Long after lay he musing at her mood,  
 Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,  
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.  
 At last, dull wearinesse of former fight  
 Hauing yrockt a sleepe his irkesome spright,  
 That troublous dreame gan freshly tols his braine,  
 With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight:  
 But when he saw his labour all was vaine,  
 With that misformed spright he back return'd againe.





## Canto II.

*The guilefull great Enchaunter parts  
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:  
Into whose stead faire falshood steps,  
And workes him wofull ruth.*

**B**Y this, the Northern wagoner had set  
His seuenfold reme behind the stedfast star,  
That was in Ocean waues yet netier wet,  
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from far  
To all, that in the wide deep wandring are:  
And chearefull Chaunclere with his note shrill  
Had warned once, that *Phœbus* fiery carre  
In haste was climbing vp the Easterne hill,  
Full enuious that night so long his roome did fill;

When those accursed messengers of hell,  
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright  
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell  
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:  
Who, all in rage to see his skillfull might  
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine  
And sad *Proserpine* wrath, them to affright:  
But when he lawe his threatening was but vaine,  
He cast about, and searcht his balefull bookes againe.

Esfoones he tooke that miscreated faire,  
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred  
A seeming body of the subtil aire,  
Like a young Squire, in loues and lusty-hed  
His wanton dayes that euer loosely led,  
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:  
Those two he tooke; and in a secret bed,  
Couer'd with darknesse and misdeeming night,  
Them both together laid; to ioy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull haste  
Vnto his guest, who after troublous fights  
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast;  
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearefull frights,  
As one agast with fiends or damned sprights,  
And to him calls, Rise, rise vnhappy Swaine,  
That heere wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights  
Haue knit themselues in *Venus* shamefull chaine;  
Come, see where your false Lady doth her honour staine.

All in amaze he suddenly vp start  
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;  
Who soone him brought into a secreter part,  
Where that false couple were full closely ment  
In wanton lust and lewd embracement:  
Which when he saw, he burnt with ieaalous fire,  
The eye of reason was with rage yblent,  
And would haue slaine them in his furious ire;  
But hardly was restrained of that aged Sire.

Returning to his bed in torment great;  
And bitter anguish of his guiltie sight,  
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat;  
And waste his inward gall with deepe despight,  
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night,  
At last faire *Hesperus* in highest skie  
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light,  
Then vp he rose, and clad him hastily;  
The Dwarfes him brought his steed: so both away do sie.

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,  
Weary of aged *Tithons* saffron bed,  
Had spred her purple robe through dewy aire,  
And the high hills *Titan* discovered,  
The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed,  
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,  
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,  
And for her Dwarfes, that wont to wait each howre;  
Then gan she wale and weepe, to see that wofull stowre.

And after him the rode with so much speede  
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine:  
For him so far had borne his light-foot steed,  
Pricked with wrath and fierie fierce disdain,  
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;  
Yet she her weary limbes would neuer rest,  
But euery hill and dale, each wood and Plaine  
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,  
He so vngently left her, whom she loued best.

9  
But subtle *Archimago*, when his guests  
He saw divided into double parts,  
And *Vna* wandring in woods and Forrests,  
Th' end of his drift, he praish his diuclish arts,  
That had such might ouer true meaning harts;  
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,  
How he may worke vnto her further smarts:  
For her he hated as the hissing snake,  
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

10  
He then devise himselfe how to disguise;  
For by his mighty Science he could take  
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,  
As euer *Proteus* to himselfe could make:  
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,  
Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell,  
That of himselfe he oft for feare would quake,  
And oft would flie away. O! who can tell  
The hidden power of hearbes, & might of Magick spell?

11  
But now seem'd best, the person to put on  
Of that good Knight, his late beguiled guest:  
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,  
And silver shield: vpon his coward brest  
A bloody crosse; and on his craven crest  
A bunch of haire discolour'd diuersly:  
Full iolly knight he seemde, and well addressd,  
And when he late vpon his courser free,  
*Saint George* himselfe yee would haue deemed him to be.

12  
But he, the knight, whose semblance he did beare,  
The true *Saint George*, was wandred far away,  
Still flying from his thoughts and icalous feare;  
Will was his guide, and griefe led him afraie.  
At last him chaunc't to meet vpon the way  
A faithlesse Sarazin, all arm'd to point,  
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay  
*Sans Foy*: Full large of limbe and euery ioint  
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

13  
He had a faire companion of his way,  
A goodly Lady, clad in scarlot red,  
Pursh'd with gold and pearle of rich assay,  
And like a *Persian* mitre on her head  
She wore, with crownes and owches garnish'd,  
The which her lavish lovers to her gauc;  
Her wanton palfrey all was overspread  
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,  
Whose bridle rung with golden bells, and bosses braue:

14  
With faire disport and courting dalliance  
Shee entertain'd her lover all the way:  
But when she saw the knight his speare advance,  
Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,  
And bad her knight address'd him to the fray:  
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickt with pride  
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,  
Forth spurred fast: adowne his courfers side  
The red blood, trickling, stain'd the way as he did ride.

15  
The knight of the *Red-crosse* when him he spide,  
Spurring so hote with rage dipighteous,  
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:  
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,  
That daunted with their forces hideous,  
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand,  
And eke themselues too rudely rigorous,  
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,  
Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

16  
As when two rammes, stir'd with ambitious pride,  
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flock,  
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side  
Doe meet, that with the terror of the shock  
Astonied, both stand senselesse as a block,  
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:  
So stood these twaine, vnmoued as a rocke,  
Both staring fierce, and holding idly  
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17  
The *Sarazin* fore daunted with the buffe,  
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;  
Who well it wards, and quetheth cuff with cuff:  
Each others equall puissance enuies,  
And through their iron sides with cruelties  
Does seeke to perce: repining courage yields  
No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies  
As from a forge out of their burning shields,  
And streames of purple blond new die the verdant fields.

18  
Curse on that Crosse (quoth then the *Sarazin*)  
That keeps thy body from the bitter fit;  
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,  
Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:  
But yet I warne thee now assured fit,  
And hide thy head. There-with vpon his crest  
With rigour so outrageous he smit,  
That a large share it hew'd out of the rest,  
And glaucing down his shield, fro blame him fairely blest.

19  
Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark  
Of native vertue gan estoones reuiue,  
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,  
So hugely strooke, that it the steele did riuie,  
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe aloue,  
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kifs,  
Greeting his graue: his grudging ghost did striue  
With the fraile flesh; at last it fitted is,  
Whither the foulcs doe flie of men, that liue amifs.

20  
The Lady, when she saw her champion fall,  
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,  
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,  
But from him fled away with all her powre;  
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,  
Bidding the Dwarf with him to bring away  
The *Sarazins* shield, signe of the conquerour.  
Her soone he ouertooke, and bad to stay;  
For present cause was none of dread, her to dismay.

21  
She turning backe with ruefull countenance,  
Cryde, Mercy, mercy Sir vouchsafe to shoue  
On filly Dame, fubicke to hard mischance,  
And to your mighty will. Her humblefle lowe,  
In so rich weeds and seeming glorious shoue,  
Did much emmoue his stout heroicke heart,  
And sayd; deare Dame, your succiden ouerthrowe  
Much rueth me: but now put feare apart,  
And tell, both who ye be, and who that took your part.

22  
Melting in teares, then gan he thus lament;  
The wretched woman, whom vnhappy howre  
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,  
Before that angry heauens list to lowre,  
And fortune false betraide me to your powte,  
Was (O, what now awaileth that I was!)  
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour;  
He that the wide West vnder his rule has,  
And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pass.

23  
He in the first flowre of my freshest age,  
Betrothed me vnto the onely heire  
Of a most mighty King, most rich and sage;  
Was neuer Prince so faithfull and so faire;  
Was neuer Prince so meek and debonaire:  
But ere my hoped day of spouall shone,  
My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire,  
Into the hands of his accursed sone,  
And cruelly was slaine: that shall I euer mone.

24  
His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,  
Was afterward, I knowe not how, conuaid  
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death  
When tidings came to me vnhappy mayd,  
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!  
Then forth I went, his woeful corse to finde;  
And many yeares throughout the world I strayd,  
A virgin widow: whose deep wounded minde  
With loue, long time did languish as the stricken hinde.

25  
At last, it chanced this proud *Sarazin*  
To meet me wandring: who perforce me led  
With him away, but yet could neuer win  
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread.  
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,  
Who whiles he liu'de, was called proud *Sans foy*,  
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred  
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans ioy*,  
And twixt them both was borne the bloody bold *Sans loy*.

26  
In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,  
Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,  
Crawling of you in pittie of my stare,  
To do none ill, if please ye not do well,  
He in great passion all this while did dwell,  
More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,  
Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell;  
And sayd; Faire Lady, heart of flint would rew,  
The vnderferued woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

27  
Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,  
Hauing both found a new friend you to ayde,  
And lost an old foe, that did you molest:  
Better new friend then an old foe is said.  
With change of cheare, the seeming simple maid  
Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth;  
And yielding soft, in that the nough gain-said.  
So forth they rode, he faining seemely mirth,  
And the coy lookes: so, Dainty they say maketh deth.

28  
Long time they thus together trauciled;  
Till weary of their way, they came at last,  
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred  
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse ouer-cast;  
And their greene leaues trembling with euery blast,  
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:  
The fearefull Shepheard often thereaghaft  
Vnder them neuer sat, ne wont therefound  
His merry oaten pipe, but shund th' vn lucky ground.

29  
But this good Knight, soon as he them gan spie,  
For the coole shadow thither hastly got:  
For golden *Phœbus* now that mounted hie,  
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot,  
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,  
That liuing creature mote it not abide;  
And his new Lady it endured not.  
There they alight, in hope themselues to hide  
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30  
Faire seemely pleasance each to other makes;  
With goodly purposes there as they sit:  
And in his fabled fancy he her takes  
To be the fairest wight, that liued yit;  
Which to eypresse, he bends his gentle wit:  
And thinking of those branches greene to frame  
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,  
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rift there came  
Small drops of gory blood, that trickled downe the same.

31  
Therewith a pitious yelling voyce was heard,  
Crying, ô spare with guilty hands to teare  
My tender sides in this rough rynde embard:  
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare  
Least to you hap, that hapned to me here,  
And to his wretched Lady, my deare Loue;  
O too deare loue! loue bought with death too deare.  
Aftond he stood, and vp his haire did houe,  
And with that suddain horror could no member moue.

32  
At last, when-as the dreadfull passion  
Was ouer-past, and manhood well awake:  
Yet musing at the strange occasion,  
And doubting much his sense, he thus bespake;  
What voyce of damned ghost from *Limbo* lake,  
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty ayre  
(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake)  
Sends to my doubtfull eares these speeches rare,  
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to spare?  
Then

Then groning deep, Nor damned ghost, quoth he,  
Nor guilefull sprite to thee these words doth speake;  
But once a man, *Fradubio*, now a tree:  
Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake,  
A cruell witch her curfed will to weake,  
Hath thus transformd, and plac't in open Plaines,  
Where *Boreas* doth blowe full bitter bleake,  
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines:  
For, though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,  
Quoth then the Knight, by whose mischieuous arts  
Art thou misshap'd thus, as now I see?  
He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts;  
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts,  
As raging flames who striueth to suppress.  
The author then, sayd he, of all my smart,  
Is one *Duessa* a false forceresse,  
That many errant knight's hath brought to wretchednesse.

In prime of youthly yeares, when courage hot  
The fire of loue and ioy of cheualree  
First kindled in my brest; it was my lot  
To loue this gentle Lady whom ye see,  
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree;  
With whom as once I rode accompanide,  
Me chanced of a knight encountered bee,  
That had a like faire Lady by his side;  
Like a faire Lady, but did fowle *Duessa* hide.

Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,  
All other Dames to haue exceeded farre:  
I in defence of mine did likewise stand;  
Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre:  
So, both to battell fierce arraunged arre;  
In which his harder fortune was to fall  
Vnder my speare: such is the dy of warre:  
His Lady, left as a prise martiall,  
Did yield her comely person, to be at my call.

So doubly lov'd of Ladies vnlike faire,  
I h'one seeming such, the other such indeed,  
One day in doubt I cast for to compare,  
Whether in beauties glory did exceede;  
A Rosy girlond was the Victors meede:  
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,  
So hard the discord was to be agreede.  
*Fralissa* was as faire, as faire mote bee:  
And euer false *Duessa* seemd as faire as shee.

The wicked witch now seeing all this while  
The doubtfull ballance equally to sway,  
What not by right, she cast to win by guile,  
And by her hellish science rais'd streight way  
A foggy mist, that ouer-cast the day,  
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,  
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,  
And with foule vgly forme did her disgrace:  
Then was she faire alone, when none was faire in place.

Then cride she out, Phy, phy, deformed wight,  
Whose borrowed beauty now appeareth plaine  
To haue before bewitched all mens sight;  
O leaue her soone, or let her soone be flaine.  
Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,  
Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,  
And would haue kild her; but, with fained paine,  
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:  
So left her, where she now is turn'd to treen mould.

Thenceforth I took *Duessa* for my Dame,  
And in the witch ynweening ioyd long time:  
Ne euer wist, but that she was the fame;  
Till on a day (that day is euery Prime,  
When witches wont do penance for their crime)  
I chaunc't to see her in her proper hew,  
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:  
A filthy foule old woman I did view,  
That euer to haue toucht her, I did deadly rew.

Her neather parts misshapen, monstrous,  
Were hid in water, that I could not see:  
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,  
Then womans shape man would beleue to be.  
Thenceforth from her most beastly companie  
I gan refrain, in minde to slip away,  
Soone as appear'd safe opportunity:  
For, danger great, if not assur'd decay,  
I lawe before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

The diuclish hag by changes of my cheare  
Perceiv'd my thought; and drownd in sleepe night,  
With wicked hearbes and ointments did besmeare  
My body all, through charmes and magicke might;  
That all my senses were bereaued quight:  
Then brought the me into this desert waste,  
And by my wretched Louers side me pight;  
Where now in cloude in wooden wals full fast,  
Banisht from liuing wights, our weary dayes we waste.

But how long time, sayd then the Elfin Knight,  
Are you in this misformed house to dwell?  
We may not change, quoth he, this euill plight,  
Till we be bathed in a liuing Well;  
That is the terme prescribed by the spell.  
O! how, sayd he, mote I that well out-finde,  
That may restore you to your wonted well?  
Time and suffic'd fates to former kind  
Shall vs restore: none else from hence may vs vnbinde.

The false *Duessa*, now *Fidessa* hight,  
Heard how in vaine *Fradubio* did lament,  
And knew well all was true. But the good knight  
Full of sad feare and ghastly dremert,  
When all this speech the liuing tree had spent,  
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,  
That from the bloud he might be innocert,  
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:  
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

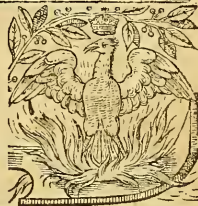
Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,  
As all vnweeting of that well she knew,  
And paind himselfe with busie care to reare  
Her out of carelesse swoune. Her eyelids blew

And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,  
At last the gan vp-lift: with trembling cheare  
Her vp he tooke, too simple and too true,  
And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,  
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.



## Canto III.

*Forsaken Truth long seekes her loue,  
and makes the Lyon mylde,  
Marres blind Devotions mart, & fall's  
in hand of leachour wilde.*



**L** Ought is there vnder heau'ns wide holownes  
That moues more deare cōpassion of mind,  
Thē beuty brought t'vnworthy wretchednes  
By Envies snares, or Fortunes freaks vnkind:  
1, whether lately through her brightnes blind,  
Or through allegiance and fast fealtie,  
Which I doe owe vnto all womankind,  
Feele my heart pearc't with so great agony,  
When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

2  
And now it is empassioned so deepe,  
For fairest *Vnaes* lake, of whom I sing,  
That my fraile eyes these lines with teares doe steepe,  
To thinke how shee through gulfesfull handling,  
Though true as touch, though daughter of a King,  
Though faire as euer liuing wight was faire,  
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,  
Is from her knight divorced in despair  
And her due loues deriu'd to that vile witches share.

3  
Yet shee most faithfull Lady all this while  
Forsaken, wofull, solitary maid  
Fare from all peoples prease, as in exile,  
In wilderness and wastfull deserts straid,  
To seeke her knight; who, subtilly betraid  
Through that late vision, which th'Enchaüter wrought,  
Had her abandond. Shee of nought affraid,  
Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily sought;  
Yet wished tydings none of him vnto her brought.

4  
One day, nigh weary of the irkesome way,  
From her vnhaſtie beast shee did alight,  
And on the grasſe her dainty limbs did lay  
In secret shadow, farre from all mens sight:

From her faire head her fillet shee vndight,  
And laid her stole aside. Her angels face  
As the great eye of heauen shined bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shade place;  
Did neuer mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

5  
It fortun'd, out of the thickeſt wood  
A ramping Lyon rushed suddainly,  
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood;  
Soone as the royall virgin hee did spy,  
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
To haue atonce deuour'd her tender corse:  
But to the pray when as he drew more nie,  
His bloody rage asswaged with remorse,  
And with the sight amaz'd, forgat his furious force.

6  
In stead thereof hee kist her wearie feet,  
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tongue,  
As hee her wronged innocence did weete.  
O! how can beauty maister the most strong,  
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!  
Whose yielded pride, and proude submission,  
Still dreading death, when the had marked long,  
Her heart gan melt in great compassion,  
And drizzling teares did shed for pure affection.

7  
The Lyon Lord of euery beast in field,  
Quoth shee, his princely puiffance doth abate,  
And mighty proud to humble weake does yield,  
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late  
Him prickt, in pity of my sad estate:  
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,  
How does hee find in cruell heart to hate  
Her that him lov'd, and euer most ador'd,  
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhor'd?

B.

Redoun-

8

Redounding teares did choke th'end of her plaint,  
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;  
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,  
The kingly beast vpon her gazing stood;  
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.  
At last, in close heart shutting vp her paine,  
Arofe the virgin borne of heauenly brood,  
And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,  
To seeke her fraied Champion, if she might attaine.

9

The Lyon would not leaue her desolate,  
But with her went along, as a strong gard  
Of her chaste person, and a faithfull mate  
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:  
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;  
And when she wak't, he waited diligent,  
With humble seruice to her will prepar'd:  
From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,  
And euer by her lookes conceined her intent.

10

Long shee thus trauciled through deserts wide,  
By which she thought her wandring knight should pass,  
Yet neuer shew of liuing wight spide;  
Till that at length she found the troden grasse,  
In which the tract of peoples footing was,  
Vnder the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;  
The same she followes, till at last she has  
A damzell spide, slowe footing her before,  
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

11

To whom approching, shee to her gan call,  
To weer, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;  
But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,  
She could not heare, nor speake, nor vnderstand;  
Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,  
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,  
And fled away: for neuer in that land  
Face of faire Lady she before did view,  
And that dread Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

12

Full fast she fled, ne euer lookt behind,  
As if her life vpon the wager lay;  
And home shee came, where as her mother blind  
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say;  
But suddaine catching hold, did her distmay  
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:  
Who full of gashly fright and cold affray,  
Gan shut the dore. By this arriued there  
Dame *Vna*, weary Dame, and entrance did require.

13

Which when none yeilded, her vnruly Page  
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,  
And let her in; where of his cruell rage  
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,  
She found them both in darksome corner pent;  
Where that old woman day and night did pray  
Vpon her beades deuoutly penitent;  
Nine hundred *Pater nofers* every day,  
And thrice nine hundred *Aves* shee was wont to say.

14

And to augment her painefull penance more,  
Thrice euery weeke in ashes shee did sit,  
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,  
And thrice three times did fast from any bite:  
But now for feare her beades shee did forget.  
Whose needlesse dread for to remoue away,  
Faire *Vna* framed words and count'nance fit:  
Which hardly doen, at length shee gau them pray,  
That in their cottage small, that night shee rest her may.

15

The day is spent, and cometh drowfie night,  
When euery creature shrowded is in sleepe;  
Sad *Vna* downe her layes in wearie plight,  
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keepe:  
In stead of rest, shee does lament, and weepe  
For the late losse of her deare loued knight,  
And sighes, and groanes, and euermore does sleepe  
Her tender bread in bitter teares all night,  
All night shee thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

16

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie  
About the shinie *Cassiopeias* chaire,  
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,  
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;  
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,  
That readie entrance was not at his call:  
For on his back a heauie load he bare  
Of nightly stelths, and pillage feuerall,  
Which hee had got abroad by purchase criminall.

17

Hee was to weet a stout and sturdie thiefe,  
Wont to rob Churches of their ornaments,  
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,  
Which giuen was to them for good intentions;  
The holy Saints of their rich veltments  
Hee did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,  
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,  
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept;  
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

18

And all that he by right or wrong could find,  
Vnto this house he brought, and did bestowe  
Vpon the daughter of this woman blind,  
*Abessia*, daughter of *Coreeca* slowe,  
With whom he whoredome vs'd, that few did knowe,  
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,  
And plenty, which in all the land did growe:  
Nespared he to giue her gold and rings,  
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

19

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bet,  
Yet of those fearefull women none durst rise,  
The Lyon frayed them, him in to let:  
He would no longer stay him to aduise,  
But open breakes the dore in furious wise,  
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast  
Encountering fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,  
And seizing cruell claws on trembling brest,  
Vnder his Lordly foot him proudly hath lupprest.

20

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,  
His bleeding heart is in the vengers hand,  
Who straight him rent in thousand peeces small,  
And quite dismembred hath : the thirstie land  
Drunke vp his life ; his corse left on the strand.  
His fearfull friends were out the wofull night,  
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to vnderstand  
The heauie hap which on them is alight,  
Affraid, leaft to themselves the like mishappen might.

21

Now when broad day the world discovered has,  
Vp *Vna* rose, vp rose the Lyon eke,  
And on their former iourney forward pass,  
In waies vnknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,  
With paines farre passing that long wandring *Greeke*,  
That for his loue refused deitie ;  
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,  
Still seeking him, that from her still did fie,  
Then furthest from her hope, when most shee weened nie.

22

Soone as shee parted thence, the fearefull twaine,  
That blind old woman and her daughter deare  
Came forth, and finding *Kirkyapine* there slaine,  
For anguish great they gan to rend their haire,  
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to teare.  
And when they both had wept and waild their fill,  
Then forth they ranne like two amazed Deere,  
Halfe mad through malice, and reuenging will,  
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

23

Whom ouertaking, they gan loudly bray,  
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,  
Shamefully at her railing all the way,  
And her accusing of dishonestie,  
That was the flowre of faith and chasticie ;  
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,  
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery  
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,  
And that in endlesse error she might euer stray.

24

But when shee saw her prayers nought preuaile,  
Shee back returned with some labour lost ;  
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,  
A knight her met in mighty armes embost,  
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boist,  
But subtil *Archimago*, that *Vna* fought  
By traines into new troubles to haue toist :  
Of that old woman tydings he befought,  
If that of such a Lady she could tellen ought.

25

There-with shee gan her passion to renew,  
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her haire,  
Saying, that harlot shee too lately knew,  
That cauld her shed so many a bitter teare,  
And so forth told the story of her feare :  
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chauce,  
And after, for that Lady did inquire ;  
Which beeing taught, he forward gan aduaunce  
His faire enchanted speed, and eke his charmed launce.

26

Ere long he came where *Vna* trauail'd stowe,  
And that wilde Champion wayting her beside :  
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not stowe  
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wide  
Vnto an hill ; from whence when shee him spide,  
By his like seeming shield, her knight by name  
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride :  
Approching nigh, shee wist it was the fame,  
And with faire cheerfull humblefle towards him shee came.

27

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,  
Where haue yee been thus long out of my sight ?  
Much feared I to haue been quite abhord,  
Or ought haue done, that yee displeas'd might,  
That should as death vnto my deare heart light :  
For since mine eye your ioyous fight did mis,  
My cheerfull day is turn'd to cheerlesse night,  
And eke my night of death the shadow is ;  
But welcome now my light, and shining lamp of blis.

28

Hee thereto meeting, said, My dearest Dame,  
Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will,  
To think that knighthood I so much should shame,  
As you to leaue, that haue mee loued still,  
And chose in Faery Court of meere good will,  
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth :  
The earth shall sooner leaue her kindly skill  
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall dearth,  
Then I leaue you, my life, yborne of heauenly birth.

29

And sooth to say, why I left you so long,  
Was for to seeke adventure in strange place,  
Where *Archimago* said a felon strong  
To many Knights did daily worke disgrace ;  
But knight he now shall neuer more deface :  
Good cause of mine excuse ; that mote ye please  
Well to accept, and cuer more embrace  
My faithfull seruice, that by land and seas  
Haue vow'd you to defend, now then your plaint appease.

30

His louely words her seem'd due recompence  
Of all her passed paines : one louing howre  
For many yeeres of sorrow can dispence :  
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sowre :  
Shee had forgot, how many a wofull stowre  
For him shee late endur'd ; since speaks no more  
Of pain : true is, that true loue hath no powre  
To looken back ; his eyes be fixt before.  
Before her stands her knight, for whom shee toyld so sore.

31

Much like, as when the beaten Marinere,  
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,  
Of soult in swelling *Tethys* saltish teare,  
And long time hauing tand his tawney hide  
With blustering breath of heauen, that none can bide,  
And scorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,  
Soone as the port from farre he has espide,  
His cheerfull whistle merrily doth sound, (round:  
And *Tereus* crownes with cups ; his mates him pledge a-  
Such

Such ioy made *Vna*, when her Knight she found ;  
 And eke th' enchaunter ioyous seemd no lesse  
 The glad Marchant, that does view from ground  
 His ship farre come from watrie wilder nesse ;  
 He hurles out vowes, and *Neptune* oft doth blesse :  
 So forth they pass, and all the way they spent  
 Discourfing of her dreadfull late distresse,  
 In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment :  
 Who told, her all that fell in journey as she went.

They had not ridden farre, when they might see  
 One pricking towards them with hasty heate,  
 Full strongly arm'd, and on a courser free  
 That through his fiercenesse fomed all with sweat,  
 And the sharp iron did for anger eat,  
 When his hot rider spurr'd his chauffed side ;  
 His looke was stern, and seemd still to threat  
 Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hide,  
 And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloudie lines was did.

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle paire,  
 And saw the Red-crosse, which the Knight did beare,  
 He burnt in fire, and gan estoones prepare  
 Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.  
 Loth was that other, and did faint through feare  
 To taste th' vntrye d dint of deadly Steele ;  
 But yet his Lady did to well him cheare,  
 That hope of new good hap he gan to feele ;  
 So bent his speare, and spurnd his horse with iron heele.

But that proude Paynim forward came so fierce,  
 And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare  
 Through vainely crossed shield he quite did pierce ;  
 And, had his staggering freed not shrunk for feare,  
 Through shield and body eke he should him beare :  
 Yet so great was the puissance of his push,  
 That from his saddle quite he did him beare :  
 He tumbling rudely downe to ground did rush,  
 And from his gored wound a well of blood did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,  
 He to him lepr, in mind to reue his life,  
 And proudly said, Lo, there the worthy meed  
 Of him, that slew *Sans loy* with bloody knife ;  
 Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,  
 In peace may passen ouer *Lethe* lake,  
 When mourning altars, purg'd with enemies life,  
 The black infernall *Furies* doen aflake :  
 Life from *Sans loy* thou tookst, *Sans loy* shall fro thee take.

There-with in haste his helmet gan vnlace,  
 Till *Vna* cride, ô hold that heauie hand,  
 Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place :  
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquish stand  
 Now at thy mercy : Mercy not withstand :  
 For he is one the truest Knight aliae,  
 Though conquered now he lie on lowly land,  
 And whil' st him fortune fauour, faire did thriue  
 In bloody field : therefore of life him not deprue.

Her pittious words might not abate his rage ;  
 But rudely rending vp his helmet, would  
 Haue flunc him straight : but when he sees his age,  
 And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,  
 His hastic hand he doth amazed hold,  
 And halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight :  
 For, the old man well knew he, though vntold,  
 In charmes and magick to haue wondrous might,  
 Ne euer wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.

And said, Why *Archimago*, lucklesse fire,  
 What doe I see ? what hard mishap is this,  
 That hath thee luther brought to taste mine ire ?  
 Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,  
 In stead of foe, to wound my friend amiss ?  
 He answered nought, but in a traunce fill lay,  
 And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his  
 The cloude of death did sit. Which doct away,  
 He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay ;

But to the Virgin comes, who all this while  
 Amazed stands, her selfe so mockt to see  
 By him, who has the gerdon of his guile,  
 For so misfeigning her true Knight to bee :  
 Yet is she now in more perplexine,  
 Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,  
 From whom her booteth not at all to fie ;  
 Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,  
 Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

But her fierce seruant, full of kingly awe  
 And high disdain, when as his louersigne Dame  
 So rudely handled by her foe he saw,  
 With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,  
 And rumping on his shield, did weene the same  
 Hue rett away with his sharp rending clawes :  
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame  
 His courage more, that from his griping pawes  
 He hath his shield redeem'd, & forth his sword he drawes.

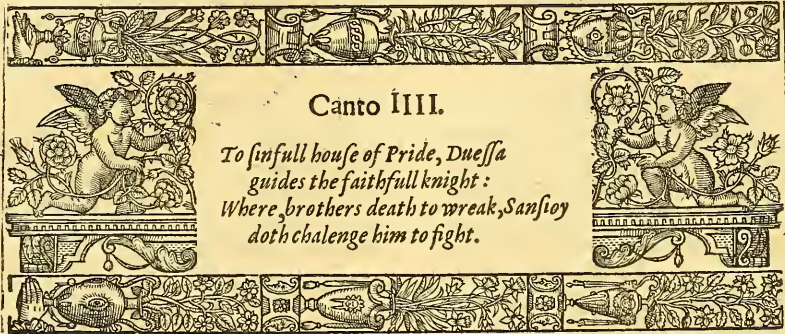
O then too weake and feeble was the force  
 Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand :  
 For, he was strong, and of so mighty corse,  
 As euer wielded speare in warlike hand,  
 And feates of armes did wisely vnderstand.  
 Estoones he pierced through his chauffed chest  
 With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,  
 And launc't his Lordly hart : with death opprest  
 He roard aloud, whiles life forooke his stubborne breast.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid  
 From raging spoile of lawlesse victors might :  
 Her faithfull gard remou'd, her hope dismayd,  
 Her selfe a yeilded prey to laue or spill.  
 He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,  
 With foule reproches, and disdainfull spight  
 Her vilely entertaines, and (will or nil)  
 Beares her away vpon his courser light :  
 Her prayers nought preuaile, his rage is more of might.



44  
 And all the way, with great lamenting paine,  
 And pittious plaints she filleth his dull eares,  
 That stony heart could riven haue in twaine;  
 And all the way she wets with flowing teares :

But hee, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.  
 Her seruile beast yet would not leaue her so,  
 But followes her fare off, ne ought he feares  
 To be partaker of her wandring woe ;  
 More milde in beafty kind, then that her beafty foe.



## Canto IIII.

To sinfull house of Pride, Duesfa  
 guides the faithfull knight :  
 Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansioy  
 doth challenge him to fight.

**Y**oug knight, what euer that doft arms profefs  
 And through long labors huntest after fame,  
 Beware of fraude, beware of ficklenefs,  
 In choice, & change of thy dear loued Dame,  
 Least thou of her belieue too lightly blame,  
 And rash misweneing do thy hart remoue :  
 For, vnto Knight there is no greater shame,  
 Then lightnesse and inconstancie in loue ;  
 That doth this Redrosse knights ensample plainly proue.

Who after that he had faire *Vna* lorne,  
 Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,  
 And false *Duesfa* in her stead had borne,  
 Called *Fides*, and so suppos'd to be ;  
 Long with her trauaild, till at last they see  
 A goodly building, brauely garnished,  
 The house of mighty Prince it seem'd to bee :  
 And towards it a broad high way that led,  
 All bare through peoples feet, which thither trauailed.

Great troupes of people travail'd thitherward  
 Both day and night, of each degree and place ;  
 But few returned, hauing scaped hard,  
 With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace,  
 Which euer after in most wretched case,  
 Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.  
 Thither *Duesfa* bade him bend his pase :  
 For she is weary of the toilefome way,  
 And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

A stately Palace built of squared brick,  
 Which cunningly was without mortar laid,  
 Whose walls were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,  
 And golden foile all ouer them displaid,

That purest skie with brightnesse they dismaid :  
 High lifted vp were many loftie towres,  
 And goodly galleries farre over-laid,  
 Full of faire windowes, and delightfull bowres ;  
 And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

It was a goodly heape for to behold,  
 And spake the praises of the workmans wit ;  
 But full great pittie, that so fare a mold  
 Did on so weake foundation euer sit :  
 For on a sande hill, that still did flit,  
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie,  
 That euery breath of heauen shaked it :  
 And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,  
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right ;  
 For still, to all, the gates stood open wide ;  
 Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight  
 Call'd *Maluenu*, who entrance none denide :  
 Thence to the hall, which was on euery side  
 With rich array and costly Arras dight :  
 Infinite sorts of people did abide  
 There waiting long, to win the wished fight  
 Of her, that was the Lady of that Palace bright.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,  
 And to the Presence mount ; whose glorious view  
 Their fraile amazed senses did confound :  
 In liuing Princes Court none euer knew  
 Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew ;  
 Ne *Persia* selfe, the nurse of pompous pride,  
 Like euer saw. And there a noble crew  
 Of Lords and Ladies stood on euery side,  
 Which with their presence faire, the place much beautifide.

8

High above all, a cloth of State was spred,  
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,  
 On which there sat most braue embellished  
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,  
 A maiden Queene, that shone as *Titans* ray,  
 In glistering gold, and peerelesse pretious stone :  
 Yet her bright blazing beauty did assay  
 To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,  
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone;

9

Exceeding shone, like *Phobus* fairest childe,  
 That did presume his fathers fire waine,  
 And flaming mouthes of steeds vnwonted wilde,  
 Through highest heauen with weaker hand to raine;  
 Proude of such glory and advancement vaine,  
 While flashing beames doe daze his feeble eyes,  
 He leaues the welkin way most beaten plaine,  
 And rapt with whirling wheelles, enflames the skycn,  
 With fire not made to burne, but fairly for to flyne.

10

So proude shee shined in her Princely state,  
 Looking to heauen; for earth shee did disdain,  
 And sitting high; for lowly shee did hate :  
 Lo, vnderneath her scornefull feete, was layne  
 A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous traine,  
 And in her hand she held a mirrour bright,  
 Whercin her face shee often viewed faine,  
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;  
 For shee was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

11

Of grieufully *Pluto* shee the daughter was,  
 And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell;  
 Yet did shee thinke her peerelesse worth to pass  
 That parentage, with pride so did shee swell :  
 And thundring *Ioue*, that high in heauen doth dwell,  
 And wield the world, shee claimed for her Sire,  
 Or if that any else did *Ioue* excell :  
 For, to the highest shee did still aspire,  
 Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desire.

12

And proude *Lucifera* men did her call,  
 That made her selfe a Queene, and crown'd to be :  
 Yet rightfull kingdome shee had none at all,  
 Ne heritage of nature soveraintie,  
 But did vsurpe with wrong and tyrannic  
 Vpon the scepter, which shee now did hold :  
 Ne rul'd her Realmes with lawes, but policie,  
 And strong aduizement of six wifards old,  
 That with their counseils bad, her kingdome did vphold.

13

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,  
 And false *Duesse*, seeming Lady faire,  
 A gentle Husser, *Vanie* by name,  
 Made roome, and passage for them did prepare :  
 So goodly brought them to the lowest staire  
 Of her high throne; where they on humble knee  
 Making obeisance, did the cause declare,  
 Why they were come, her royall state to see,  
 To proue the wide report of her great Maiestie.

14

With lofty eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,  
 Shee thanked them in her disdainfull wife,  
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shoue  
 Of Princesse worthy, scarce them bad arise.  
 Her Lords and Ladies all this while deuise  
 Themselues to tetten forth to strangers sight :  
 Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,  
 Some pranke their ruffles, and others trimly dight  
 Their gay attire : each others greater pride does spight.

15

Goodly they all that knight doe entertaine,  
 Right glad with him to haue increast their crew :  
 But to *Duesse* each one himselfe did paine  
 All kindnesse and faire ceterse to shew ;  
 For in that Court whilome her well they knew :  
 Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd,  
 Thought all their glory vaine in knightly view,  
 And that great Princesse too exceeding proude,  
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

16

Suddaine vpriseth from her stately place  
 The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call :  
 All hurien forth, and shee with Princely pace,  
 As faire *Aurora* in her purple pall,  
 Out of the East the dawning day doth call :  
 So forth shee comes : her brightnesse broad doth blaze;  
 The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,  
 Doe ride each other, vpon her to gaze :  
 Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

17

So forth shee comes, and to her coche does clime,  
 Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,  
 That seem'd as fesh as *Flora* in her prime,  
 And frounce to match, in royall rich array,  
 Great *Iuno*s golden chaire, the which they say  
 The Gods stand gazing on, when shee does ride  
 To *Ioues* high house through heauens brasse-paued way  
 Drawne of faire Peacocks, that excell in pride,  
 And full of *Argus* eyes their tailes dispredde wide.

18

But this was drawne of six vnequall beasts,  
 On which her six sage Counsellours did ride,  
 Taught to obey their bestiall behests,  
 With like conditions to their kinds applide :  
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,  
 Was sluggish *Idlenessse*, the nurse of sin ;  
 Vpon a slothfull Ass he chose to ride,  
 Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,  
 Like to an holy Monk, the seruice to begin.

19

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,  
 That much was worne, but therein little red :  
 For, of deuotion hee had little care,  
 Still drown'd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded ;  
 Scarce could hee once vphold his heanie hed,  
 To looken whether it were night or day.  
 May seeme the waine was very euill led,  
 When such an one had guiding of the way,  
 That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

20  
From worldly cares himselfe hee did esloine,  
And greatly shunned manly exercise:  
For eucry worke hee challenged esloine,  
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,  
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;  
By which he grew to grieuous maladie;  
For, in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise  
A shaking feauer raign'd continually:  
Such one was *Idleness*, first of this company.

21  
And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,  
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,  
His belly was vp-blowne with luxury,  
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne:  
And like a Crane his necke was long and fine,  
With which he swallowed vp excessive feast,  
For want whereof poore people oft did pine:  
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,  
Hee spewed vp his gorge, that all did him deteast.

22  
In greene vine leaues he was right fitly clad;  
For, other clothes he could not weare for heat,  
And on his head an Ivie girdland had,  
From vnder which fast trickled downe the sweat:  
Still as he rode, he some-what still did eate,  
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,  
Of which he supt so oft, that on his leat  
His drunken corse he scarce vpholden can;  
In shape and life, more like a monster, then a man.

23  
Vnfit he was for any worldly thing,  
And eke vnable once to stirre or go,  
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,  
Whose mind in meate and drinke was drowned so,  
That from his friend he sildom knew his fo:  
Full of diseases was his carcaffe blew,  
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow;  
Which by milder daily greater grew:  
Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

24  
And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,  
Vpon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,  
And whally eyes (the signe of icalousie)  
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:  
Who rough, and black, and filthy did appeare,  
Vnseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;  
Yet he, of Ladies oit was loued deare,  
When fairer faces were bid standen by:  
O! who does know the bent of womens fantasie?

25  
In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,  
Which vnderneath did hide his filthinesse,  
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,  
Full of vaine follies, and new-fanglenesse:  
For, he was false, and fraught with sicklenesse,  
And learned had to loue with secret lookes,  
And well could daunce and sing with rusfulness,  
And fortunes tell, and read in louing bookes,  
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshy hookes.

26  
Inconstant man, that loued all he saw,  
And lusted after all that he did loue,  
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,  
But ioy'd weake wemens hearts to tempt and prooue:  
If from their loyall loues he might them moue;  
Which lewdnesse filld him with reprocheful paine  
Of that foule euill, which all men reprove,  
That rots the marrowe, and consumes the braine:  
Such one was *Lechery*, the third of all this traine.

27  
And greedy *Avarice* by him did ride,  
Vpon a Camell laden all with gold;  
Two iron coffers hung on either side,  
With precious metall, full as they might hold,  
And in his lap an heape of coine he told;  
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,  
And vnto hell himselfe for money sold;  
Accursed vsury was all his trade,  
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballance waide.

28  
His life was nigh vnto deaths dore yplac't,  
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware,  
Ne scarce good morfell all his life did taste,  
But both from backe and belly still did spare,  
To fill his bags, and riches to compare;  
Yet chylde ne kinsman liuing had he none  
To leaue them to; but thorough daily care  
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,  
He led a wretched life vnto him selfe vnknowne.

29  
Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,  
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,  
Whose need had end, but no end couetise,  
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore,  
Who had enough, yet wished eucrmore;  
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand  
A grieuous gout tormented him full fore,  
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:  
Such one was *Avarice*, the fourth of this faire band.

30  
And next to him malicious *Enuierode*,  
Vpon a rauinous Wolfe, and still did chaw  
Betweene his cankred teeth a venomous tode,  
That all the poison ran about his jaw;  
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw  
At neighbours wealth, that made lum eucr sad;  
For death it was, when any good he saw,  
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had:  
But when he heard of harme, he waxed wondrous glad.

31  
All in a kirtle of discolour'd Say  
Hee clothed was, ypain'd full of eyes;  
And in his bosom secretly their lay  
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vplies  
In many folds, and mortall sting implics.  
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see  
Those heapes of gold with griple Couetise,  
And grudged at the great felicitie  
Of proude *Lucifera*, and his owne companye.

<sup>32</sup>  
He hated all good works and vertuous deeds,  
And him no lesse, that any like did vse:  
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,  
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;  
So euery good to bad he doth abuse:  
And eke the verse of famous Poets wit  
He does backbite, and spightfull poyson spues  
From leproous mouth, on all that euer writ:  
Such one vile *Enrie* was, that first in rowe did sit.

<sup>33</sup>  
And him beside rides fierce reuenging *Wrath*,  
Vpon a Lion, loth for to be led;  
And in his hand a burning brond he harh,  
The which he brandiseth about his head;  
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,  
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,  
As ashes pale of hew and seeming dead;  
And on his dagger still his hand he held,  
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

<sup>34</sup>  
His ruffin raiment all was staine with blood  
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,  
Through vnadvised rashnesse woxen wood;  
For, of his hands he had no gouernment,  
Ne car'd for bloud in his auengement:  
But, when the furious fit was overpast,  
His cruell facts he often would repent;  
Yet wilfull man he neuer would forecast,  
How many mischieues should ensue his heedlesse hast.

<sup>35</sup>  
Full many mischieues follow cruell *Wrath*;  
Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,  
Vnmanly murder, and vnchristly feath,  
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,  
And fretting grieffe the enemy of life;  
All these, and many euills moe haunt ire,  
The swelling Splene, and Phrenzy raging rife,  
The shaking Palsey, and Saint *Fraunces* fire:  
Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this vngodly tire.

<sup>36</sup>  
And after all, vpon the wagon beame  
Rode *Satan*, with a smirting whip in hand,  
With which he forward lasht the lazie teame,  
So oft as *Sloth* still in the mire did stand.  
Huge routs of people did about them band,  
Shouting for ioy, and still before their way  
A foggy mist had couered all the land;  
And vnderneath their feet, all scattered lay  
Dead seuls & bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

<sup>37</sup>  
So forth they marchen in this goodly fort,  
To take the solace of the open aire,  
And in fresh flowing fields themselves to sport;  
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,  
The foule *Duessa*, next vnto the chaire  
Of proud *Lucifera*, as one of the traine:  
But that good Knight would not for nigh repaire,  
Him selfe estranging from their ioyauce vaine,  
Whose fellowship seem'd far vnfit for warlike swaine.

<sup>38</sup>  
So hauing solaced themselves a space,  
With pleasure of the breathing fields yfed,  
They backe returned to the Princely Place;  
Whereas an errant Knight in armes yclod,  
And heathnifst shield, wherein with letters red,  
Was writ *Sans ioy*, they new arriued find:  
Enflam'd with fury and fierce hardy-head,  
He seem'd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkind,  
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

<sup>39</sup>  
Who when the shamed shield of slaine *Sans ioy*  
He spide with that same Faery champions Page,  
Bewraying him, that did of late destroy  
His eldest brother, burning all with rage  
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage  
Of Victors glory from him snatcht away:  
But th' *Elfin* Knight, which ought that warlike wage,  
Disdained to lose the meed hee wonne in fray,  
And him re'ncountring fierce, reskew'd the noble pray.

<sup>40</sup>  
There-with they gan to hurlen greedily,  
Redoubted battaile ready to darraigne,  
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hie,  
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;  
Till that great Queene vpon eternal paine  
Of high displeasure, that enswen might,  
Commaunded them their furie to refraine,  
And if that either to that shield had right,  
In equal lists they should the morrow next it fight.

<sup>41</sup>  
Ah dearest Dame (quoth then the Paynim bold)  
Pardon the error of enraged wight,  
Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold  
Of reasons rule, to see this recreant Knight,  
No knight, but treachour full of false despight  
And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slaine  
The prowest knight that euer field did fight,  
Euen stout *Sans ioy* (O! who can then refraine?)  
Whose shield he bears re'nerst, the more to heap disdaine.

<sup>42</sup>  
And, to augment the glorie of his guile,  
His dearest loue the faire *Fidessa* loe  
Is there possessed of the traytour vile,  
Who reapes the haruest sown by his foe,  
Sown in bloody field, and bought with woe:  
That brothers hand shall dearly well requight,  
So be, O Queene, you equal fauour shoue.  
Him little answer th' angry *Elfin* knight;  
He neuer meant with words, but swords, to plead his right.

<sup>43</sup>  
But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge  
His cause in combat the next day to try:  
So been they parted both, with hearts on edge,  
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.  
That night they passe in ioy and iollity,  
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;  
For Steward was excessive *Gluttony*,  
That of his plenty poured forth to all;  
Which doen, the Chamberlain *Sloth* did to rest them call.

Now

44

Now, when as darksome night had all displaid  
 Her coale black curtaine ouer brightest sky,  
 The warlike youths on daintie couches laid,  
 Did chace away sweet sleep from sluggish eye,  
 To muse on meanes of hoped victory.  
 But when as *Morpheus* had with leaden mase  
 Arrested all that courtly company,  
 Vp-rose *Duesſa* from her resting place,  
 And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pafe.

45

Whom broade awake she finds, in troublous fit,  
 Forecaſting how his foe he might annoy,  
 And him amoues with ſpeeches ſeeming fit:  
 Ah deare *Sans ioy*, next dearest to *Sans ioy*,  
 Cauſe of my new griefe, cauſe of my new ioy,  
 Ioyous, to ſee his image in mine eye,  
 And griev'd, to think how foe did him deſtroy,  
 That was the floure of grace and cheualrie;  
 Lo, his *Fideſſa*, to thy ſecret faith I flie.

46

With gentle words he can her fairely greet,  
 And bad ſay on the ſecret of her hart.  
 Then ſighing loſt, I learne that little ſweet  
 Oft temptred is (quothe ſhe) with muchell ſmart:  
 For, ſince my brest was launc't with louely dart  
 Of deare *Sans ioy*, I neuer ioyed houre,  
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart  
 Hauē waſted, louing him with all my powre,  
 And for his ſake hauē felt full many an heauie ſtoure.

47

At laſt, when perils all I weened paſt,  
 And hop't to reape the crop of all my care,  
 Into new woes vnweeting I was caſt,  
 By this falſe faytor, who vnworthy ware  
 His worthy ſhield, whom he with guilefull ſnare  
 Entrapp'd ſlew, and brought to ſhamefull graue.  
 Me ſilly maid away with him he bare,  
 And euer ſince hath kept in darkſome caue,  
 For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sans ioy* I gaue.

48

But ſince faire ſunne hath ſperit that lowring clowde,  
 And to my loathed life now ſhewes ſome light,  
 Vnder your beames I will me ſafely throwde,  
 From dreaded ſtorme of huſ diſdainfull ſight:  
 To you th'inheritance belongs by right  
 Of brothers praife, to you eke longs his loue.  
 Let not his loue, let not his reſtleſſe ſpright  
 Be vnreueg'd, that calls to you aboue  
 Fro wandring *Stygian* ſhores, where it doth endleſſe moue.

49

Thereto ſaid he, faire Dame be nought diſmaid  
 For ſorrowes paſt; their griefe is with them gone:  
 Ne yet of preſent perill be afraid;  
 For, needleſſe feare did neuer vantage none,  
 And helpeleſſe hap it booteth not to mone.  
 Dead is *Sans ioy*, his vitall paines are paſt,  
 Though griued gholt for vengeance deep doe grone:  
 He liues, that ſhall him pay his duties laſt,  
 And guilty Elfin bloud ſhall ſacrifice in laſt.

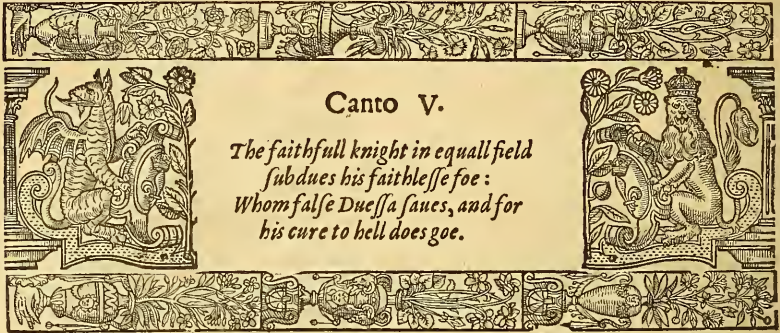
50

O! but I feare the ſicke freakes (quothe ſhe)  
 Of Fortune falſe, and oddes of armes in field.  
 Why Dame (quothe he) what oddes can euer be,  
 Where both doe fight alike, to win, or yield?  
 Yea, but (quothe ſhe) he beares a charmed ſhield,  
 And eke enchanted armes, that none can pierce,  
 Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.  
 Charmd or enchanted (anſwerd he then fierce)  
 I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherſe.

51

But faire *Fideſſa*, ſithence Fortunes guile,  
 Or enemies powre hath now captued you,  
 Remue from whence ye came, and reſt awhile  
 Till morrow next, that I the Elfe ſubdue,  
 And with *Sans ioyes* dead dowry you endue.  
 Ay me, that is a double death (ſhe ſaid)  
 With proude foes ſight my ſorrow to renew:  
 Where euer yet I be, my ſecret aide  
 Shall followe you. So paſſing forth, ſhee him obaide.





## Canto V.

*The faithfull knight in equall field  
Subdues his faithlesse foe:  
Whom false Duesſa ſaues, and for  
his cure to hell does goe.*

**T**<sup>1</sup>He noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,  
And is with child of glorious great intent,  
Can neuer rest, vntill it forth haue brought  
Th'eternall broode of glory excellent;  
Such restlesse passion did all night torment  
The flaming courage of that Faery Knight,  
Deuising, how that doughty tournament  
With greatest honour he atchieuen might;  
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

<sup>2</sup>At last, the golden Oriental gate  
Of greatest heauen gan to open faire,  
And *Phœbus* fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,  
Came dauncing forth, shaking his dewie haire:  
And hurles his glistring beames through gloomy aire,  
Which when the wakefull Elfe perceiu'd, straight way  
He started vp, and did himselfe prepare,  
In sun-bright armes, and battailous array:  
For with that Pagan proude he combat will that day.

<sup>3</sup>And forth he comes into the common hall,  
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,  
To weet what end to stranger Knights may fall.  
There many Minstrales maken melody,  
To driue away the dull melancholy,  
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord  
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,  
And many Chroniclers, that can record  
Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

<sup>4</sup>Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,  
In wouen maile all armed warily,  
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin  
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.  
They bring them wines of *Greece*, and *Araby*,  
And dainty spices fetcht from furthest *Ind*,  
To kindele heate of courage privily:  
And in the wine a solemne oath they bind  
T'obserue the facted lawes of armes that are assign'd.

<sup>5</sup>At last, forth comes that farre renowned Queene,  
With royall pomp and Princely maiestie;  
Shee is ybrought vnto a paled Greene,  
And placed vnder stately Canapee,  
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.  
On th'other side, in all mens open view  
*Duesſa* placed is, and on a tree  
*Sansfoy* his shield is hangd with bloody hew:  
Both those the lawrell girdons to the victor dew.

<sup>6</sup>A shrilling trumpet sounded from on hie,  
And vnto battaile bad themselues addresse:  
Their shining shields about their wrists they tie,  
And burning blades about their heads doe bleſse,  
The instruments of wrath and heauinesse:  
With greedy force each other doth assaile,  
And strike so fiercely, that they doe impresse  
Deepe dinted furrowes in the batted maile;  
The iron walls to ward their blowes are weake and fraile.

<sup>7</sup>The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,  
And heaped blowes like iron hammers great:  
For, after bloud and vengeance he did long,  
The knight was fierce, and full of youthly heat:  
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:  
For, all for praise and honour he did fight.  
Both striken strike, and beaten both doe beat,  
That from their shields forth fieth fire light,  
And helmets heuen deepe, shew marks of eithers might.

<sup>8</sup>So th'one for wrong, the other striues for right:  
As when a Griffon, seized of his pray,  
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,  
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,  
That would his rightfull ravinereud away:  
With hideous horrour both together smight,  
And souce so sore, that they the heauens affray:  
The wise Soothsayer, seeing so sad sight,  
Th'amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortall fight.

9  
So th'one for wrong, the other strives for right,  
And each to deadly shame would drine his foe:  
The cruell steele fo greedily doth bite  
In tender flesh, that streames of bloud downe flowe,  
With which the armes, that earst fo bright did showe  
Into a pure vermillion now are dide:  
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did growe,  
Seeing the gored wounds to gape so wide,  
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

10  
At last, the Paynim chaunft to cast his eye,  
His suddaine eye, flaming with wrathfull fire,  
Vpon his brothers shield, which hung thereby:  
Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,  
And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull fire,  
Dooft thou sit wayling by blacke *Stygian* lake,  
Whil'ft here thy shield is hangd for victors hire,  
And sluggish gerrean dooft thy forces slake,  
To after-send his foe, that him may ouertake?

11  
Goe caitiue Elfe, him quickly ouertake,  
And soone redeeme from his long wandring woc:  
Goe guilty ghost, to him my message make,  
That I his shield haue quit from dying foe.  
There-with vpon his crest he strooke him so,  
That twice hee reeled, ready twice to fall;  
End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho  
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call  
The false *Duessa*, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

12  
Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,  
Out of his swooning dreame he gan awake,  
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weak,  
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:  
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,  
Of all atonce he cast a eng'd to be,  
And with so exceeding furie at him strake,  
That forced him to stoope vpon his knee:  
Had he not stooped so, he should haue clown bee.

13  
And to him said, Goe now proude Miscreant,  
Thy selfe thy message doe to german deare;  
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:  
Goe, lay his foe thy shield with his doth beare.  
There-with his heauie hand he high gan reare,  
Him to haue flaine; when loe, a darksome clowde  
Vpon him fell: he no where doth appeare,  
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowde,  
But answer none receiues: the darknes him does shrowde.

14  
In haste *Duessa* from her place arose,  
And to him running said, o prowest knight,  
That euer Lady to her loue did chose,  
Let now abate the terror of your might,  
And quench the flame of furious despight,  
And bloody vengeance; lo, th' infernal powres  
Couering your foe with cloude of deadly night,  
Haue borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.  
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

15  
Nor all so satisfide, with greedie eye  
He sought all round about, his thirstie blade  
To bathe in bloud of faithlesse enemy;  
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:  
He stands amazed, how he thence should fade.  
At last the trumpets, Triumph sound on him,  
And running Heralds humble homage made,  
Greeting him goodly with new victory,  
And to him brought the shield, the caule of enmitie.

16  
Where-with he goeth to that soveraigne Queene;  
And falling her before on lowly knee,  
To her makes present of his service teene:  
Which shee accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,  
Greatly advancing his gay cheualree.  
So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,  
Whom all the people follow with great glee,  
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on high,  
That all the aire it fills, and flies to heauen bright.

17  
Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:  
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,  
To salue his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.  
In wine and oyle they washen his wounds wide,  
And softly can embalme on euery side.  
And all the while, most heavenly melody  
About the bed sweet musicke did diuide,  
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:  
And all the while *Duessa* wept full bitterly.

18  
As when a wearie trauellet that straits  
By muddy shore of broad seuen-mouthed *Nile*,  
Vnwetted of the perillous wandring waies,  
Doth meet a cruell craftie Crocodile,  
Which in false griefe hiding his harmefull guile,  
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares:  
The foolish man, that pitties all this while  
His mournefull plight, is swallowed vp vnwares,  
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

19  
So wept *Duessa* vntill eventide,  
That shining lamps in *Iones* high house were light:  
Then forth the roe, no lenger would abide,  
But comes vnto the place, where th' Heauen knight  
In slumbering swoune nigh voyd of vitall spright,  
Lay couer'd with inchantted cloude all day:  
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,  
To wail his woefull case she would not stay,  
But to the Easterne coast of heauen makes speedy way.

23  
Where grieffly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,  
That *Phæbus* cheerefull face durst neuer view,  
And in a foule black pitchie mantle clad,  
She findes forth coming from her darkefome mew,  
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.  
Before the dore her iron charet stood,  
Already harnessed for iourney new;  
And coleblack steeds yborne of hellish brood,  
That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who

21  
Who when she saw *Duessa* funny bright,  
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining cleare,  
Shee greatly grew amazed at the sight,  
And th'vnacquainted light began to feare:  
(For neuer did such brightnesse there appeare)  
And would haue back retired to her Caue,  
Vntill the witches speech she gan to heare,  
Saying, yet ð thou dreaded Dame, I craue  
Abide, till I haue told the message which I haue.

22  
Shee staid, and forth *Duessa* gan proceed,  
O thou most ancient Grandmother of all,  
More old then *Ioue*, whom thou at first didst breed,  
Or that great house of Gods caelestiall,  
Which wast begot in *Damogorgons* hall,  
And saw'st the secrets of the world vnmade,  
Why suffrestst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall  
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betraide?  
Lo, where the stout *Sansfoy* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

23  
And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes  
The bold *Sansfoy* shrinke vnderneath his speare;  
And now the prey of fowles in field he lyes,  
Nor wail of friends, nor laid on groning beare,  
That whilome was to mee too dearely deare.  
O! what of Gods then boots it to be borne,  
If old *Aeneides* sonnes fo euill heare?  
Or who shall not great *Nights* drad children scorne,  
When two of thre her Nephewes are so foule forjorne?

24  
Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darknesse *Queene*,  
Goe gather vp the reliques of thy race,  
Or else goe them auenge, and let be seene  
That dreaded *Night* in brightest day hath place,  
And can the children of faire *Light* deface.  
Her feeling speeches some compassion moued  
In heart, and change in that great mothers face:  
Yet pittie in her heart was neuer proued  
Till then: and euermore she hated, neuer loued.

25  
And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rew  
The fall of famous children borne of mee,  
And good succelles, which their foes ensue:  
But who can turne the streame of destinie,  
Or breake the chaine of fstrong necessitie,  
Which fast is tide to *Ioues* eternall seate?  
The sonnes of *Day* he fauoureth, I see,  
And by my ruines thinks to make them great:  
To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat.

26  
Yet shall they not escape so freely all;  
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:  
And he the man that made *Sansfoy* to fall,  
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.  
But what art thou, that tell'st of Nephewes kilt?  
I that doe seeme not I, *Duessa* am,  
(Quoth shee) how euer now in garments gilt,  
And gorgeous gold arraid I to thee came;  
*Duessa* I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.

27  
Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist  
The wicked witch, saying; In that faire face,  
The falle resemblance of Deceit, I wast,  
Did closely lurke; yet fo true-seeming grace  
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place  
Could it discern, though I the mother be  
Of Falshood, and root of *Duessaes* race.  
O welcome child, whom I haue long'd to see,  
And now haue seene vnwares. Lo, now I go with thee.

28  
Then to her iron wagon she betakes,  
And with her beares the foule welfauour'd witch:  
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes.  
Her twyfold Tem'e (of which, two blacke as pitch,  
And two were browne, yet each to each vnlich)  
Did softly swim away, ne euer stampe,  
Vnlesse she chaunc't their stubbornne mouths to twich;  
Then, forming tarre, their bridles they would change,  
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely rampe.

29  
So well they sped, that they be come at length  
Vnto the place whereas the Paynim lay,  
Deuoid of outward sense, and natue strength,  
Couerd with charmed cloude from view of day,  
And fight of men, since his late lucklesse fray.  
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congealed,  
They binden vp so wisely as they may,  
And handle softly, till they can be healed:  
So lay him in her charet, close in night concealed.

30  
And all the while shee stood vpon the ground,  
The wakefull dogs did neuer cease to bay,  
As giuing warning of th'vnwonted sound,  
With which her iron wheeles did them affray,  
And her darke grieffly looke them much dismay;  
The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle,  
With drearie shriekes did also her bewray;  
And hungry Wolues continually did howle,  
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foule.

31  
Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,  
And brought the heauie corse with easie pace  
To yawning gulfe of deepe *Avernus* hole.  
By that same hole, an entrance, darke and base  
With smoake and sulphure hiding all the place,  
Defcends to hell: there creature neuer past,  
That backe returned without heauenly grace;  
But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines haue braist,  
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men agast.

32  
By that same way the direfull dames doe driue  
Their mournfull charet, filld with rusty blood,  
And downe to *Plutoes* house are come biliue;  
Which passing through, on euery side them stood  
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,  
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide  
With stonie eyes; and all the hellish brood  
Of fiends infernall flockt on euery side,  
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.



They passe the bitter waues <sup>33</sup> of *Acheron*,  
 Where many soules fit wailing woefully,  
 And come to fiery flood of *Phelegeton*,  
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,  
 And with sharpe shrilling shrieks doe bootlesse cry,  
 Cursing high *Ioue*, the which them thither sent.  
 The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,  
 In which, ten thousand sorts of punishment  
 The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threshold, dreadfull <sup>34</sup> *Cerberus*  
 His three deformed heads did lay along,  
 Curled with thousand Adders venomous,  
 And lilled forth his bloudie flaming tong :  
 At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,  
 And felly gnarre, vntill daies enemy  
 Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,  
 And suffered them to passen quietly :  
 For, sice in hell and heauen had power equally.

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,  
 For daring tempt the Queene of heauen to sin ;  
 And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reele  
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin ;  
 There thirstie *Tantalus* hung by the chin ;  
 And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw ;  
*Zyphæus* ioynts were stretched on a gin,  
*Thebesus* condemn'd to endlesse sloth by law,  
 And sistie sisters water in leake vessels draw.

They all, beholding worldly wights in place,  
 Leaued off their worke, vnmindfull of their smart ;  
 To gaze on them ; who forth by them doe passe,  
 Till they be come vnto the furthest part :  
 Where was a Caue wrought by wondrous art,  
 Deepe, darke, vncasie, dolefull, comfortlesse,  
 In which sad *Aesculapius* farre apart  
 Emprisoned was in chaires remedlesse,  
 For that *Hippolytus* rent corse hee did redresse.

*Hippolytus* a iolly huntman was,  
 That went in charet chace the foaming Bore ;  
 He all his Peeres in beauty did surpass,  
 But Ladies loue, as losse of time forbore :  
 His wanton stepdame loued him the more,  
 But when she saw her offered sweets refused,  
 Her loue sice turn'd to hate, and him before  
 His father fierce, of treason false accused,  
 And with her ialous termes, his open eares abused.

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god fyre besought  
 Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast :  
 From surging gulf two monsters straight were brought,  
 With dread whereof his chafing steeds agast,  
 Both charet swift and huntman overcast.  
 His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,  
 Was quite dismembred, and his members chaste  
 Scattered on euery mountaine, as he went,  
 That of *Hippolytus* was left no monument.

His cruell stepdame seeing what was done,  
 Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,  
 In death avowing th'innocence of her sonne.  
 Which hearing his rash Sire, began to rend  
 His haire, and hasty tongue, that did offend :  
 Tho gathering vp the rebukes of his smart  
 By *Dianes* meanes, who was *Hippolytus* friend,  
 Them brought to *Aesculape*, that by his art  
 Did heale them all againe, and ioyned euery part.

Such wondrous science in mans wit to raigne <sup>40</sup>  
 When *Ioue* aviz'd, that could the dead reuiue,  
 And fates expired could renew againe,  
 Of endlesse life he might him nor depriue,  
 But vnto hell did thrust him downe *Ioue*,  
 With flashing thunderbolt wounded fore :  
 Where long remaining, he did alwaies striue  
 Himselfe with salues to health for to restore,  
 And slake the heauenly fire, that ragged euer more.

There auncient *Night* arriving, did alight <sup>41</sup>  
 From her high wearie waue, and in her armes  
 To *Aesculapius* brought the wounded knight :  
 Whom hauing softly disarraid of armes,  
 Tho gan to him discouer all his harmes,  
 Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,  
 If either salues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes  
 A fordone wight from dore of death mote raise,  
 Hee would at her request prolong her nephewes daies.

Ah Dame (quoth hee) thou temptest mee in vaine,  
 To dare the thing which daily yet I rue,  
 And the old caufe of my continued paine  
 With like attempt to like end to reue.  
 Is not enough, that thrust from heauen due  
 Heere endlesse penance for one fault I pay,  
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new  
 Thou biddest mee to ecke ? Can *Night* defray  
 The wrath of thundring *Ioue*, that rules both night & day ?

Nor so (quoth shee) but sith that heauens king <sup>43</sup>  
 From hope of heauen hath thee excluded quight,  
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,  
 And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,  
 Now in the powre of euerlasting *Night* ?  
 Goe to then, ô thou farre renowned sonne  
 Of great *Apollo*, shew thy famous might  
 In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne  
 Great paines, & greater praise, both neuer to be donne.

Her words prevaild : And then the learned leach <sup>44</sup>  
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,  
 And all things else, the which his art did teach :  
 Which hauing seene, from thence arose away  
 The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay  
*Avengeles* sonne there in the Leaches cure,  
 And backe returning tooke her wonted way,  
 To runne her timely race, whilst *Phæbus* pure  
 In western waues his wearie wagon did recure,

45  
The false *Duesſa* leauing noyous Night,  
Returnd to ſtately Palace of dame Pride;  
Where when ſhe came, ſhe found the Faerie knight  
Departed thence, albe his woundez wide,  
Not throughly heald, vnreadie were to ride.  
Good cauſe he had to haſten thence away;  
For on a day his wary Dwarfie had ſpide,  
Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay  
O. caytiue wretched thrals, that wailed night and day.

46  
A ruefull ſight, as could be ſcene with eye;  
Of whom he learned had in ſecret wile  
The hidden cauſe of their captiuitie,  
How mortgaging their liues to *Couetiſe*,  
Through watefull Pride, and wanton Riotiſe,  
They were by law of that proude Tyranneſſe  
Provokt with *Wrath*, and *Envies* falſe luriſe,  
Condemned to that Dungeon mercieleſſe,  
Where they ſhould liue in woe, and die in wretchedneſſe.

47  
There was that great proude king of *Babylon*,  
That would compell all nations to adore  
And him as onely God to call vpon,  
Till through ceſtiall doome throwne out of dore,  
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore:  
There alſo was king *Craſus*, that enhaunſt  
His heart too high through his great riches ſtore;  
And proude *Antiochus*, the which aduanc't  
His curld hand gainſt God, and on his altars daunçt.

48  
And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,  
That firſt the world with ſword and fire warraid;  
And after him, old *Ninus* farre did paſſ  
In princely pomp, of all the world obaid;  
There alſo was that mightie Monarch laid  
Lowe vnder all, yet aboute all in pride,  
That name of natie fire did foule vñ braid,  
And would as *Ammons* ſonne be magnifide,  
Till ſcorn'd of God and man a ſhamefull death he hided.

49  
All theſe together in one heape were throwne,  
Like carcafes of beaſts in butchers ſtall.  
And in another corner wide were ſrown  
The antique ruines of the *Romaines* fall:

Great *Romulus* the Grandfire of them all,  
Proude *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,  
Stout *Scipio*, and ſtubborne *Hamiball*,  
Ambitious *Sylla*, and ſterne *Marius*,  
High *Ceſar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*.

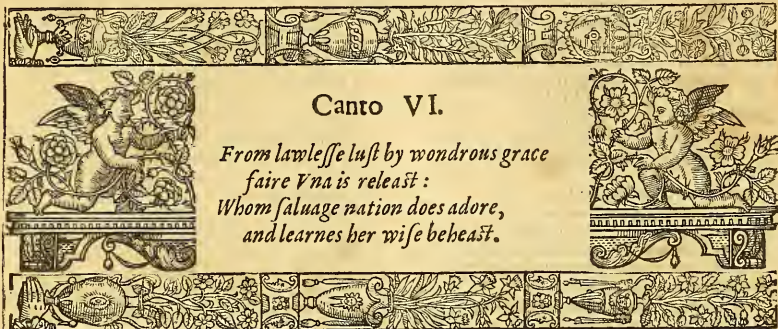
50  
Amongſt theſe mighty men, were wemen mixt,  
Proude wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:  
The bold *Semiramis*, whole ſides tranſixt  
With ſonnes owne blade, her foule reproches ſpoke;  
Faيرة *Sthenobæa*, that her ſelfe did choke  
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;  
High minded *Cleopatra*, that with ſtroke  
Of *Aſpes* ſting her ſelfe did ſtoutly kill:  
And thouſands moe the like, that did that dunge on fill.

51  
Beside the endleſſe routs of wretched thralls,  
Which thither were aſſembled day by day,  
From all the world after their wofull falls,  
Through wicked pride, and waſt weathes decay.  
But moſt of all, which in the Dungeon lay,  
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,  
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,  
Consumed had their goods, and thrifteleſſe howres,  
And laſtly throwne themſelues into theſe heauy ſtowres.

52  
Whoſe caſe when as the careful Dwarfie had told,  
And made enſample of their mournfull ſight  
Vnto his Maſter, he no lenger would  
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,  
But early roſe, and ere that dawning light  
Diſcouered had the world to heauen wile,  
He by a priuie Poſterne tooke his flight,  
That of no enuiouſ eyes he mote be ſpide:  
For, doubtleſſe death enſewd, if any him deſeride.

53  
Scarce could he footing find in that foule way,  
For many corſes, like a great Lay-ftall  
Of murdered men which therein ſtrowed lay,  
Without remorse, or decent funerall:  
Which all through that great Princeſſe pride did fall  
And came to ſhamefull end. And them beſide  
Forth riding vnderneath the caſtell wall,  
A dunghill of dead carcafes he ſpide,  
The dreadfull ſpectacle of that ſad houſe of *Pride*.





## Canto VI.

*From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace  
faire Vna is releast :  
Whom saluage nation does adore,  
and learnes her wise beheast.*

**A**S when a ship, that flies faire vnder saile,  
An hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,  
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,  
The Mariner yet halfe amazed stares  
At perill past, and yet it dout ne dares  
To ioy at his foole-happy oversight :  
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares  
The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin knight,  
Hauing escap't so sad enamples in his sight.

Yet sad hee was that his too hasty speed,  
The faire *Duessa* had forc't him leaue behind ;  
And yet more sad, that *Vna* his deare dreed  
Her truth had staine with treason so vnkind ;  
Yet crime in her could neuer creature find,  
But for his loue, and for her owne selfe sake,  
She wandred had from one to another *Ind*,  
Him for to seecke, ne euer would forsake,  
Till her vnwares the fierce *Sans loy* did overtake.

Who, after *Archimagoes* foule defeat,  
Led her away into a Forrest wilde,  
And turning wrathfull fire to lustfull heat,  
With beastly sin thought her to haue defilde,  
And made the vassall of his pleasures vidd.  
Yet first hee cast by treatie, and by traines,  
Her to perswade, that stubborn fort to yield :  
For, greater conquest of hard loue he gains,  
That works it to his will, then he that it constraines.

With fawning words hee courted her awhile,  
And looking louely, and off sighing fore,  
Her constant hart did tempt with diuers guile :  
But words, and looks, and sighes she did abhorre,  
As rock of Diamond, stedfast euermore.  
Yet for to feed his fire lustfull eye,  
He snatcht the veile, that hung her face before ;  
Then gan her beauty shine, as brightest sky,  
And burnt his beastly hart & efforce her chastitie.

So when hee saw his flatter'ng arts to faile,  
And subtle engines bet from batterie,  
With greedy force he gan the fort assaile,  
Whereof hee weend possessed soone to bee,  
And with rich spoile of ranfackt chastitie.  
Ah heauens ! that doe this hideous act behold,  
And heauenly virgin thus outraged see,  
How can ye vengeance iust so long with-hold,  
And hurle not flashing flames vpon that Paynim bold ?

The pittious maiden, carefull, comfortlesse,  
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, & shrieking cries,  
The last vaine help of womens great distresse,  
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,  
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes ;  
And *Phoebus* flying so most shamefull sight,  
His blushing face in foggy cloud implies,  
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight  
Can now deuise to quit a thrall from such a plight ?

Eternall providence, exceeding thought,  
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way :  
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,  
From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.  
Her shrill out-cries and shriekes so loud did bray,  
That all the woods and Forrests did rebound ;  
A troupe of *Faunes* and *Satyres* far away  
Within the wood were dauncing in a round,  
Whiles old *Sylvanus* slept in shady arbour sound :

Who, when they heard that pittious strained voice,  
In haste forsooke their rurall merriment,  
And ran towards the far rebounded noise,  
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.  
Vnto the place they come incontinent :  
Whom when the raging *Sarazin* espide,  
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,  
Whose like he neuer saw, he durst not bide,  
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride :

9  
The wilde Wood-gods, arriv'd in the place,  
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,  
With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,  
As her outrageous foe had left her late,  
And trembling yet through feare of former hate;  
All stand amazed at so vnconth sight,  
And gin to pittie her vnhappy state,  
All stand astonied at her beauty bright,  
In their rude eyes vnworthy of so wofull plight.

10  
She more amaz'd in double dread doth dwell;  
And every tender part for feare does shake:  
As when a greedy Wolfe through hunger fell  
A silly Lamb farre from the flock does take,  
Of whom hee means his bloudie feast to make,  
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,  
The innocent prey in haste hee does forsake,  
Which quit from death, yet quakes in every lim  
With change of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim:

11  
Such fearefull fit affaid her trembling hart,  
New word to speake, ne ioynt to moue she had:  
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,  
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;  
Their frowning foreheads with rough hornes yclad,  
And rustick horror all aside doe lay,  
And gently crenning, shew a semblance glad  
To comfort her, and feare to put away,  
Their backward bent knees teach, her humbly to obey.

12  
The doubtfull Dainzell dare not yet commit  
Her single person to their barbarous trust:  
But still through feare and hope amaz'd does sit,  
Late learn'd what harme to haście trust ensueth;  
They, in compassion of her tender youth,  
And wonder of her beautie soneraine,  
Are wonne with pittie and vnwonted ruth,  
And all prostrate vpon the lowly Plaine,  
Do kisse her feet, & fawne on her with count'nance faire.

13  
Their hearts shee gheseth by their humble guise,  
And yields her to extremitie of time;  
So, from the ground shee fearelesse doth arise,  
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:  
They all, as glad as birds of ioyous Prime,  
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,  
Shouting, and singing all a Shepherds rime,  
And with greene branches strowing all the ground,  
Doe worship her, as Queene, with Oliue girlond crown'd.

14  
And all the way their merry pipes they found,  
That all the woods with double Echo ring,  
And with their horned feet doe wear the ground,  
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.  
So towards old *Sylvanus* they her bring;  
Who, with the noise awaked, cometh out,  
To weet the cause, his weake steps gouerning,  
And aged limbs on Cypresse stalle itout,  
And with an Iuie twine his waste is girt about.

15  
Farre off hee wonders, what them makes so glad,  
Of *Bacchus* merry fruit they did invent,  
Or *Cybelus* frantick rites haue made them mad;  
They drawing nigh, vnto their God present  
That floure of faith and beautie excellent.  
The God himselfe, viewing that mirrou rare,  
Stood long amaz'd, and burnt in his intent;  
His owne faire *Driope* now he thinks not faire,  
And *Pholoe* soule, when her to this he doth compare.

16  
The wood-borne people fall before her flat,  
And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;  
And old *Sylvanus* selfe be thinks not, what  
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,  
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;  
Sometimes Dame *Venus* selfe hee seems to see:  
But *Venus* neuer had so sober mood;  
Sometimes *Diana* hee takes to bee,  
But misseeth bowe, and shafts, and buskins to her knee.

17  
By view of her hee ginneth to revieue  
His ancient lone, and dearest *Cyparisse*,  
And calls to mind his pourtraiture aliue,  
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,  
And how hee slew with plauncing dart amüs  
A gentle Hind, the which the louely boy  
Did loue as life, about all worldly blifs;  
For grieue whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,  
But pynd away in anguish and self-will'd annoy.

18  
The woody Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*,  
Her to behold doe thither runne apace,  
And all the troupe of light-foote *Naiades*  
Flock all about to see her louely face:  
But when they viewed haue her heauenly grace,  
They envie her in their malicious mind,  
And flie away for feare of foule disgrace:  
But all the *Satyres* scorn her woody kind,  
And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find.

19  
Glad of such luck, the lucklesse lucky maid,  
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,  
And long time with that salvage people staid,  
To gather breath in many miseries.  
During which time, her gentle wit she plies  
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,  
And made her th'Image of Idolatries;  
But when their bootlesse zeale shee did restrain  
From her owne worship, they her *Asie* wold worship faire;

20  
It fortun'd a noble warlike Knight  
By iust occasion to that forrest came,  
To seeke his kindred, and the linage right,  
From whence hee tooke his well deserued name:  
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,  
And filld farre lands with glorie of his might,  
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,  
And euer lov'd to fight for Ladies right,  
But in vaine glorious frayes hee little did delight.

21

A Satyres sonne, yborne in Forrest wilde,  
By strange adventure as it did betide,  
And there begotten of a Lady milde,  
Faيرة *Thyanis*, the daughter of *Labryde*,  
That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tide  
To *Therion*, a loose vnruly swaine;  
Who had more ioy to range the Forrest wide,  
And chase the salvage beast with buffe paine,  
Then serue his Ladies loue, and waste in pleasures vaine.

22

The forlorne maid did with loutes longing burne,  
And could not lacke her louters company;  
But to the wood she goes, to serue her turne,  
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does flie,  
And follows other game and venery:  
A Satyre chaunc't her wandering for to finde,  
And kindling coales of lust in brutish eye,  
The loyall links of wedlocke did vnbinde,  
And made her perion thrall vnto his beafty kinde.

23

So long in secret cabin there he held  
Her captiue to his sensuall desire,  
Till that with timely fruite her belly sweld,  
And bore a boy vnto that salvage fire:  
Then home he suffred her for to retire,  
For raunforme leauing him the late borne childe;  
VWhom till to riper yeeres he gan aspire,  
He noursted vp in life and manners wilde,  
Emongst wilde beasts & woods, from lawes of men exile.

24

For, all he taught the tender Imp, was but  
To banish cowardize and bastard feare;  
His trembling hand he would him force to put  
Vpon the Lyon, and the rugged Beare,  
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;  
And eke wilde roring Bulls hee would him make  
To tame, and ride their backs not made to beare;  
And the Robucks in flight to overtake,  
That euery beast for feare of him did flie and quake.

25

Thereby so fearelesse, and so fell he grew,  
That his owne fire and maister of his guise,  
Did often tremble at his horrid view,  
And oft for dread of hurt would him aduise,  
The angry beasts not rashly to despise,  
Not too much to provoke; for he would learne  
The Lyon stoupe to him in lowely wise,  
(A lesion hard) and make the Libbard stearne  
Leaue roring, when in rage he for revenge did yearne.

26

And for to make his powre approued more,  
VVilde beasts in iron yokes he would compell;  
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,  
The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell;  
The Antelope, and Wolfe, both fierce and fell;  
And them constraîne in equal teame to draw.  
Such ioy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,  
And sturdy courage tame with dreadfull awe,  
That his behest they feared, as proud tyrants Lawe.

27

His louting mother came vpon a day  
Vnto the woods, to see her little sonne;  
And chaunc't vnwares to meet him in the way,  
After his sports, and cruell pastime done,  
When after him a Lyonesse did runne,  
That roaring all with rage, did loude requere  
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:  
The Lyon vvhelps she saw how he did beare,  
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

28

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,  
And turning back, gan fast to flie away,  
Vntill with loue reuok't from vaine asfright,  
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,  
And then to him these womanish words gan say:  
Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling, and my ioy,  
For loue of mee leaue off this dreadfull play;  
To dally thus vwith death, is no fit toy,  
Goe find some other play-fellows, mine own sweet boy.

29

In these, and like delights of bloody game  
He trained was, till riper yeeres he taught;  
And there abode, whilst any beast of name  
Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught  
To feare his force: and then his courage haught  
Desir'd of forraigne foemen to be knowne,  
And furre abroad for strange adventures sought:  
In which his might was neuer overthrowne,  
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blowne.

30

Yet euermore it was his manner faire,  
After long labours and adventures spent,  
Vnto those natie woods for to repaire,  
To see his Sire and ofspring ancient.  
And now he thither came for like intent;  
Where he vnwares the fairest *Vna* found,  
Strange Lady, in so strange habiliment,  
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,  
True sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

31

He wondred at her wisedom heavenly rare,  
VVhose like in womens wit he neuer knew;  
And when her courteous deeds he did compare,  
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,  
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,  
And ioyd to make prooue of her cruelte  
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so true:  
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,  
And leard her discipline of faith and veritie.

32

But shee, all vvwod' vnto the *Rederosse* Knight,  
His wandering perill closely did lament,  
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,  
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,  
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,  
How to escape. At last, in priuie wise  
To *Satyrane* shee shewed her intent;  
VVho glad to gaine such fauour, gan deuise,  
How with that pensiu Maid he best might thence arise.

So, on a day, when Satyres all were gone  
 To doe their seruice to *Sylvanus* old,  
 The gentle virgin (left behind alone)  
 He led away with courage stout and bold.  
 Too late it was to Satyres to be told,  
 Or euer hope recouer her againe;  
 In vaine hee seekes, that huiung cannot hold.  
 So fast he carried her with carefull paine,  
 That they the woods are past, and come now to the Plaine.

The better part now of the lingering day,  
 They trauaild had, when as they far espide  
 A weary wight forward and by the way,  
 And towards him they gan in haste to ride,  
 To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,  
 Or tydings of her knight of the *Redcroffe*.  
 But hee them spying, gan to turne aside,  
 For feare, as seem'd, or for some feigned losse;  
 More greedely they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

A silly man, in simple weedes forworne,  
 And soild with dust of the long dried way;  
 His sandals were with toile some trauell torne,  
 And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,  
 As he had trauaild many a fommers day,  
 Through boyling sands of *Araby* and *Ind*;  
 And in his hand a *Jacobs* staffe, to stay  
 His wearie limbes vpon: and eke behind,  
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

The Knight approaching nigh, of him inquerd  
 Tydings of warre, and of adventures new;  
 But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.  
 Then *Vna* gan to aske, if ought he knew,  
 Or heard abroad of that her champion true,  
 That in his armour bare a croset red.  
 Aye mee, deare Dame (quoth hee) well may I rue  
 To tell the sad sight, which mine eyes haue read:  
 These eyes did see that Knight both liuing and eke dead.

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,  
 That suddaine cold did runne through euery vaine,  
 And stony horrour all her senses fild  
 With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.  
 The knight her lightly reared vp againe,  
 And comforted with courteous kind reliefe:  
 Then wonne from death, shee bade him tellen plaine  
 The further processe of her hidden grieffe;  
 The lesser panges can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I channet this day,  
 This fatall day, that shall I euer rew,  
 To see two Knights in trauell on my way  
 (A sory sight) arrang'd in battell new,  
 Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew:  
 My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,  
 To see their blades so greedily imbrow,  
 That drunk with blood, yet thirsted after life: (knife.  
 What more? the *Redcroffe* knight was slaine with Pynnim

Ah dearest Lord (quoth shee) how might that bee,  
 And he the stoutest Knight that euer wonne?  
 Ah dearest Dame (quoth he) how might I see  
 The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?  
 Where is (said *Satyrane*) that Pynnims fonne,  
 That him of life, and vs of ioy hath rest?  
 Not farre away (quoth hee) hee hence doth wonne  
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (left.  
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the Steele were

There-with the Knight thence marched forth in hast,  
 Whiles *Vna* with huge heauineffe opprest,  
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;  
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,  
 Whereas that Pagan proude himselfe did rest,  
 In secret shadow by a fountaine side:  
 Euen hee it was, that erst would haue supprest  
 Faire *Vna*: whom when *Satyrane* espide,  
 With soule reprochfull words hee boldly him deside.

And said, Arise thou cursed Misercant,  
 That hast with knifedesse guile and trecherous traine,  
 Faire knighthood foully shamed, and doost vaunt  
 That good Knight of the *Redcroffe* to haue slaine:  
 Arise, and with like treason now maintaine  
 Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield.  
 The Sarazin this hearing, rose amaine,  
 And catching vp in haste his three square shield,  
 And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

And drawing nigh him, said, Ah misborne Elfe,  
 In euill houre thy foes thee hither sent,  
 Anothers wrongs to wreake vpon thy selfe:  
 Yet ill thou blamest mee, for hauing bent  
 My name with guile and traiterous intent;  
 That *Redcroffe* Knight, perdie, I euer slew:  
 But had hee beene, where erst his armes were lent,  
 Th' enchaunter vaine his error should not rue:  
 But thou his error shalt, I hope, now prouen true.

There-with they gan, both furious and fell,  
 To thunder blowes, and fiercely to assaile  
 Each other bent his enemy to quell,  
 That with their force they pearc't both plate and maile,  
 And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,  
 That it would pity any liuing eye.  
 Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile;  
 But floods of blood could not them satisfie:  
 Both hungred after death: both chole to win, or die.

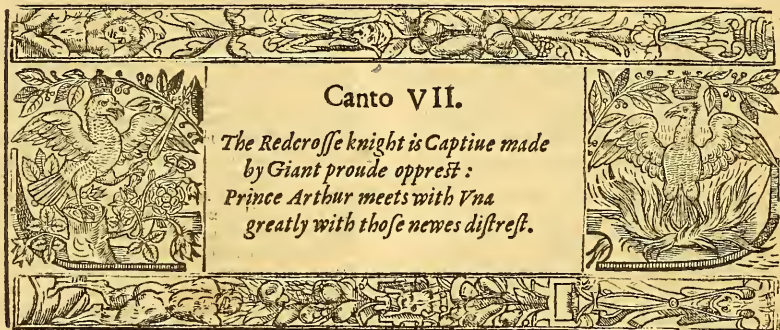
So long they fight, and fell revenge pursue,  
 That fainting each, themselves to breathen let,  
 And oft refreshed, battell oft renew:  
 As when two Bores with rankling malice met,  
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,  
 Till breathlesse both themselves aside retire,  
 Where foaming wrath, their cruell tusks they whet,  
 And trample th' earth, the whales they may respire;  
 Then back to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So fiercely, when these Knights had breathed once,  
 They gan to fight returne, increasing more  
 Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,  
 With heaped strokes, more hugely then before,  
 That with their dreerie wounds and bloody gore  
 They both deformed, scarcely could be knowne.  
 By this, sad *Vna* fraught with anguish fore,  
 Led with their noise, which through the aire was throwne,  
 Arriu'd, wher they in earth their fruitlesse bloud had sowne.

Whom all so soone as that proude Sarazin  
 Espide, he gan reuine the memory  
 Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,  
 And left the doubtfull bartell hastily,  
 To catch her, newly offred to his eye:  
 But *Satyrane* with strokes him turning, staid,  
 And sternely bade him other busines ply,  
 Then hunt the steps of pure vnspotted Maid:  
 Where-with he all enrag'd, these bitter speeches said.

O foolish faeries sonne, what furie mad  
 Hath thee incens'd, to haste thy dolefull fate?  
 Were it not better I that Lady had,  
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late?  
 Most senselesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,  
 To loue another. Lo then, for thine aid,  
 Heere take thy loners token on thy pate.  
 So they two fight; the whiles the royall Maid  
 Fled farre away, of that proude Paynim fore affraid.

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told,  
 Being indeede old *Archimage*, did stay  
 In secret shadow, all this to behold,  
 And much reioyced in their bloody fray:  
 But when he saw the Damzell passe away,  
 He left his stond, and her purlewd apace,  
 In hope to bring her to her last decay.  
 But, for to tell her lamentable case,  
 And eke this bartells end, will need another place.



## Canto VII.

*The Redcrosse knight is Captiue made  
 by Giant proude opprest:  
 Prince Arthur meets with Vna  
 greatly with those newes distrest.*

Hat man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,  
 As to descry the crafty cunning traine,  
 By which Deceit doth mask in vizour faire,  
 And cast her colours dyed deep in graine,  
 To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,  
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,  
 The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?  
 Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame,  
 The false *Duessa*, cloked with *Fidesfaes* name.

Who, when returning from the dreery *Night*,  
 She found not in that perilous houle of *Pride*,  
 Where she had left the noble *Redcrosse* knight,  
 Her hoped pray; she would no longer bide,  
 But forth shee went, to seeke him far and wide.  
 Ere long she found whereas he wearie fate,  
 To rest himselfe, foreby a fountaine side,  
 Disarmed all of iron-coated Plate,  
 And by his side his steed the grasse forage ate.

Hee feedes vpon the cooling shade, and bayes  
 His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind,  
 Which through the trembling leaues full gently playes,  
 Wherein the cheerfull birds of sundry kind  
 Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:  
 The *VVitch* approaching gan him fairely greet,  
 And with reproche of carelesnesse vnkind  
 Vpbrayd, for leaving her in place vnmeet,  
 With foule words tempering faire, sower gall with honie

Vnkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,  
 And bathe in pleasure of the ioyous shade,  
 Which shielded them against the boyling heat,  
 And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,  
 About the fountaine like a girlond made;  
 Whose bubbling waue did euer freshly well,  
 Ne euer would through feruent sommer fade:  
 The sacred *Nymph*, which therein wont to dwell,  
 Was out of *Dianes* fauour, as it then befell.

5  
The cause was this: One day when *Phæbe* faire  
With all her band was following the chace,  
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heate of scorching aire,  
Sat downe to rest in midst of the race:  
The Goddesse, wroth, gan foule her disgrace,  
And bade the waters, which from her did flowe,  
Be such as shee hertelic was then in place.  
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slowe,  
And all that drunk thereof, did faint and feeble growe.

6  
Hereof this gentle Knight vnweeting was,  
And lying downe vpon the landic graile,  
Drunke of the streame, as cleare as crytall glasse:  
Eitooones his manly forces gan to faile,  
And mighty strong vvas turn'd to feeble fraile.  
His changed powres at first themselves not felt,  
Till cruddled cold his courage gan assaile,  
And cheerefull bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,  
Which like a Feaver-fit through all his body swelt.

7  
Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,  
Pour'd out in loofnesse on the grassie ground,  
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:  
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull found,  
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,  
That all the earth for terrour seem'd to shake,  
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe there-with astound,  
Vpstarte lightly from his loofer make,  
And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take.

8  
But ere he could his armour on him dight,  
Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy  
With starlike steps came stalking in his sight,  
An hideous Giant, horrible and hie,  
That with his talnesse seem'd to threat the skie,  
The ground eke groned vnder him for dreed;  
His liuing like saw neuer liuing eye,  
Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed  
The height of three the tallest founnes of mortall seed.

9  
The greatest Earth his vncoth mother was,  
And blustering *Aeolus* his boasted fire,  
Who with his breath, which through the world doth  
Her hollow womb did secretly inspire, (passe,  
And filld her hidden caues with stormie fire,  
That shee concei'd; and trebling the due time,  
In which the wombes of women doe expire,  
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime,  
Pufft vp with empte wind, and filld with sinfull crime.

10  
So, growen great through arrogant delight  
Of th' high descent, whereof he was yborne,  
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,  
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.  
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,  
And left to losse: his stalking steps are staid  
Vpon a snaggy Oake, which he had torne  
Out of his mothers bowels, and it made  
His mortall mace, where-with his foemen he dismaide.

11  
That, when the Knight he spide, he gan aduance  
With huge force and insupportable maine,  
And towards him with dreadfull fury pearce;  
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine  
Did to him pale, sad battaile to darraigne,  
Disarm'd, disgrac't, and inwardly dismaide,  
And eke fo faint in euery ioynt and vaine,  
Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,  
That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

12  
The Giant strooke so mainly mercilesse,  
That could haue overthrowne a stony towre;  
And were not heavenly grace, that him did blesse,  
He had been pouldred all, as thin as flowre:  
But hee was wary of that deadly flowre,  
And lightly leapt from vnderneath the blowe:  
Yet so exceeding was the villaines powre,  
That with the wind it did him overthrowe,  
And all his senses found, that still he lay full lowe.

13  
As when that diuelish iron Engin wrought  
In deepest Hell, and fram'd by *Furies* skill,  
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,  
And ram'd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,  
Conceiue th' fire, the heauens it doth fill  
With thundring noise, and all the aire doth choke,  
That none can breathe, nor fee, nor heare at will,  
Through smouldry cloude of dusky stinking smoke,  
That th'oncly breath him daunts, who hath escap't the  
(stroke.

14  
So daunted when the Giant saw the Knight,  
His heauy hand he heaued vp on hie,  
And him to dust thought to haue battred quite,  
Vntill *Duessa* loud to him gan cry;  
O great *Orogolio*, greatest vnder sky,  
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,  
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to die;  
But, vanquish't, thine eternall bondslauce make,  
And mee thy worthy meed vnto thy Lemman take.

15  
He harkned, and did stay from further harmes,  
To gaine so goodly guerdon, as shee spake:  
So, willingly she came into his armes,  
Who her as willingly to grace did take,  
And was possessed of his new found make.  
Then vp he tooke the slumbred senselesse corse,  
And ere he could out of his swoune awake,  
Him to his Castle brought with hastie force,  
And in a Dungeon deepe him threw without remorse.

16  
From that day forth *Duessa* was his deare,  
And highly honour'd in his haughty eye:  
He gaue her gold, and purple pall to weare,  
And triple crowne set on her head full hie,  
And her endow'd with royall maiestie:  
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,  
And peoples harts with awfull terrour tie,  
A monstrous beatt ybred in filthy fen  
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.  
Such



17  
Such one it was, as that renowned Snake  
Which great *Arcides* in *Stremona* flew,  
Long fostred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,  
Whose many heads out budding euer new,  
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew:  
But this same Monster much more vgly was;  
For, feauen great heads out of his body grew,  
An Iron breast, and back of scaly brags,  
And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as glafs.

18  
His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,  
That to the house of heavenly Gods it raught,  
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,  
The euer-burning lamps from thence it brought,  
And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought;  
And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread  
The sacred things, and holy hearts fortaught.  
Vpon this dreadfull Beast with feauenfold head  
He let the false *Dneffa*, for more awe and dread.

19  
The wofull Dwarf, which saw his maisters fall,  
Whiles he had keeping of his grasng steed,  
And valiant knight become a caytiue thrall,  
When all was past, tooke vp his forlorne weed,  
His mighty armour, missing maist at need;  
His siluer shield, now idle maisterlesse;  
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,  
The ruefull monuments of heauinesse,  
And with them all departs, to tell his great distresse.

20  
He had not trouaild long, when on the way  
He wofull Lady (wofull *Vna*) met,  
Fast flying from the Paynims greedy pray,  
Whil' st *Satyrae* him from pursuit did let:  
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,  
And saw the signes that deadly tydings spake,  
Shee fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,  
And liuely breath her sad breast did forsake,  
Yet might her pittious hart be feene to pant and quake.

21  
The messenger of so unhappy newes,  
Would faine haue dide: dead was his hart within,  
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:  
At last recouering hart, he does begin  
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,  
And euery tender part does tosse and turne:  
So hardly he the fittid life does win,  
Vnto her naturie prison to retourne:  
Then gins her grieued ghost thus to lament and mourne.

22  
Yee dreary instruments of dolefull sight,  
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,  
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,  
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mold,  
Sith cruell Fates the carefull threads vnfold,  
The which my life and loue together tide:  
Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold  
Pearce to my hart, and passe through euery side,  
And let eternal night to sad sight from mee hide.

23  
Olightsome day, the lamp of highest *Ioue*,  
First made by him, mens wandering waies to guide,  
When darknesse he in deepest dunge on droue,  
Henceforth thy hated face for euer hide,  
And shut vp heauens windowes shining wide:  
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,  
And late repentance, which shall long abide.  
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feede,  
But feel'd vp with death, shall haue their deadly meede.

24  
Then downe againe shee fell vnto the ground;  
But hee her quickly reared vp againe:  
Thrice did shee sink adowne in deadly frownd,  
And thrice hee her reuiv'd with busse paine:  
At last, when life recouer'd had the raine,  
And over-wrestled his strong enemie,  
With foltring tongue, and trembling euery vaine,  
Tell on (quoth shee) the wofull Tragedie,  
The which these reliques sad present vnto mine eye.

25  
Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,  
And thrilling sorrow throwne his vtmost dart;  
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heauy plight,  
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:  
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.  
If death it be, it is not the first wound,  
That launced hath my breast with bleeding smart.  
Begin, and end the bitter balefull found;  
If lesse then that I feare, more fauour I haue found.

26  
Then gan the Dwarf the whole discourse declare,  
The subtle traines of *Archimago* old;  
The wanton loues of false *Fidessa* faire,  
Bought with the bloud of vanquisht Paynim bold:  
The wretched payre transformed to treen mold;  
The house of Pride, and perils round about;  
The combat, which he with *Sans ioy* did hold;  
The lucklesse conflict with the Giant stout,  
Wherein captiu'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27  
Shee heard with patience all vnto the end,  
And stroue to maister sorrowfull assay:  
Which greater grew, the more shee did contend,  
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;  
And loue fresh coales vnto her fire did lay:  
For, greater loue, the greater is the losse.  
Was neuer Lady loued dearer day,  
Then shee did loue the Knight of the *Redcrosse*;  
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

28  
At last, when seruent sorrow slaked was,  
Shee vp arose, resolving him to find  
Aliue or dead: and forward forth doth pass,  
All as the Dwarf the way to her assign'd:  
And euermore in constant carefull mind  
Shee fed her wound with fresh renewed balm;  
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,  
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,  
Shee wandred many a wood, and measur'd many a vale.

At last,

At last, she chanced by good hap to meet  
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the way  
 Together with his Squire, arrayed meet:  
 His glitter and armour shined faire away,  
 Like glancing light of *Phœbus* brightest ray;  
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,  
 That deadly dint of Steele endanger may:  
 A wart his breast a baldrick braue he ware, (rare.  
 That shin'd like twinkling stars, with stones most precious

And in the midst thereof, one precious stone  
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,  
 Shap't like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,  
 Like *Hesperus* amongst the lesser lights,  
 And stroue for to amaze the weaker fights;  
 Thereby, his mortall blade full comely hong  
 In Iuoric sheath, year'd with curious flights;  
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle frong  
 Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,  
 Both glorious brightnes, and great terrour bred;  
 For, all the crest a Dragon did enfold  
 With greedy pawes, and ouer all did spred  
 His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed  
 Close couched on the beuer, seem'd to throwe  
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fieriered,  
 That suddaine horror to faint harts did showe;  
 And fealy taile was stretcht adowne his back full lowe.

Vpon the top of all his lofty crest,  
 A bunch of haire discolor'd diuersly,  
 With sprinkled pearle, and gold full richly drest,  
 Did shake, and seem'd to daunce for iollity,  
 Like to an Almond tree ymownted hie  
 On top of greene *Selinis* all alone,  
 With blossoms braue bedecked daintily;  
 Whose tender locks do tremble euery one  
 At euery little breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

His warlike shield all closely couer'd was,  
 Ne might of mortall eye be euer seeue;  
 Not made of Steele, nor of enduring bras,  
 Such earthly metalls soone consumed beue:  
 But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene  
 It framed was, one masse entire mould,  
 Hewen out of Adamant rock with engines keene,  
 That point of speare it neuer pearcen could,  
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

The same to wight hee neuer wont disclose,  
 But when as monsters huge he would dismay,  
 Or daunt vnequall armies of his foes,  
 Or when the flying heauens he would affray;  
 For, so exceeding shone his glittring ray,  
 That *Phœbus* golden face it did attaine,  
 As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay;  
 And siluer *Cynthia* waxed pale and faint,  
 As when her face is stain'd with magick arts constraint.

No magick arts heereof had any might,  
 Nor bloody words of bold Enchanters call,  
 But all that was not fuch, as seem'd in sight,  
 Before that shield did fade, and suddaine fall:  
 And when him list the rascall routes appall,  
 Men into stones there-with he could transnew,  
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;  
 And, when him list the prouder lookes subdue,  
 He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceeds:  
 For, he that made the same, was knowne right well  
 To haue done much more admirable deeds.  
 It *Merlin* was, which whilome did excell  
 All liuing wightes in might of magick spell:  
 Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought  
 For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell;  
 But when he died, the Faerie Queene it brought  
 To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought.

A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire,  
 His speare of Heben wood behind him bare,  
 Whose harmefull head, thrice heated in the fire,  
 Had riven many a breast with pikehead square;  
 A goodly person, and could menage faire  
 His stubborne steed with curbed canon bit,  
 Who vnder him did trample as the aire,  
 And chaust, that any on his backe should sit:  
 The iron rowels into frothy home he bit.

When as this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,  
 With louely court he gan her entertaine;  
 But when he heard her answers loth, he knew  
 Some secret sorrow did her heart diffraine:  
 Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,  
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,  
 And for her humour fitting purpose faine,  
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray;  
 Wherewith emmov'd, these bleeding wounds she gan to say:

What worlds delight, or ioy of liuing speach  
 Can heart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes deep,  
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach  
 The careful cold beginneth not to creep,  
 And in my heart his iron arrow steep,  
 Soone as I thinke vpon my bitter bale:  
 Such helpelesse harmes it's better hidden keepe,  
 Then rip vp griefe, where it may not auale,  
 My last left comfort is, my woes to weep and waile.

Ah Lady deare, quoth then the gentle Knight,  
 Well may I weene, your grieie is wondrous great;  
 For wondrous great grieie groweth in my sight,  
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.  
 But wofull Lady, let me you intreat,  
 For to vnfold the anguish of your hart:  
 Mishaps are maistred by aduise discreet,  
 And counsell mitigates the greatest smart;  
 Found neuer help, who neuer would his hurts impart.

O! but (quoth shee) great griefe will not be told,  
 And can more easly be thought, then said.  
 Right so (quoth he) but he, that neuer would,  
 Could neuer: will to might giues greatest aide.  
 But griefe (quoth shee) does greater growe displaid,  
 If then it find not help, and breeds depaيره.  
 Depaيره breeds not (quoth he) where faith is staيد.  
 No faith so fast (quoth she) but flesh does paيره.  
 Flesh may empaيره (quoth he) but reason can repaيره.

His goodly reason, and well guided speach,  
 So deep did fertile in her gracious thought,  
 That her perswaded to disclose the breach,  
 Which loue and fortune in her hart had wrought,  
 And said; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought  
 You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,  
 Or that your wisdom will direct my thought,  
 Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:  
 Then heare the storie sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes haue seene  
 The laughing stock of Fortunes mockeries,  
 Am th'only daughter of a King and Queene,  
 Whose Parents deare, whilst equall Destinies  
 Did runne about, and their felicities  
 The fauourable heauens did not envie,  
 Did spread their rule through all the territories  
 Which *Phison* and *Euphrates* floweth by,  
 And *Gebons* golden waues doe wash continually;

Till that their cruell cursed enemy,  
 An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,  
 Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,  
 With murderous ravine, and deuouring might  
 Their kingdome spoild, and country wasted might:  
 Themselues, for feare into his awes to fall,  
 Hec forced to castle strong to take their flight,  
 Where fast embard in mighty brazen wall,  
 He has them now foure yeeres besieg'd to make the thrall.

Full many knights adventurous and stout,  
 Haue enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew;  
 From every coast that heauen walks about,  
 Haue thither come the noble Martiall crew,  
 That famous hard atchieuements still pursue,  
 Yet neuer any could that girlond win,  
 But all still shrunk, and still he greater grew:  
 All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,  
 The pittious pray of his fierce crueltie haue bin.

At last, yled with farre reported praise,  
 Which flying Fame throughout the world had spred,  
 Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,  
 That noble order hight of Maidenhead,  
 Forth-with to court of *Gloriane* I sped,  
 Of *Gloriane*, great Queene of glory bright,  
 Whose kingdoms seat *Cleopolis* is red,  
 There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,  
 That Parents deare from Tyrants powre deliuer might.

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)  
 There for to find a fresh vnprooued knight,  
 Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guilty blood  
 Had neuer been, ne euer by his might  
 Had throwne to ground the vnregard right:  
 Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made  
 (I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight;  
 The groning ghosts of many one dismaide  
 Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade.

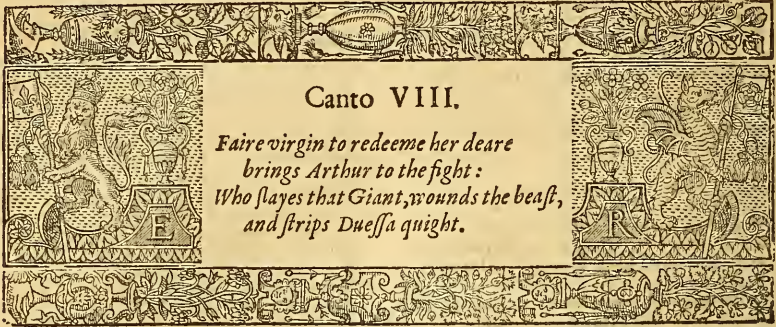
And yee the forlorne reliques of his powre,  
 His byting sword, and his deuouring speare,  
 Which haue endured many a dreadfull stowre,  
 Can speake his prowesse, that did cast you beare;  
 And well could rule: now he hath left you heere,  
 To be the record of his ruefull losse,  
 And of my dolefull disaduenturous deare:  
 O! heauiere record of the good *Redcrosse*,  
 Where haue you left your Lord, that could so wel you tosse?

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,  
 That he my captiue langour should reddeeme,  
 Till all vnwetting, an *Enchaunter* bad  
 His sense abus'd, and made him to misdeeme  
 My loyaltie, not such as it did seeme;  
 That rather death desire, then such despight.  
 Be iudge ye heauens, that all things right esteeme,  
 How I him lov'd, and loue with all my might,  
 So thought I kee of him, and think I thought aright.

Thenceforth, mee desolate he quite forooke,  
 To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,  
 And other bywaies he himselife betooke,  
 Where neuer foot of liuing wight did tread,  
 That brought not back the balefull body dead;  
 In which him chanced false *Duesse* meet,  
 Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,  
 Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweet,  
 Inueigled him to followe her desires vnmeet.

At last, by subtil sleights shee him betraid  
 Vnto his foe, a Giant huge and tall,  
 Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaide,  
 Vnwares surpris'd, and with mighty mall  
 The monster mercilesse him made to fall,  
 Whose fall did neuer foe before behold;  
 And now in darksome dungeon, wretched thrall,  
 Remedlesse, for aye he doth him hold;  
 This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be told.

Ere shee had ended all, shee gan to faint:  
 But hee her comforted and faire bespake,  
 Certes, Madame, ye haue great cause of plaint,  
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.  
 But be of cheere, and comfort to you take:  
 For, till I haue acquit your captiue Knight,  
 Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.  
 His cheerfull words reuiv'd her cheerlesse spright:  
 So forth they went, the Dwarfes them guiding cuer right.



## Canto VIII.

*Faire virgin to redeeme her deare  
brings Arthur to the fight:  
Who slayes that Giant, wounds the beast,  
and strips Duesfa quight.*

<sup>1</sup>  
**A**Y mee! how many perils doe enfold  
The righteous man, to make him daily fall;  
Were not, that heauely grace doth him vphold,  
And stedfast truth acquire him out of all.  
Her loue is firme, her care continuall,  
So oft as hee, through his owne foolish pride,  
Or weaknesse, is to sinfull bands made thrall:  
Else should this *Redcrosse* knight in bands haue dide,  
For whose deliuerance the this Prince doth thither guide.

<sup>2</sup>  
They sadly trauaild thus, vntill they came  
Nigh to a Castle builded strong and hie:  
Then cride the Dwarf, Lo, yonder is the same,  
In which my Lord my liege doth lucklesse lie,  
Thrall to that Giants hatefull tyrannie:  
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.  
The noble knight alighted by and by  
From lostie steed, and bade the Lady stay,  
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

<sup>3</sup>  
So with the Squire, th' admirer of his might,  
He marched forth towards that castle wall;  
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne liuing wight  
To ward the same, nor answer commers call.  
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bangle small,  
Which hung adowne his side in twisted gold,  
And tassels gay. Wide wonders over all  
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,  
Which had approued been in vses manifold.

<sup>4</sup>  
Was neuer wight that heard that shrilling sound,  
But trembling feare did feele in euery vaine;  
Three miles it might be case heard around,  
And Echoes three answerd it selfe againe:  
No false enchainment, nor deceitfull traine  
Might once abide the terror of that blast,  
But presently was voide and wholly vaine:  
No gate so strong, no lock so firme and fast,  
But with that pearcing noise flew open quite, or brast.

<sup>5</sup>  
The same before the Giants gate he blew,  
That all the Castle quaked from the ground,  
And euery dore offree-will open flew.  
The Giant selfe dismayed with that sound  
(Where he with his *Duesfa* dalliance found)  
In haste came rushing forth from inner bowre,  
With staring count'nance steme, as one astound,  
And staggering steps, to weet what suddaine stowre  
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreadd  
(powre,

<sup>6</sup>  
And after him the proude *Duesfa* came,  
High mounted on her many-headed beast,  
And euery head with fire tongue did flame,  
And euery head was crowned on his crest,  
And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feast.  
That when the knight beheld, his mighty shield  
Vpon his manly arme he soone addrest,  
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,  
And eager greedinesse through euery member thrid.

<sup>7</sup>  
There-with the Giant buckled him to fight,  
Inflam'd with scornfull wrath and high dislaine:  
And lifting vp his dreadfull club on high,  
All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,  
Him thought at first encounter to haue slaine.  
But wise and warie was that noble Pere,  
And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,  
Did faire auoide the violence him nere;  
It booted nought, to think, such thunderbolts to beare.

<sup>8</sup>  
Ne shame hee thought to shunne so hideous might:  
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,  
Missing the marke of his mislaymed fight  
Did fall to ground, and with his heauy sway,  
So deeply dinted in the driuen clay,  
That three yards deep a furrow vp did throwe:  
The sad earth wounded with so fore assay,  
Did grone full grieuous vnderneath the blowe, (showe:  
And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake  
As

As when almighty *Ioue*, in wrathfull mood,  
 To wreake the guilt of mortall finnes is bent,  
 Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,  
 Enrold in flames, and smouldring dremment,  
 Through riuen cloudes and molten firmament;  
 The fierce threeforked engin making way,  
 Both lofty towres and highest trees hath rent,  
 And all that might his angry passage stay,  
 And shooting in the earth, casts vp a mount of clay.

10

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,  
 He could not rearcn vp againe so light,  
 But that the Knight him at advantage found,  
 And whiles he stroue his combed club to quight  
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright  
 He smote off his left arme, which like a block  
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;  
 Large streames of blood out of the trunked stock  
 Forth gush'd, like fresh water fraeme from riuen rock.

11

Dismaied with so desperate deadly wound,  
 And eke impatient of vnwoned paine,  
 He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sound,  
 That all the fields rebellowed againe;  
 As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian Plaine  
 An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,  
 Doe for the milkie mothers want complaine,  
 And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,  
 The neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring.

12

That when his deare *Duessa* heard, and saw  
 The cuill stound that dangerd her estate,  
 Vnto his ayde she hastily did draw  
 Her dreadfull beasts, who swolne with blood of late,  
 Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,  
 And threatend all his heads like flaming brands.  
 But him the Squire made quickly to retrace,  
 Encountering fierce with single sword in hand,  
 And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

13

The proud *Duessa* full of wrathfull spight,  
 And fierce disdain to be affronted so,  
 Enforc't her purple beast with all her might  
 That stop out of the way to overthrow,  
 Scorning the let of so vnequall foe:  
 But nathemore would that couragious swaine  
 To her yield passage, gainst his Lord to goe,  
 But with outrageous stroakes did him restraine,  
 And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

14

Then tooke the angry Witch her golden cup,  
 Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;  
 Death and despaire did many thereof sup,  
 And secreet poyson through their inward parts,  
 Th'eternall bale of heauie wounded harts;  
 Which, after charmes and some enchantments said,  
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;  
 Therewith his sturdie courage soorie was quaid,  
 And all his senses were with suddaine dread dismaied.

15

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,  
 Who on his neck his bloody clawes did feize,  
 That life nigh crusht out of his panting breast:  
 No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rise.  
 That, when the carefull knight gan well auise,  
 He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,  
 And to the beast gan turne his enterprife;  
 For, wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,  
 To see his loued Squire into such thraldome brought.

16

And high advauncing his bloud-thirstie blade,  
 Strooke one of those deformed heads so sore,  
 That of his puissance proud ensample made;  
 His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore;  
 And that misformed shape misshaped more:  
 A sea of bloud gush't from the gaping wound,  
 That her gay garments staind with filthy gore,  
 And overflowed all the field around;  
 That over shoocs in bloud he waded on the ground.

17

Therewith he roared for exceeding paine,  
 That to haue heard, great horror would haue bred,  
 And scourging th'emptie ayre with his long traine,  
 Through great impatience of his grieved hed,  
 His gorgeous ruder from her lostie sted  
 Would haue cast downe, and trode in durty mire,  
 Had not the Giant soone her succoured;  
 Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick ire,  
 Came hurtling in full fierce, and forc't the knight retire.

18

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,  
 In one alone left hand he now vnites, (erst)  
 Which is through rage more strong then both were  
 With which his hideous club aloft he dices,  
 And at his foe with furious rigour smites,  
 That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow:  
 The stroke vpon his shield so heauie lites,  
 That to the ground it doubleth him full lowe,  
 What mortall wight could enre beare so monstrous blowe?

19

And in his fall, his shield that couer'd was,  
 Did loose his veile by chance, and open flew:  
 The light whereof, that heauens light did pass,  
 Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,  
 That eye mote not the same endure to view.  
 Which when the Giant spide with staring eye,  
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew  
 His weapon huge, that heaued was on hie  
 For to haue slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

20

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amaz'd  
 At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,  
 Became starke blind, and all his senses daz'd,  
 That downe he tumbled on the durty field,  
 And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield.  
 Whom when his maiestie proud perceiu'd to fall,  
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,  
 Vnto the Giant loudly she gan call,  
 O helpe *Oroglio*, helpe, or else we perish all.

D.

At

21

At her so pittious cry was much amou'd  
 Her Champion stout, and for to ayde his friend,  
 Againe his wonted angry weapon prou'd;  
 But all in vaine: for, he has read his end  
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend  
 Themselues in vaine: for, since that glauncing sight,  
 He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;  
 As, where th'Almighties lightning brond does light,  
 It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunis the senses quight.

22

Whom when the Prince to battell new adrest,  
 And threatning high his dreadfull stroke did see,  
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,  
 And smote off quite his right legge by the knee,  
 That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,  
 High growing on the top of rocky cliff,  
 Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,  
 The mighty trunk halfe rent, with rugged rift  
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

23

Or as a Castle reared high and round,  
 By subtil engins and malicious sight  
 Is vndermined from the lowest ground,  
 And her foundation torc't, and feebled quight,  
 At last, downe falls, and with her heaped height  
 Her hastie ruine does more heauie make,  
 And yields it selfe vnto the Victors might;  
 Such was this Giants fall, that seemd to shake  
 The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

24

The Knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,  
 With mortall steele him smote againe so iore,  
 That headlesse his vnweldy body lay,  
 All wallow'd in his owne soule bloody gore,  
 Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store:  
 But soone as breath out of his breast did pass,  
 That huge great body which the Giant bore,  
 Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mass  
 Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.

25

Whose gricuous fall, when false *Duess*a spide,  
 Her golden cup the cast vnto the ground,  
 And crowned Mitre rudely threw aside,  
 Such pearcing grieffe her stubborn hart did wound,  
 That she could not endure that dolefull stound,  
 But leauing all behind her, fled away:  
 The light-foot Squire her quickly turn'd around,  
 And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,  
 So brought vnto his Lord, as his deserued pray.

26

The royall Virgin, which belch'd from farre,  
 In pensie plight, and sad perplexitie,  
 The whole atchieuement of this doubtfull warre,  
 Came running fast to greet his victorie,  
 With sober gladnesse, and mild modestie,  
 And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake:  
 Faire branch of noblesse, floure of cheualric,  
 That with your worth the world amazed make,  
 How shall I quite the paines ye suffer for my sake?

27

And you fresh bud of vertue springing fast,  
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh vnto deaths dore,  
 What hath poore Virgin for such perill past,  
 Where-with you to reward? Accept therefore  
 My simple selfe, and seruice euermore;  
 And he that high does sit, and all things see  
 With equall eyes, their merites to restore,  
 Behold what ye this day haue done for mee,  
 And what I cannot quite, requite with vturce.

28

But sithe the heauens, and your faire handling,  
 Haue made you maister of the field this day,  
 Your fortune maister eke with governing,  
 And well begun, end all to well, I pray,  
 Ne let that wicked woman scape away;  
 For, seee it is that did my Lord bethrall,  
 My dearest Lord, and deep in dungeon lay,  
 Where he his better daies hath waited all.  
 O heare, how pittious he to you for ayde does call.

29

Forth-with he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,  
 That scarlot whore to keepe carefully;  
 Whiles he himselfe with greedy great desire  
 Into the Castle entred forcibly,  
 Where liuing creature none he did espy.  
 Then gan he loudly through the house to call:  
 But no man car'd to answer to his cry.  
 There raignd a solemne silence ouer all,  
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bowre or hall.

30

At last, with creeping crooked pale forth came  
 An old old man, with beard as white as snowe,  
 That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,  
 And guide his wearie gate both to and fro;  
 For, his eye sight him failed long ygo:  
 And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,  
 The which vnused rust did ouergrowe:  
 Those were the keyes of euery inner dore,  
 But he could not them vse, but kept them still in store.

31

But very vnouth sight was to behold  
 How he did fashio his vntoward pale:  
 For, as he forward moov'd his footing old,  
 So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face;  
 Vnlike to men, who euer as they trace,  
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.  
 This was the ancient keeper of that place,  
 And foster-father of the Giant dead;  
 His name *Ignaro* did his nature right arad.

32

His reuerend haire and holy granitie  
 The knight much honour'd, as becomed well,  
 And gently askt, where all the people bee,  
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell.  
 Who answer'd him full soft, he could not tell.  
 Againe he askt, where that same Knight was laid,  
 Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puiffaunce fell  
 Had made his caryue thral; againe he said,  
 He could not tell: ne euer other answer made.

Then asked he, which way hee in might pass :  
 He could not tell, againe he answered.  
 Thereat the courteous Knight displeas'd was,  
 And said, Old fire, it seemes thou hast not red  
 How ill it fits with that same silver hed  
 In vaine to mock, or mockt in vaine to bee :  
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed  
 With natures pen, in a ges graue degree,  
 Areade in grauer wife, whar I demaund of thee.

His answer likewise was, he could not tell.  
 Whose senselesse speech, and doted ignorance  
 When as the noble Prince had marked well,  
 He ghest his nature by his countenance,  
 And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.  
 Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach  
 Those keyes, and made himselfe free entrance.  
 Each dore he opened without any breach ;  
 There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to impeach.

There, all within full rich arrayd he found,  
 With royall arras and resplendent gold.  
 And did with store of euery thing abound,  
 That greatest Princes presence might behold.  
 But all the floore (too filthy to be told)  
 With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents true,  
 Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,  
 Defiled was, that dreadfull was to view,  
 And sacred allies ouer it was strowed new.

And there beside of marble stone<sup>36</sup> was built  
 An Altar, carv'd with cunning imagery,  
 On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,  
 And holy Martyrs often doen to die,  
 With cruell malice and strong tyrannic :  
 Whose blessed sprites from vnderneath the stone  
 To God for vengeance cride continually,  
 And with great griefe were often heard to grone,  
 That hardest hart wold bleed, to heare their pittious moene.

Through euery roome he sought, and euery bowre,  
 But no where could he find that wofull thrall :  
 At last he came vnto an iron dore,  
 That fast was lockt, but key found not at all  
 Amongst that bunch, to open it withall ;  
 But in the same a little grate was pight,  
 Through which he sent his voice, and loud did call  
 With all his powre, to weet if liuing might  
 Were housed there within, whom he enlargen might.

There-with, an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce  
 These pitious plaints and dolours did resound ;  
 O who is that, which brings me happy choice  
 Of death, that heere lie dying euery ffound,  
 Yet liue perforce in balefull darknesse bound ?  
 For, now three Moones haue changed thrice their hew,  
 And haue beene thrice hid vnderneath the ground,  
 Since I the heauens cheerful face did viewe :  
 O welcome thou, that doost of death bring tydings true.

Which when that Champion heard, with piercing point  
 Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled fore,  
 And trembling horrour ranne through euery ioynt,  
 For ruth of gentle knight so foule forlore :  
 Which shaking off, he rent that iron dore,  
 With furious force, and indignation fell ;  
 Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,  
 But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,  
 That breathed euer forth a filthy banefull smell.

But neither darknesse foule, nor filthy bands,  
 Nor noyous smell his purpose could with-hold,  
 (Entire affection hateth nicer hands)  
 But that with constant zeale, and courage bold,  
 After long paines and labours manifold,  
 He found the meanes that Prisoner vp to reare ;  
 Whose feeble thighes, vnable to vp hold  
 His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare.  
 A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreare.

His sad dull eyes deep sunk in hollow pits,  
 Could not endure th'vnwonted sunne to view ;  
 His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,  
 And emptie sides deceiued of their due,  
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rue ;  
 His rawbone armes, whose mighty browed bowres  
 Were wont to riue Steele plates, & helmets hewe,  
 Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres  
 Decay'd, and all his flesh shrunk vp like withered flowres.

Whom when his Lady saw, to him shee ran  
 With hastie ioy : to fee him made her glad,  
 And sad to view his visage pale and wan,  
 Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.  
 Tho when her well of teares shee wasted had,  
 Shee said, Ah dearest Lord ! what euill starre  
 On you hath fround, and pou'd his influence bad,  
 That of your selfe ye thus berobbed are,  
 And this misseeming hew your manly lookes doth marre ?

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,  
 Whose presence I haue lackt too long a day ;  
 And sic on Fortune mine avowed foe,  
 Whose wrathfull wreakes themselues doe now alay,  
 And for these wrongs shall treble pennance pay  
 Of treble good : good growes of euils grieue.  
 The cheereleest man, whom sorrow did dismay,  
 Had no delight to treaten of his grieue ;  
 His long endured famine needed more relieue.

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,  
 The things that grieuous were to doe, or beare,  
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight ;  
 Best musick breeds delight in loathing care :  
 But th'onely good, that growes of passed feare,  
 Is to be wife, and ware of like agein.  
 This dayes ensample hath this lesson deare  
 Deepe written in my heart with iron pen,  
 That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

<sup>45</sup>  
Hence-forth fir Knight, take to you wonted strength,  
And maister these mishaps with patient might;  
Lo, where your foelyes stretcht in monstrous length:  
And lo, that wicked woman in your sight,  
The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,  
Now in your powre, to let her liue, or die.  
To doe her die (quoth *Vna*) were despight,  
And shame t'auenge to weake an enemy;  
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.

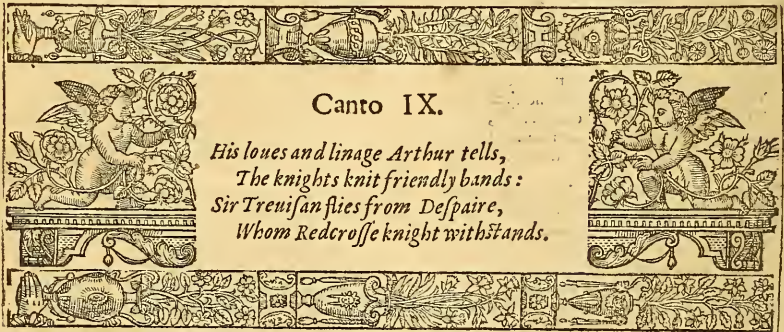
<sup>46</sup>  
So, as she badē, that Witch they disarraid,  
And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,  
And ornaments that richly were displaid;  
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.  
Then when they had despoild her tire and Call,  
Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,  
That her mishaped parts did them appall,  
A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill fauour'd, old,  
Whose secret filth, good manners biddeth not be told.

<sup>47</sup>  
Her crafty head was altogether bald,  
And (as in hate of honourable eld)  
Was ouer-growne with leurse and filthy scald;  
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,  
And her fowre breath abhominably fmeld;  
Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,  
Hung downe, and filthy matter from them weld;  
Her wrizled skin, as rough as Maple rind,  
So scabby was, that would haue loath'd all womankind.

<sup>48</sup>  
Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,  
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write:  
But at her rompe she growing all behind  
A Foxes taile, with dung all foully dight;  
And eke her feet most monstrous were in sight;  
For, one of them was like an Eagles claw,  
With griping talants armd to greedy fight,  
The other like a Beares vntuen paw:  
More vgly shape yet neuer liuing creature saw.

<sup>49</sup>  
Which when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,  
And wondred at so foule deformed wight.  
Such then (said *Vna*) as she seemeth here,  
Such is the face of falshood, such the sight  
Of foule *Duessu*, when her borrowed light  
Is layd away, and counterfeinced knowne.  
Thus when they had the Witch disrobed quight,  
And all her filthy feature open showne,  
They let her goe at will, and wander wayes vnknowne.

<sup>50</sup>  
She flying fast from heauens hated face,  
And from the world that her discour'd wide,  
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,  
From liuing eyes her open shame to hide,  
And lurkt in rocks and Caves long vnspide.  
But that faire crew of knights, and *Vna* faire,  
Did in that Castle afterwards abide,  
To rest themselves, and wearie powres repair,  
Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.



## Canto IX.

*His loues and linage Arthur tells,  
The knights knit friendly bands:  
Sir Treuisan flies from Despaire,  
Whom Redcrosse knight withstands.*

<sup>1</sup>  
**Q**oodly golden chaine, where-with yfere  
The vertues linked are in louely wife:  
And noble minds of yore allied were,  
In braue pursuit of chearous emprise,  
That none did others safetie despise,  
Nor aide envie to him, in need that stands,  
But friendly each did others praise deuise  
How to advance with fauourable hands, (bands.  
As this good Prince redeemed the *Redcrosse* knight from

<sup>2</sup>  
Who when their powres, empaired through labour long,  
With due repast they had recured well,  
And that weake captiue wight now waxed strong,  
Them list no lenger there at leysure dwell,  
But forward fare, as the'r adventures fell:  
But ere they parted, *Vna* faire besought  
That stranger knight his name and nation tell;  
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,  
Should die vnknowne, and buried be in thanklesse thought.  
Faire



Faire virgin (said the Prince) ye me require  
 A thing without the compasse of my wit:  
 For, both the linage and the certaine Sire  
 From which I sprung, from me are hidden yet.  
 For, all so soone as life did me admit  
 Into this world, and shewed heauens light,  
 From mothers pap I taken was vnfit:  
 And straight deliuer'd to a Faery knight,  
 To be vpbrought in gentle thewes and Martiall might.

Vnto old *Timon* he me brought by liue,  
 Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeeres hath been  
 In warlike featcs th'expertest man aliue,  
 And is the wisest now on earth I ween;  
 His dwelling is lowe in a valley green,  
 Vnder the foote of *Raunan* mossie hore,  
 From whence the riuer *Dee* as siluer cleen  
 His tumbling billowes rolls with gentle rore:  
 There all my dayes he traid me vp in vertuous lore.

Thither the great Magician *Merlin* came,  
 As was his vse, oft-times to visit mee:  
 For he had charge my discipline to frame,  
 And Tutours nouriture to oversee.  
 Him oft and oft I askt in priuie,  
 Of what loines and what linage I did spring:  
 Whose answer bade me still assured be,  
 That I was sonne and heire vnto a king,  
 As time in her iust turme the truth to light should bring.

Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent,  
 And Pupill fit for such a Tutours hand.  
 But what adventure, or what high intent  
 Hath brought you hither into Faery land,  
 Aread Prince *Arthur*, crowne of Martiall band?  
 Full hard it is (quoth hee) to reade aright  
 The course of heauenly cause, or vnderstand  
 The secret meaning of th'eternall might, (wight.  
 That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of liuing

For, whether he through fatall deepe foresight  
 Mee hither sent, for cause to me vnghest,  
 Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night  
 Whilome doth rankle in my riven brest,  
 With forced fury following his behest,  
 Me hither brought by waies yet neuer found,  
 You to haue helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.  
 Ah courteous knight (quoth hee) what secret wound  
 Could euer find, to grieue the gentlest hart on ground?

Deare Dame (quoth hee) you sleeping sparks awake,  
 Which troubled once, into huge flames will growe,  
 Ne euer will their feruent furie slake,  
 Till liuing moisture into smoake doe flowe,  
 And wasted life doe lie in ashes lowe.  
 Yet sitthe silence lesseneth not my fire  
 (But told, it flames; and hidden, it does glowe)  
 I will reueale what ye to much desire:  
 Ah Loue, ly downe thy bowe, the whiles I may respire.

It was in freshest flowe of youthly yeares,  
 When courage first does creepe in manly chest,  
 Then first the coale of kindly heare appears  
 To kindle loue in euery liuing brest:  
 But me had warn'd old *Timons* wise behest,  
 Those creeping flames by reason to subdue,  
 Before their rage grew to so great vnrest,  
 As miserable louers vse to rue,  
 Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new.

That idle name of loue, and louers life,  
 As losse of time, and vertues enemy  
 I euer scord, and ioy'd to stirre vp strife,  
 In midst of their mournfull Tragedy,  
 Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,  
 And blowe the fire, which them to Ashes Brent:  
 Their God humfelse, griev'd at my libertie,  
 Shot many a dart at mee with fierce intent,  
 But I them warded all with warie government.

But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,  
 Ne fleshy breast can armed be so found,  
 But will at last be wonne with battry long,  
 Or vnawares at disauantage found;  
 Nothing is sure, that grows on earthly ground:  
 And who most trustes in arme of fleshy might,  
 And boasts, in beauties chaine not to be bound,  
 Doth soonest fall in disauentrous fight,  
 And yeelds his captiue neck to victors most despight.

Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,  
 And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;  
 Whose prouder vaunt, that proude auenging boy  
 Did soone pluck downe, and curb'd my liberty.  
 For, on a day, prickt forth with iollity  
 Of looser life, and heate of hardiment,  
 Ranging the forest wide on courser free,  
 The fields, the floods, the heauens with one consent  
 Did seeme to laugh on me, and fauour mine intent.

Fore-wearied with my sports, I did alight  
 From lofty steed, and downe to sleepe me laid;  
 The verdant grasse my couch did goodly dight,  
 And pillow was my helmet faire displaid:  
 Whiles enery sense the humour sweet embayd,  
 And slumbring soft my hart did steale away,  
 Me seemed by my side a royall Maid  
 Her dainty limbs full softly downe did lay:  
 So faire a creature yet saw neuer sunny day.

Most goodly glee and lonely blandishment  
 She to me made, and bade me loue her deare;  
 For, dearly sure her loue was to me bent,  
 As when iust time expired should appeare.  
 But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,  
 Was neuer hart so raviht with delight,  
 Ne liuing man like words did euer heare,  
 As shee to me deliuer'd all that night;  
 And at her parting said, Shee *Queene* of *Faeries* hight.

15  
 VWhen I awoke, and found her place devoid,  
 And nought but pressed grafs where ſhe had lyea,  
 I ſorrowed all ſo much, as eaſt I ioy'd,  
 And waſhed all her place with waty eyen.  
 From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;  
 From that day forth I caſt in carefull mind,  
 To ſeeke her out with labour and long time,  
 And neuer vow to reſt, till her I find,  
 N ne moneths I ſeeke in vaine, yet n'll that vow vnbind.

16  
 Thus as he ſpake, his viſage waxed pale,  
 And change of hew great paſſion did bewray;  
 Yet ſtill he ſtroue to cloake his inward bale,  
 And hide the ſmoake that did his fire diſplay,  
 Till gentle *Vna* thus to him gan ſay;  
 O happy Queene of Faeries, that haſt found  
 Mongſt many, one that with his prowefſe may  
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:  
 True loues are often ſowne, but ſeldom grow on ground.

17  
 Thine, ô then, ſaid the gentle *Redcroſſe* knight,  
 Next to that Ladies loue ſhall be the place,  
 O faireſt virgin, full of heavenly light,  
 Whole wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,  
 Was firmelt fixt in mine extreameſt caſe.  
 And you my Lord, the Patrone of my life,  
 Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:  
 For, onely worthy you, through prowefſe preſe  
 If liuing man mote worthy be, to be her liefe.

18  
 So, diuerſly diſcourſing of their loues,  
 The golden Sunne his gliftring head gan ſhew,  
 And ſad remembrance now the Prince amoues,  
 With freſh deſire his voyage to purſue:  
 Als *Vna* eard her trauaile to renew.  
 Then thoſe two Knights, faſt friendſhip for to bind,  
 And loue eſtabliſh each to other true,  
 Gane goodly gifts, the ſignes of gratefull mind,  
 And eke the pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

19  
 Prince *Arthur* gane a box of Diamond ſtre,  
 Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,  
 Wherein were cloſ'd few drops of liquor pure,  
 Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,  
 That any wound could heale incontinent:  
 Which to requite, the *Redcroſſe* knight him gane  
 A booke, wherein his Saviours teſtament  
 Was writ with golden letters rich and braue;  
 A worke of wondrous grace, and able ſoules to ſaue.

20  
 Thus been they parted, *Arthur* on his way  
 To ſeeke his loue, and th'other for to fight  
 With *Vnaes* foe, that all her realme did prey.  
 But ſhe now weighing the decayed plight,  
 And ſhrunken ſinewes of her choſen knight,  
 Would not a while her forward courſe purſue,  
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,  
 Till he recouer'd had his former hew:  
 For, him to be yet weak and wearie, well ſhe knew.

21  
 So as they trauaild, lo, they gan eſpy  
 An armed knight toward them gallop faſt,  
 That ſeemed from ſome feared foe to fly,  
 Or other grieſly thing, that him agaſt.  
 Still as he fled, his eye was backward caſt,  
 As if his feare ſtill followed him behind;  
 Als flew his ſteed, as he his bands had braſt,  
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,  
 As hee had been a foale of *Pegasus* his kind.

22  
 Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head  
 To be vnarm'd, and curld vncombed haire;  
 Vpſtaring ſtiſſe, diſmaid with vncoouth dread;  
 Nor drop of bloud in all his face appeares,  
 Nor life in limbe: and to increaſe his feares,  
 In foule reproche of knighthoods ſure degree,  
 About his neck an hempen rope he wearces,  
 That with his gliftring armes does ill agree;  
 But he of rope or armes has now no memorie.

23  
 The *Redcroſſe* knight toward him croſſed faſt,  
 To weet what miſter wight was ſo diſmaid:  
 There him he finds all ſenſeleſſe and agaſt,  
 That of him ſelſe he ſeemd to be afraid;  
 Whom hardly he from flying forward ſtaid,  
 Till he theſe wordes to him deliuer might;  
 Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arraid,  
 And eke from whom make ye this haſty flight:  
 For, neuer knight I ſaw in ſuch miſſeeming plight.

24  
 He anſwerd nought at all; but adding new  
 Feare to his firſt amazement, ſtaring wide  
 With ſtony eyes, and hartleſſe hollow hew,  
 Aſtoſht ſtood, as one that had eſpide  
 Infernall furies, with their chunes vnide.  
 Him yet againe, and yet againe beſpake  
 The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,  
 But trembling euery ioynt did inly quake, (ſhake.  
 And ſolting tongue at laſt theſe wordes ſeem'd forth to

25  
 For Gods deare loue, Sir Knight, do me not ſtay;  
 For loe, he comes, he comes faſt after mee.  
 Eſt looking back, would faine haue runne away;  
 But he him fore't to ſtay, and tellen free  
 The ſecret cauſe of his perplexitie:  
 Yet nathemore by his bold hartie ſpeech,  
 Could his bloud-frozen hart embolden bee;  
 But through his boldneſſe rather feare did reach:  
 Yet fore't, at laſt he made through ſilence ſuddaine breach.

26  
 And am I now in ſafetie ſure (quoth he)  
 From him, that would haue forced me to die?  
 And is the point of death now turnd from me,  
 That I may tell this hapleſſe hiſtory?  
 Feare nought (quoth he) no danger now is nie't  
 Then ſhall I you recount a ruefull caſe  
 (Said he) the which with this vnluckie eye  
 I late beheld, and had not greater grace  
 Me reſt from it, had been partaker of the place.

27  
 Ilately chaunc't (would I had neuer chaunc't)  
 With a faire Knight to keepe companee,  
 Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himselfe advaunc't  
 In all affaires, and was both bold and free,  
 But not so happy as mote whom hee be:  
 Helov'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,  
 That him againe lov'd in the least degree:  
 For, shee was proud, and of too high intent,  
 And ioyd to see her louer languish and lament.

28  
 From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,  
 As on the way together we did fare,  
 We met that villaine (God from him me bleffe)  
 That cursed wight, from whom I leapt whyleare,  
 A man of hell, that calls himselfe *Despaire*:  
 Who first vs greets, and after faire areedes  
 Of tydings strange, and of adventures rare:  
 So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,  
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

29  
 Which when he knew, and felt our feeble hart  
 Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,  
 Which loue had launced with his deadly darts,  
 With wounding words and termes of foule reprice,  
 He pluckt from vs all hope of due reliefe,  
 That eas't vs held in loue of lingring life;  
 Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe  
 Perswade vs die, to stint all further strife:  
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

30  
 With which sad instrument of hastie death,  
 That woefull louer, loathing lenger light,  
 A wide way made to let for th'living breath.  
 But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,  
 Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,  
 Flest fast away, halfe dead with dying teare:  
 Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,  
 Whose like infirmitie like chaunce may beare:  
 But God you neuer let his charmed speeches heare.

31  
 How may a man (said hee) with idle speach  
 Be wonne, to spoile the Castle of his health?  
 I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,  
 That like would not for all this worldes wealth:  
 His subtil tongue, like dropping honny, mealt h  
 Into the hart, and searcheth eury vaine,  
 That ere one be aware, by secret stealth  
 His power is rest, and weaknesse doth remaine.  
 O! neuer Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

32  
 Certes (said he) hence shall I neuer rest,  
 Till I that treachours art haue heard and tride;  
 And you Sir Knight, whose name mote I request,  
 Of grace doe me vnto his cabin guide.  
 I that hight *Trenisan* (quoth he) will ride  
 (Against my liking) back, to doe you grace:  
 But not for gold nor glee will I abide  
 By you, when ye arrive in that same place;  
 For leuc had I die, then see his deadly face.

33  
 Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight  
 His dwelling has, lowe in an hollow Caue,  
 Farre vnderneath a craggy clift ypght,  
 Dark, dolefull, drearie, like a greedy Graue,  
 That still for carrion carcafes doth craue:  
 On top whereof aye dwelt the gastly Owle,  
 Shrieking his balefull note, which euer draue  
 Fare from that huntt all other chearfull fowle;  
 And all about it wandring ghosts did waile and howle.

34  
 And all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,  
 Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was euer scene,  
 Did hang vpon the ragged rockie knees;  
 On which had many wretches hanged beene;  
 Whose carcafes were scattered on the Greene,  
 And throwne about the clifts. Arruied there,  
 That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,  
 Would faine haue fled, ne durst approchen neare:  
 But th'other forc't him stay, and comtorted in feare.

35  
 That darksome Caue they enter, where they find  
 That cursed man, lowe sitting on the ground,  
 Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;  
 His grieife locks, long growen, and vnbound,  
 Disordred hung about his shoulders round,  
 And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne  
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;  
 His raw-bone checks, through penurie and pine,  
 Were shrunke into his iawes, as he did neuer dine.

36  
 His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,  
 With thornes tog'ther pind and patched was,  
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;  
 And him beside there lay vpon the grafs  
 A drearie corse, whose life away did pass,  
 All wallow in his owne yet luke-warme blood,  
 That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;  
 In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,  
 And made an open passage for the gulfing flood.

37  
 Which pittious spectacle, approuing true  
 The woefull tale that *Trenisan* had told,  
 When as the gentle *Redcrosse* knight did view,  
 With fire zeale he burnt in courage bold,  
 Him to avenge, before his blood were cold,  
 And to the villaine said, Thou damned wight,  
 The author of this fact, we heere behold,  
 What iustice can but iudge against thee right, (sight.  
 With thine owne blood to price his blond, heere shed in

38  
 What frantick fit (quoth he) hath thus disfraught  
 Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to giue?  
 What iustice euer other iudgement taught,  
 But he should die, who merits not to lue?  
 None else to death this man despayning driue,  
 But his owne guiltie mind deseruing death.  
 Is then vnjust to each his due to giue?  
 Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?  
 Or let him die at ease, that liueth heere vneath?

39  
Who travels by the weary wandring way,  
To come vnto his wished home in haste,  
And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay,  
Is not great grace to help him over past,  
Or free his feet, that in the mire stick fast?  
Most envious man, that grieues at neighbours good,  
And fōnd, that ioyeth in the woe thou hast,  
Wl. y wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood  
Vpon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

40  
Hee there does now enjoy eternall rest  
And happy case, which thou doost want and craue,  
And further from it daily wanderest:  
What if some little paine the passage haue,  
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter waue?  
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,  
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet graue?  
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,  
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

41  
The Knight much wondred at his suddaine wit,  
And said, The terme of life is limited,  
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;  
The souldier may not moue from watchfull sted,  
Nor leaue his stand, vntill his Captaine bed.  
Who life did limit by almighty doome  
(Quoth hee) knowes best the termes established;  
And hee, that points the Centonell his roome,  
Doth licenſe him depart at sound of morning drome.

42  
Is not his deed, what euer thing is donne,  
In heauen and earth? did not hee all create  
To die againe? all ends that was begunne.  
Their times in his eternall booke of fate  
Are written sure, and haue their certaine date.  
Who then can strue with strong necessitie,  
That holds the world in his still changing state,  
Or shun the death ordaind by destinie? (why)  
When hour of death is come, let none aske whence, nor

43  
The lenger life, I wote the greater sin,  
The greater sin, the greater punishment:  
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,  
Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,  
Now praïsd, heereafter deare thou shalt repent:  
For, life must life, and blond must blond repay.  
Is not enough thy euill life foreſpent?  
For hee, that once hath missed the right way,  
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

44  
Then doe no further goe, no further stray,  
But heere lie downe, and to thy rest betake.  
Th'ill to preuent, that life enſewen may.  
For, what hath life, that may it loued make,  
And gues not rather cause it to forsake?  
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,  
Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;  
And euer fickle fortune rageth rife,  
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.

45  
Thou, wretched man, of death haft greatest need,  
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state:  
For, neuer knight that dared warlike deed,  
More lucklesse disadventures did amate:  
Witnesse the dungeon deepe, wherein of late  
Thy life shut vp, for death so oft did call;  
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,  
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,  
Into the which heereafter thou maieſt happen fall.

46  
Why then doost thou, ô man of sin, desire  
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?  
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire  
High heaped vp with huge iniquitie,  
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?  
Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde  
Thou falsed hast thy faith with periurie,  
And sold thy selfe to seruic *Dueſſa* vilde,  
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde?

47  
Is not he iuſt, that all this doth behold  
From highest heauen, and beares an equall eye?  
Shall he thy sinnes vp in his knowledge fold,  
And gultie be of thine impietie?  
Is not his Law, Let euery sinner die:  
Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,  
Is it not better to doe willingly,  
Then linger, till the glasse be all out runne?  
Death is the end of woos: die soone, ô *Facies* sonne.

48  
The knight was much enmoued with his speech,  
That as a sword's point through his hart did pearce,  
And in his conscience made a secret breach,  
Well knowing true all, that hee did reherſe,  
And to his fresh remembrance did reuerſe  
The vgly view of his deformed crimes,  
That all his manly powres it did diſperſe,  
As hee were charmed with inchaunted rimes,  
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

49  
In which amazement, when the Miscreant  
Perceined him to wauer weake and fraile,  
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,  
And hellish anguish did his soule affaile;  
To driue him to despair, and quite to quail,  
He shew'd him painted in a rable plaine,  
And damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,  
And thousand fiends that doe them endlesse paine  
With fire and brimstone, which for euer shall remaine.

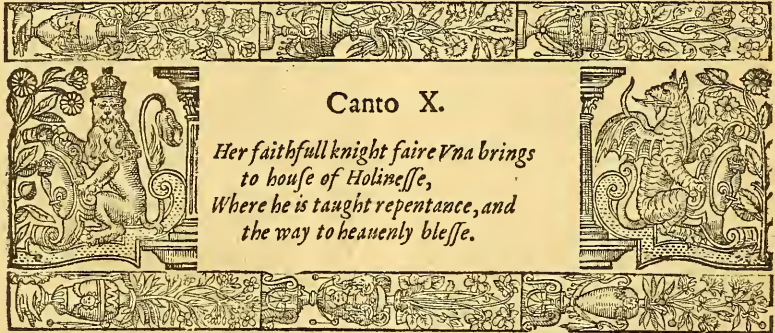
50  
The fight wher of so throughly him dismaid,  
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,  
And euer burning wrath before him laid,  
By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law:  
Then gan the villaine him to ouercrow,  
And brought vnto him swords, ropes, poyson, fire,  
And all that might him to perdition draw:  
And bade him chuse, what death he would desire:  
For death was due to him, that had prouokt Gods ire.

But when as none of them he saw him take,  
 He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,  
 And gaue it him in hand: his hand did quake,  
 And tremble like a leafe of Aspin Greene,  
 And troubled bloud through his pale face was seene  
 To come and goe; with tydings from the hart,  
 As it a running messenger had beene.  
 At last, resol'd to worke his finall smart,  
 He lifted vp his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which when as *Vna* saw, through euery vaine  
 The crudled cold ran to her well of life,  
 As in a swoone: but soone relic'd againe,  
 Out of his hand she snatched the cursed knife,  
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,  
 And to him said, Fic, sic, faint harted knight,  
 What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?  
 Is this the battell, which thou vaunt'st to fight  
 With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

Come, come away, fraile, silly, fleshly wight,  
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,  
 Ne deuilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.  
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?  
 Why should'st thou then despaire, that chosen art?  
 Where iustice growes, there growes eke greater grace,  
 The which doth quench the brood of hellish smart,  
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:  
 Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leaue this cursed place.

So vp he rose, and thence amounted freight,  
 Which when the Carle beheld, and saw his guest  
 Would safe depart, for all his subtle sleight,  
 He chose an halter from among the rest,  
 And with it hung himselfe, vnbid, vnblest.  
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;  
 For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,  
 Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,  
 Till he should die his last, that is eternally.



## Canto X.

*Her faithfull knight faire Vna brings  
 to house of Holinesse,  
 Where he is taught repentance, and  
 the way to heavenly blesse.*

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,  
 An l vaine assurance of mortality,  
 Which all so soone, as it doth come to fight  
 Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,  
 Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?  
 Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,  
 That thorough grace hath gain'd victory.  
 If any strength we haue, it is to ill,  
 But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

By that which lately hapned, *Vna* saw,  
 That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;  
 And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,  
 Through long imprisonment, and hard constraint,  
 Which he endured in his late restraint,  
 That yet he was vnfir for bloudie fight:  
 Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,  
 She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,  
 Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

There was an ancient house not farre away,  
 Renowm'd throughout the world for sacred lore,  
 And pure vnspotted life: so well they say  
 It governd was, and guided euermore  
 Through wisdom of a Matrone graue and hore;  
 Whose onely ioy was to relieue the needs  
 Of wretched soules, and help the helpelesse pore:  
 All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,  
 And all the day in dooing good and godly deedes.

Dame *Celia* men did her call, as thought  
 From heauen to come, or thither to arise,  
 The mother of three daughters well vpbroughte  
 In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:  
 The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,  
*Fidelia* and *Speranza* virgins were,  
 Though spous'd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;  
 But faire *Charissa* to a louely feere  
 Was linked, and by him had many pledges deere.

5  
 Arriu'd there, the dore they find fast lockt;  
 For it was warely watched night and day,  
 For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,  
 The Porter opened vnto them straight way:  
 He was an aged Sire, all hory gray,  
 With lookes full lowely cast, and gate full slowe,  
 Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,  
 Hight *Humilta*. They passe in frouping lowe;  
 For fraight and narrow was the way, which he did showe.

6  
 Each goodly thing is hardest to begin:  
 But entred in, a spaciouse court they see,  
 Both plaine, and pleasant to be walkt in,  
 Where them does meete a Franklin faire and free,  
 And entertaines with comely courteous glee,  
 His name was *Zele*, that hum right well became;  
 For, in his speeches and behaviour hee  
 Did labour liuely to expresse the same,  
 And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

7  
 There fairely them receiuces a gentle Squire,  
 Of milde demeanure, and rare court:esse,  
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;  
 In word and deed that shew'd great modestie,  
 And knew his good to all of each degree,  
 Hight *Reuerence*. Hee them with speeches meet  
 Does faire entreat; no courting nicetic,  
 But simple true, and eke vnfaigned sweet,  
 As might become a Squire to great persons to greet.

8  
 And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,  
 That aged Dame, the Lady of the place:  
 Who all this while was busie at her beades:  
 Which doen, she vp arose with seemly grace,  
 And toward them full matronely did passe.  
 Where, when that fairest *Vna* she beheld,  
 Whom well she knew to spring from heauenly race,  
 Her hart with ioy vnwonted inly sweld,  
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker cld.

9  
 And her embracing said, O happy earth,  
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,  
 Most vertuouse virgin, borne of heauenly birth,  
 That to redeeme thy woefull Parents head,  
 From Tyrants rige, and euer-dying dread,  
 Hast wandred through the world now long a day;  
 Yet ceasest not thy wearie soles to lead,  
 What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?  
 Or doen thy feeble feet vnweeting hither stray?

10  
 Strange thing it is an errant Knight to see  
 Heere in this place, or any other wight,  
 That hither turnes his steps. So fewe there be  
 That chuse the narrow path, or seeke the right:  
 All keepe the broad high way, and take delight  
 With many rather for to goe astray,  
 And be partakers of their euill plight,  
 Then with a fewe to walke the rightest way;  
 O foolish men! why haste ye to your owne decay?

11  
 Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest,  
 O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came,  
 And this good Knight his way with me addresst,  
 Led with thy praises and broad-blazd fame,  
 That vp to heauen is blowne. The ancient Dame,  
 Him goodly greetted in her modest guise,  
 And entertand them both, as best became,  
 VVith all the court:esses that she could deuise,  
 Ne wanted ought, to shew her bountious or wise.

12  
 Thus as they gan offundry things deuise,  
 Lo, two moit goodly virgins came in place,  
 Ylinked arme in arme in loucly wise,  
 VVith countenance demure, and modest grace,  
 They numbred euen steps, and equal pace:  
 Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,  
 Like sunny beames threw from her Crystall face,  
 That could haue dar'd the rash beholders fight,  
 And round about her head did shine like heauens light.

13  
 Shee was arraid all in lilly white,  
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,  
 VVith wine and water filld vp to the hight,  
 In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,  
 That horrour made to all that did behold;  
 But she no whit did change her constant mood:  
 And in her other hand she fast did hold  
 A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,  
 Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be vnderstood.

14  
 Her younger Sifter, that *Speranza* hight,  
 VVas clad in blew, that her becomed well;  
 Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,  
 As was her sifter; whether dread did dwell;  
 Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:  
 Vpon her arme a silver anchor lay,  
 VVhereon she leaned euer, as befell:  
 And euer vp to heauen, as she did pray,  
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarued other way.

15  
 They seeing *Vna*, towards her gan wend,  
 VVho them encounters with like courtesie;  
 Many kind speeches they between them spend,  
 And greatly ioy each other well to see:  
 Then to the Knight with shamefast modestie  
 They turne them selfes, at *Vnas* meeke request,  
 And him salute with well becoming glee;  
 VVho faire them quites, as him becomed best,  
 And goodly can discourse of many a noble gest.

16  
 Then *Vna* thus; But shee your sifter deare,  
 The deare *Charissa*, where is she become?  
 Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?  
 Ah no, said they, but forth she may not come:  
 For she of late is hightned of her wombe,  
 And hath increast the world with one sonne more,  
 That her to see should be but troublesome.  
 Indeed (quoth she) that should be trouble fore,  
 But thank be God, and her increaseth euer more.

17  
Then said the aged *Calia*, Deare Dame,  
And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,  
And labours long, through which ye hither came,  
Ye both forweard be: therefore a while  
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.  
Then called shee a Groom, that forth him led  
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile  
Of puilliant armes, and laid in easie bed;  
His name was mecke *Obedience* rightfully ared.

18  
Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,  
And bodies were refresh't with due repast,  
*Faire Vna* gan *Fidelia* faire request  
To haue her Knight into her Schoole-house plac't,  
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,  
And heare the wisdom of her words diuine.  
She granted, and that Knight so much agrac't,  
That she him taught celestall discipline,  
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

19  
And that her sacred Booke, with bloud ywrit,  
That none could read, except shee did them teach,  
She vnto him disclosed euery whit,  
And heavenly documents therout did preach,  
That weaker wit of man could neuer reach,  
Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free will,  
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:  
For, shee was able with her words to kill,  
And raise againe to life the hart, that shee did thrill.

20  
And, when shee list poure out her larger spright,  
She would command the hastie Sunne to stay,  
Or backward turne his course from heauens height;  
Some-times great hostes of men shee could dismay:  
Dry-flood to passe, shee parts the fouds in tway;  
And eke huge Mountaines from their natiue seat  
She would command, themselves to beare away,  
And throwe in raging sea with roaring threat.  
Almighty God her gauc such powre, & puissance great.

21  
The faithfull knight now grew in little space,  
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,  
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,  
That wretched world he gan for to abhorre,  
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,  
Green'd with remembrance of his wicked waies,  
And prick't with anguish of his finnes so fore,  
That he desir'd to end his wretched daies:  
So much the dart of finfull guilt the soule dismaies.

22  
But wise *Speranza* gaue him comfort sweet,  
And taught him how to take assured hold  
Vpon her siluer Anchor, as was meet:  
Else had his finnes so great and manifold,  
Made him forget all that *Fidelia* told.  
In this distressed doubtfull agonie,  
When him his dearest *Vna* did behold,  
Disdaining life, desiring leaue to die,  
She found her selfe assaill'd with great perplexitie.

23  
And came to *Calia* to declare her smart:  
Who, well acquainted with that commne plight,  
Which sinfull horror works in wounded hart,  
Her wisely comforted all that she might,  
With goodly counsell and aduise ment right;  
And straightway sent with careful diligence  
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight  
In that disease of grieved conscience,  
And well could cure the fame; His name was *Patience*.

24  
Who, comming to that soule-diseas'd knight,  
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grieue:  
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie spright,  
Well searcht, estoones he gan apply reliefe  
Of salues and med'cines, which had passing priefe,  
And thereto added words of wondrous might:  
By which to ease he him secured brieft,  
And much asswag'd the passion of his plight,  
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

25  
But yet the cause and roote of all his ill,  
Inward corruption, and infected sin,  
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,  
And festring sore did rancle yet within,  
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin,  
Which to exturpe, he laid him priuily  
Downe in a darksome lowly place farre in,  
Whereas he meant his corsiuues to apply,  
And with streit diet tame his stubborne malady.

26  
In ashes and sackcloth he did array  
His dainty corse, proud humours to abate,  
And dieted with fasting euery day,  
The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,  
And made him pray both early and eke late:  
And euer as superfluous flesh did rot,  
*Amendement* ready still at hand did wait,  
To pluck it out with pincers firie hot,  
That soone in him was left no one corrupted iot.

27  
And bitter *Penance*, with an iron whip;  
Was wont him once to disple euery day:  
And sharpe *Remorse* his hart did prick and nip,  
That drops of bloud thence like a well did play;  
And sad *Repentance* vs'd to embay,  
His body in salt water smarting sore,  
The filthy blots of sinne to wash away.  
So in short space they did to health restore  
The man that would not liue, but carst lay at death's dore.

28  
In which, his torment often was so great,  
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,  
And rend his flesh, and his owne sinewes eat.  
His owne deare *Vna* hearing euer more  
His ruefull shriekes and groanings, often tore  
Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden haire,  
For pittie of his paine and anguish sore;  
Yet all with patience wisely shee did beare;  
For well shee wist, his crime could else be neuer cleare.

Whom

<sup>29</sup>  
Whom thus recover'd by wife *Patience*,  
And true *Repentance*, they to *Vna* brought:  
Who ioyous of his cured conscience,  
Him dearely kist, and fairely eke befought  
Himselfe to cherish, and consuming thought  
To put away out of his carefullest brest.  
By this, *Charissa*, late in child-bed brought,  
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest;  
To her, faire *Vna* brought this vnacquainted guest.

<sup>30</sup>  
Shee was a woman in her freshest age,  
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,  
With goodly grace and comely personage,  
That was on earth not eafe to compare;  
Full of great loue, but *Cupids* wanton snare  
As hell she hated, chaste in work and will;  
Her neck and breasts were euer open bare,  
That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill;  
The rest was all in yellow robes arraied still.

<sup>31</sup>  
A multitude of babes about her hong,  
Playing their sports, that ioyd her to behold,  
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,  
But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old:  
And on her head shee wore a tyre of gold,  
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,  
Whose passing price vneath was to be told;  
And by her side there sat a gentle paire  
Of Turle doves, shee sitting in an Ivorie chaire.

<sup>32</sup>  
The Knight and *Vna* entring, faire her greet,  
And bid her ioy of that her happy brood;  
Who them requites with courtlyes seeming meet,  
And entertaines with friendly chearfull mood.  
Then *Vna* her befought to be so good,  
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,  
Now after all his torment well withstood,  
In that sad house of *Penaunce*, where his spright  
Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

<sup>33</sup>  
Shee was right ioyous of her iust request,  
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,  
Gan him instruct in euery good behest,  
Of loue, and righte cunctite, and well to donne,  
And wrath and hatred warily to shunne,  
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,  
And many soules in dolours had fordonne:  
In which, when him she well instructed hath,  
From thence to heauen she teacheth him the ready path.

<sup>34</sup>  
Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,  
An ancient Matrone shee to her does call,  
Whose sober lookes her wisdome well descride:  
Her name was *Mercy*, well knowne ouer all,  
To be both gracious, and eke liberal:  
To whom the carefull charge of him shee gaue,  
To lead aright, that he should neuer fall  
In all his waies through this wide worlds waue,  
That *Mercy* in the end his righteous soule might saue.

<sup>35</sup>  
The godly Matrone by the hand him beares  
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,  
Scattered with bushy thornes, and ragged beares,  
VWhich still before him shee remoov'd away,  
That nothing might his ready passage stay:  
And euer when his fettencombred were,  
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,  
She held him fast, and firmly did vpbeare,  
As carefull Nurse her child from falling oft does reare.

<sup>36</sup>  
Eftsoones vnto an holy Hospitall,  
That was fore by the way, shee did him bring,  
In which seauen Bead-men, that had vowed all  
Their life to seruice of high heauens King,  
Did spend their dayes in dooing godly thing:  
Their gates to all were open euermore,  
That by the wearie way were trauiailing,  
And one fate waiting euer them before,  
To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

<sup>37</sup>  
The first of them that eldest was, and best,  
Of all the house had charge and gouernement,  
As Guardian and Steward of the rest:  
His office was to giue entertainment  
And lodging, vnto all that came, and went:  
Not vnto such, as could him feast againe,  
And double quite for that he on them spent,  
But such as want of harbour did constraime:  
Those for Gods sake his dutie was to entertaine.

<sup>38</sup>  
The second was an Almner of the place:  
His office was, the hungry fort to feed,  
And thrifty giue to drinke, a worke of grace:  
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,  
Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breed:  
The grace of God he laid vp still in store,  
Which as a stocke he left vnto his feed;  
He had enough, what need him care for more?  
And had he lesse, yet some he would giue to the pore.

<sup>39</sup>  
The third had of their Wardrobe custodie,  
In which were not rich tires, nor garments gay,  
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,  
But clothez meet to keepe keene cold away,  
And naked nature seemely to array;  
With which, bare wretched wights he daily clad,  
The images of God in earthly clay;  
And if that no spare clothes to giue he had,  
His owne coate he would cut, and it distribute glad.

<sup>40</sup>  
The fourth appointed by his office was,  
Poore prisoners to relieue with gracious ayd,  
And captiues to redeeme with price of brais,  
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had staid;  
And though they faultie were, yet well he waid,  
That God to vs forgueth euery howre  
Much more then that why they in bands were layd,  
And he that hurrow'd hell with heauie stowre,  
The faultie soules from thence brought to his heauenlie



<sup>41</sup>  
 The fift had charge, sick persons to attend,  
 And comfort thole in point of death which lay;  
 For, them most needeth comfort in the end,  
 When sin, and hell, and death doe most dismay  
 The feeble soule departing hence away.  
 All is but lost, that liuing we bestowe,  
 If not well ended at our dying day.  
 O man! haue mind of that last bitter throw;  
 For, as the tree docs fall, so lyes it euer lowe.

<sup>42</sup>  
 The sixt had charge of them now beeing dead,  
 In seemly sort their corfes to cngraue,  
 And deck with dainty flowes their bridall bed,  
 That to their heavenly Spouse both sweet and braue  
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall saue.  
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,  
 Whole face he made all beasts to feare, and gaue  
 All in his hand, euen dead we honour should.  
 Ah dearest God me grant, I dead be not defould.

<sup>43</sup>  
 The seauenth, now after death and buriall done,  
 Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead  
 And widowes ayde, least they should be vndone:  
 In face of Iudgement he their right would plead,  
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread  
 In their defence, nor would for gold or fee  
 Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:  
 And when they stood in most necessitee,  
 He did supply their want, and gaue them euer free.

<sup>44</sup>  
 There when the Elfin Knight arriued was,  
 The first and chiefest of the seauen, whose care  
 Was guctis to welcome, towards him did pass:  
 Where, seeing *Mercy*, that his steps vp bare,  
 And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare  
 He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,  
 And seemly welcome for her did prepare:  
 For, of their Order shee was Patronesse,  
 Albe *Charissa* were their chiefest Foundersse.

<sup>45</sup>  
 There she awhile him staies, himselfe to rest,  
 That to the rest more able he might be:  
 During which time, in euery good behest,  
 And godly worke of Almes and charitee,  
 She him instructed with great industree;  
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,  
 That from the first vnto the last degree,  
 His mortall life he learned had to frame  
 In holie righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

<sup>46</sup>  
 Thence forward, by that painfull way they pass,  
 Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hie;  
 On top whereof a sacred Chappell was,  
 And eke a little Hermitage thereby,  
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,  
 That day and night said his deuotion,  
 Ne other worldly business did apply;  
 His name was heavenly *Contemplation*;  
 Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.

<sup>47</sup>  
 Great grace that old man to him giuen had;  
 For God he often saw from heauens hight.  
 All were his earthly eyen both blund and bad,  
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,  
 Yet wondrous quick and perceant was his spright,  
 As Eagles eye, that can behold the sunne:  
 That hill they scale with all their powre and night,  
 That his fraile thighes nigh wearie and fordonne  
 Can faile; but by her help the top at last he wonne.

<sup>48</sup>  
 There they doe find that godly aged Sire,  
 With snowy locks adowne his shoulders shed,  
 As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire  
 The mossy branches of an Oake halfe dead.  
 Each bone might through his body well be red,  
 And euery sinew seene through his long fast:  
 For, nought he ear'd his carcasse long vnfed;  
 His mind was full offpiritual repast,  
 And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body lowe and chaste.

<sup>49</sup>  
 Who, when these two approaching he espide,  
 At their first presence grew agrieued sore,  
 That forc't him lay his heavenly thoughts aside;  
 And had he not that Dame respected more,  
 Whom highly he did reuerence and adore,  
 He would not once haue moued for the Knight.  
 They him saluted standing farre afore;  
 Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,  
 And asked to what end they clomb that tedious height.

<sup>50</sup>  
 What end (quoth she) should cause vs take such paine,  
 But that same end, which euery liuing wight  
 Should make his marke, high heauen to attaine?  
 Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right  
 To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright  
 With burning starres, and euer-liuing fire,  
 Whereof the keyes are to thy hand beight  
 By wise *Fidelia*? shee doth thee require,  
 To shew it to this Knight, according his desire.

<sup>51</sup>  
 Thrice happy man, said then the father graue,  
 Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,  
 And shewes the way, his sinfull soule to saue:  
 Who better can the way to heauen arcade,  
 Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred  
 In heavenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?  
 Thou doost the prayers of the righteous seed  
 Present before the Mæstie diuine,  
 And his auenging wrath to clemencie incline.

<sup>52</sup>  
 Yet sith thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be donne.  
 Then come thou man of earth, and seee the way  
 That neuer yet was seene of *Faeries* sonne,  
 That neuer leads the trauailer astray;  
 But, after labours long, and sad delay,  
 Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.  
 But, first, thou must a season fast and pray,  
 Till from her bands the spright assailed is,  
 And haue her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

E.

That

53  
That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;  
Such one, as that fame mighty man of God,  
That bloud-red billowes like a walled front  
On either side disparted with his rod,  
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,  
Dwelt fortie daies vpon; where, writ in stone  
With bloody letters by the hand of God,  
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone  
He did receiue, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

54  
Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hee,  
Adorn'd with fruitfull Oliues all around,  
Is, as it were for endlesse memory  
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was found,  
For euer with a flowing girlond crown'd:  
Or like that pleasant Mount, that is for ay  
Through famous Poets verse each where renown'd,  
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play  
Their heauenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

55  
From thence, farre off he vnto him did stiew  
A little path, that was both steep and long,  
Which to a goodly Citie led his view;  
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong  
Of pearle and precious stone, that earthly tong  
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;  
Too high a ditty for my simple song;  
The Citie of the great King hight it well,  
Wherin eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

56  
As he thereon stood gazing, he might see  
The blessed Angels to and fro descend  
From highest heauen, in gladsome compaignee,  
And with great ioy into that Citie wend,  
As commonly as friend does with his friend.  
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,  
What stately building durst so high extend  
Her lostie towres vnto the starry Sphere,  
And what vnknowne nation there empople were.

57  
Faire Knight (quoth he) *Hiernsalem* that is,  
The new *Hiernsalem*, that God has built,  
For those to dwell-in that are chosen his,  
His chosen people, purg'd from sinfull guilt,  
With pitious bloud, which cruelly was spilt  
On cursed tree, of that vnspotted Lam,  
That for the finnes of all the world was kilt:  
Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,  
More deare vnto their God, then younglings to their dam.

58  
Till now, said then the Knight, I weened well,  
That great *Cleopolis*, where I haue been,  
In which that fairest *Faerie Queene* doth dwell  
The fairest Citie was, that might be seene;  
And that bright towre all built of crystal cleene,  
*Panthea*, seem'd the brightest thing that was:  
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene;  
For, this great Citie, that does faire surpass, (glafs.)  
And this bright Angels towre, quite dims that towre of

59  
Most true, then said the holy aged man;  
Yet is *Cleopolis*, for earthly fame,  
The fairest peece, that eye beholden can:  
And well becomes all Knights of noble name,  
That couet in thimmortal booke of fame  
To be eternized, that same to haunt;  
And doen their seruice to that foueraigne Dame,  
That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt:  
For, shee is heauenly borne, and heauen may iustly vaunt.

60  
And thou faire imp, sprung out from English race,  
How euer now accounted Elfin sonne,  
Well worthy doest thy seruice for her grace,  
To ayde a virgin desolate foredonne.  
But, when thou famous victorie hast wonne,  
And high emongst all Knights hast hung thy shield,  
Thence-forth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,  
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:  
For, bloud can nought but sin, & warres but sorowes yield.

61  
Then seeke this path, that I to thee presage;  
Which after all to heauen shall thee send;  
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage  
To yonder fame *Hiernsalem* doe bend,  
Where is for thee ordain'd a blessed end:  
For, thou emongst those Saints, whom thou doost see,  
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations friend  
And Patrone: thou Saint *George* shalt called bee,  
Saint *George* of mery England, the signe of victorie.

62  
Vnworthy wretch (quoth he) of so great grace,  
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?  
These that haue it attain'd, were in like case  
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liu'd in like paine.  
But deeds of armes must I at last beaine,  
And Ladies loue to leaue, so dearly bought?  
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine  
(Said he) and battailes none are to be fought?  
As for loose loues are vaine, and vanish into nought.

63  
O! let me not (quoth he) returne againe  
Back to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are;  
But let me heere for aye in peace remaine,  
Or straight way on that last long voyage fare,  
That nothing may my present heere empare.  
That may not be (said he) ne maist thou yit  
Forgoe that royall maides bequeathed care,  
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,  
Till from her cursed foe thou haue her freely quit.

64  
Then shall I soone (quoth he) so God me grace,  
Abet that virgins cause disconsolate,  
And shortly back returne vnto this place,  
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.  
But now aread, old father, why of late  
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,  
Whom all a *Faeries* sonne doen nominate?  
That word shall I (said he) avouchen good,  
Sith to thee is vnknowne the cradle of thy brood.

65

For well I wote, thou springst from ancient race  
Of *Saxon* Kings, that haue with mighty hand  
And many bloody battailes fought in place,  
High rear'd their royall throne in *Britaine* land,  
And vanquish't them, vnable to withstand:  
From thence a Faery thee vnweeting rest,  
There as thou slep'st in tender swadling band,  
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.  
Such, men do Changelings call, so chang'd by Faeries theft.

66

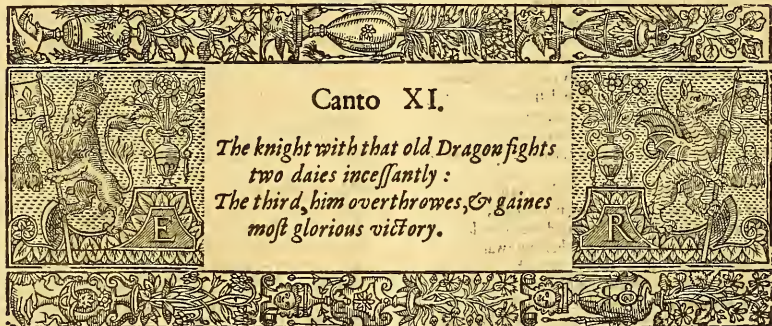
Thence shee thee brought into this Faerie lond,  
And in an heaped furrow did thee hide;  
Where, thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,  
As he his toilefome teame that way did guide,  
And brought thee vp in ploughmans state to bide,  
Whereof *Georgos* he thee gaue to name;  
Till prick't with courage, and thy forces pride,  
To Faery Court thou cam'st to seek for fame,  
And proue thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best became.

67

O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight  
The many fauours I with thee haue found,  
That haft my name and nation red aright,  
And taught the way that does to heauen bound:  
This said, adowne he looked to the ground,  
To haue return'd, but dazed were his eyne  
Through passing brightnesse, which did quite confound  
His feeble sense, and too exceeding shine.  
So darke are earthly things compar'd to things diuine.

68

At last, when as himselfe he gan to find,  
To *Vna* back he cast him to retire;  
Who him awaied still with pensiuë mind.  
Great thanks and goodly meed, to that good sire,  
He thence departing gaue for his paines hire.  
So came to *Vna*, who him ioy'd to see,  
And after litle rest, gan him desire,  
Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.  
So leaue they take of *Calia*, and her daughters three.



## Canto XI.

*The knight with that old Dragon fights  
two daies incessantly:  
The third, him overthrowes, & gaires  
most glorious victory.*

1

**H**igh time now gan it wax for *Vna* faire,  
To thinke of those her captiue Parents deare,  
And their forwasted kingdome to repaire:  
Whereto when as they now approached neare,  
With hartly words her Knight the gan to cheare,  
And in her modest manner thus bespake:  
Deare knight, as deare as euer Knight was deare,  
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,  
High heauen behold the tedious toyle ye for me take.

2

Now are we come vnto my natie soyle,  
And to the place where all our perils dwell;  
Heere haunts that fiend, and does his daily spoyle,  
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,  
And euer ready for your foeman fell.  
The sparke of noble courage now awake,  
And stroue your excellent selfe to excell;  
That shall ye euermore renowned make  
Above all knights on earth, that battaile vndertake.

3

And pointing forth, lo, yonder is (said she)  
The brazen towre, in which my parents deare  
For dread of that huge fiend imprison'd be,  
Whom I from far, see on the walls appeare,  
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:  
And on the top of all, I doe espie  
The watchman waiting, tydings glad to heare,  
That (ô my parents) might I happily  
Vnto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

4

With that, they heard a roaring hideous sound,  
That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,  
And seem'd vneath to shake the stedfast ground.  
Eftsoones that dreadfull Dragon they espide,  
Where stretcht he lay vpon the sunny side  
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.  
But all so soone, as he from farre descide  
Those glistering armes, that heauen with light did fill,  
Herons'd himselfe full blithe, and hastned them vntill.

E 2.

Then

Then bade the Knight this Lady yede aloofe,  
 And to an hill her selfe with-drawe aside,  
 From whence the might behold that battailes prooffe,  
 And eke be safe from danger far descride:  
 She him obeyd, and turnd a litle wide.  
 Now, ô thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,  
 Faire Imp of *Phœbus*, and his aged bride,  
 The Nurse of time, and euermlasting fame,  
 That warlike hands ennobleth with immortal name;

O gently come into my feeble brest,  
 Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,  
 Where-with the Martiall troups thou doest infest,  
 And harts of great Heroës doest enrage,  
 That nought their kindled courage may asswage;  
 Soone as thy dreadfull trumpe begins to found,  
 The God of warre with his fierce equipage  
 Thou doost awake, sleepe neuer he so found,  
 And feared Nations doost with horrour sterne astound.

Faire Goddesse lay that furious fit aside,  
 Till I of warres and bloody *Mars* doe sing,  
 And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedide,  
 Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim King,  
 That with their horrour heaven and earth did ring,  
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse praise:  
 But, now awhile let downe that haughty firing,  
 And to my tunes thy second tenor raise,  
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

By this, the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,  
 Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haite,  
 That with his largenesse measured much land,  
 And made wide shadowe vnder his huge waste;  
 As mountaine doth the valley ouercast.  
 Approching nigh, he reared high afore  
 His body monstrous, horrible, and vast,  
 Which (to increase his wondrous greatnesse more)  
 Was swolne with wrath, and payson, and with bloody gore.

And ouer, all with brazen scales was arm'd,  
 Like plated coate of Steele, so couched neare,  
 That nought mote pearce, ne might his corse beharm'd  
 With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare;  
 Which as an Eagle, seeing prey appeare,  
 His acry plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,  
 So shaked he, that horrour was to heare:  
 For, as the clashing of an Armour bright,  
 Such noyse his rouzed scales did send vnto the Knight.

His flaggy wings whenforth he did display,  
 Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wind  
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:  
 And eke the penes that did lus pincons bind,  
 Were like maine-yards, with flying canvas lin'd;  
 With which, when as him list the ayre to beat,  
 And thereby force vnwonted passage find,  
 The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,  
 And all the heauens stood still amaz'd with his threat.

His huge long taile, wound vp in hundred folds,  
 Does ouerperd his long brags-scaly back:  
 V whose wreathed boughs when cuer he vnolds,  
 And thick entangled knots adowne does flack;  
 Bespotted all with shields of red and black,  
 It sweepeth all the Land behind him farre,  
 And of three furlongs does but little lack;  
 And at the point two stings in-fixed arre,  
 Both deadly sharp, that sharpest Steele exceeden farre.

But stings and sharpest Steele did far exceed  
 The sharpnesse of his cruell rending claws;  
 Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,  
 What cuer thing does touch his rauinous pawes,  
 Or what within his reach he euer draws.  
 But, his most hideous head, my tongue to tell  
 Does tremble: for, his depe denouring iawes  
 Wide gaped, like the grieckly mouth of hell,  
 Through which into his darke abyffe all ravin fell.

And that more wondrous was, in either iawe  
 Three ranks of iron teeth enranged were,  
 In which, yet trickling bloud and gobbets rawe  
 Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,  
 That fight thereof bred cold congealed feare:  
 Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,  
 A cloude of smoothing smoake and sulphur feare  
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,  
 That all the ayre about with smoake and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,  
 Did burne with wrath, and sparkled liuing fire:  
 As two broad Beacons, set in open fields,  
 Send forth their flames farre off to euery Shire,  
 And warning giue, that enemies conspire,  
 With fire and sword the region to rancore;  
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and inuouous ire:  
 But farre within, as in a hollow glade,  
 Those glaring lamps were set, that made a dreadfull shade;

So dreadfully he towards him did pass,  
 Forclifting vp aloft his speckled brest,  
 And often bounding on the brused gras,  
 As for great ioyance of his new-come guest.  
 Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,  
 As chauffed Bore his bristles doth vpreare,  
 And shooke his scales to battell ready drest;  
 That made the *Redcrosse* Knight nigh quake for feare,  
 As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

The Knight gan fairely couch his steady speare,  
 And fiercely ranne at him with rigorous might:  
 The pointed Steele arming rudely theare,  
 His harder hide would neither pearce nor bight,  
 But glauncing by forth passed forward right;  
 Yet sore amouced with so puissant push,  
 The wrathfull beast about him turnd light,  
 And him so rudely passing by, did brush  
 With his long taile, that horie & man to ground did rush.

17

Both horse and man vp lightly rose againe,  
 And fresh encounter towards him address:  
 But th' idle stroke yet back recoild in vaine,  
 And found no place his deadly point to rest.  
 Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,  
 To be avenged of so great despight;  
 For, neuer felt his imperceable brest  
 So wondrous force from hand of liuing wight;  
 Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

18

Then with his wauing wings displayed wide,  
 Himselfe vp high he lifted from the ground,  
 And with strong flight did forcibly diuide  
 The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found  
 Her sitting parts, and element vsound,  
 To beare so great a weight: he cutting way  
 With his broad sailes, about him soared round:  
 At last, lowe stouping with vnweldie sway,  
 Snatcht vp both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

19

Long he them bore about the subiect Plaine,  
 So farre as Ewghen bowe a shaft may send,  
 Till strugling strong did him at last constrain,  
 To let them downe before his flightes end:  
 As hagar Hauke, presuming to contend  
 With hardie fowle, about his able might,  
 His weare pounces all in vaine doth spend,  
 To trusse the prey too heauie for his flight; (fight.)  
 Which comming downe to ground, does free it selfe by

20

Hee so discized of his gryping grosse,  
 The Knight his thrillant speare againe assaid  
 In his brais-plated body to embosse,  
 And three mens strength vnto the stroke he laid;  
 Where-with the stiffe beame quaked, as affraid,  
 And glauncing from his scaly neck, did glide  
 Close vnder his left wing, then broad displaid.  
 The piercing steele there wrought a wound full wide,  
 That with the vncouth smart the Monster loudly cride.

21

Hee cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,  
 When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat,  
 The rolling billowes bear the ragged shore,  
 As they the earth would shoulder from her feat,  
 And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat  
 His neighbour element in his revenge:  
 Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat,  
 To moue the world from off his stedfast henge,  
 And boystrous battell make, each other to auenge.

22

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,  
 Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,  
 And quite asunder broke. Forth flowed fresh  
 A gushing riuer of black goarie blood,  
 That drowned all the land whereon he stood;  
 The streame thereof would driue a water-mill.  
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood  
 With bitter sense of his deepe rooted ill,  
 That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethrill.

23

His hideous taile then hurled he about,  
 And there-with all enwrapt the nimble thyes  
 Of his froth-fomic steed, whose courage stout  
 Struing to loofe the knot, that fast him tyes,  
 Himselfe in straighter bands too rash implyes,  
 That to the ground he is perforce constraund  
 To throwe his rider: who can quickly rise  
 From off the earth, with durry bloud distaund;  
 For, that reprochefull fall right fouly he distaund:

24

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,  
 With which he strooke so furious and so fell,  
 That nothing seemd the puissance could withstand:  
 Vpon his crest the hardened iron fell,  
 But his more hardened crest was armd so well,  
 That deeper dint therein it would not make;  
 Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,  
 That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,  
 But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

25

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguil'd,  
 And smote againe with more outrageous might;  
 But backe againe the sparkling steele recoild,  
 And left not any marke where it did light;  
 As if in Adamant rock it had been pight.  
 The beast impatient of his smarting wound,  
 And of so fierce and forcible despight,  
 Thought with his wings to flye about the ground:  
 But his late wounded wing vnseruiceable found.

26

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,  
 Heloudly brayd, that like was neuer heard,  
 And from his wide decouring oven sent  
 A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard,  
 Him all amaz'd, and almost made asfeard:  
 The scorching flame sore singed all his face,  
 And through his armour all his body feard,  
 That he could not endure so cruell case,  
 But thought his armes to leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

27

Not that great Champion of the antique world,  
 Whom famous Poets verse so much doth daunt,  
 And hath for twelue huge labours high extold,  
 So many furies and sharp fits did haunt,  
 When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt  
 With *Centaur's* bloud, and bloudie verses charm'd,  
 As did this knight twelue thousand dolours daunt,  
 Whom fire steele now burnt, that erst him arm'd,  
 That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

28

Faint, weary, sore, emboyled, grieved, rent  
 With heate, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, & inward fire  
 That neuer man such mischiefes did torment;  
 Death better were, death did he oft desire:  
 But death will neuer come when needs require,  
 Whom so dismaid when that his foe beheld,  
 He cast to suffer him no more respire,  
 But gan his sturdie sterne about to weld,  
 And him so strongly strooke, that to the ground him feld.

It fortun'd (as faire it then befell)  
 Behind his back (vnweeting) where he stood,  
 Of auncient time there was a springing Well,  
 From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,  
 Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.  
 Whyloine, before that cursed Dragon got  
 That happy Land, and all with innocent blood  
 Defil'd those sacred waues; it rightly hot  
*The Well of Life*: ne yet his vertues had forgot.

For, vnto life the dead it could restore,  
 And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;  
 Those that with sicknesse were infected fore,  
 It could recure, and aged long decay  
 Renew, as it were borne that very day.  
 Both *Silo* this, and *Iordan* did excell,  
 And th' *English Bath*, and eke the german *Span*,  
 Ne can *Cephise*, nor *Hebrus* match this Well:  
 Into the fame, the knight (back ouerthrowen) fell.

Now gan the golden *Phæbus* for to steepe  
 His fierre face in billowes of the West,  
 And his faint steeds watted in Ocean deep,  
 Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest,  
 When that infernall Monster, hauing keft  
 His weary foe into that liuing Well,  
 Can high aduance his broad discoloured brest  
 About his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,  
 And clapt his iron wings, as *Victor* he did well.

Which when his pensue *Ladie* saw from farre,  
 Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,  
 As weening that the sad end of the warre,  
 And gan to highest God entirely pray,  
 That feared chance from her to turne away;  
 With folded hands and knees full lowly bent  
 All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay  
 Her dainty limbs in her sad dreiment,  
 But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan early to appeare,  
 That *Titan* rose to runne his daily race;  
 But early ere the morrow next gan reare  
 Out of the sea faire *Titans* deawy face,  
 Vp rose the gentle virgin from her place,  
 And looked all about, if shee might spy  
 Her loued knight to moue his manly pafe:  
 For, shee had great doubt of his safety,  
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

At last she saw, where he vpstart braue  
 Out of the Well, wherein he drenched lay;  
 As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean waue,  
 Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,  
 And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,  
 Like *Eyas* hauke vp mounts vnto the skyes,  
 His newly budded pineons to assay,  
 And maruailes at himselfe, still as he flies:  
 So new, this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

Whom, when the damned fiend so fresh did spy,  
 No wonder if he wondred at the sight,  
 And doubted, whether his late enemy  
 It were, or other new supplied knight.  
 He, now to proue his late renewed might,  
 High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,  
 Vpon his crested scalpe to fore did smite,  
 That to the skull a yawning wound it made:  
 The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismaid.

I wote not, whether the reuenging steele  
 Were hardned with that holy waue dew  
 Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,  
 Or his baptized hands now greater grew;  
 Or other secret vertue did enleue;  
 Else, neuer could the force of fleishly arme,  
 Ne molten metall in his blood embrew:  
 For, till that found could neuer wight him harme,  
 By subtiltie, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

The cruell wound enraged him so fore,  
 That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;  
 As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,  
 Whom rauinous hunger did thereto constraîne:  
 Then gan he tolle aloft his stretched traine,  
 And there-with scourge the buxome ayre so fore,  
 That to his force to yeelden it was faine;  
 Ne ought his sturdie strokes might stand afore,  
 That high trees ouerthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

The same aduancing high about his head,  
 With sharp intended sting so rude him smot,  
 That to the earth him droue, as stricken dead;  
 Ne liuing wight would haue him life behot:  
 The mortall sting his angry needle shot  
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seafd,  
 Where fast it stuck, ne would there out be got:  
 The gricfe thereof him wondrous sore discaid,  
 Ne might his rankling paine with patience be appeafd.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,  
 Then of the grieuous smart which him did wring,  
 From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,  
 And stroue to loofe the farre infixt string:  
 Which when in vaine he trude with struggeling,  
 Infam'd with wrath, his raging blade he beft,  
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty sting  
 Of his huge taile he quite in funder cleft,  
 Fiue ioyns thereof he heu'd, and but the stump him left.

Hart cannot think, what outrage, and what cries,  
 With soule enfoldred smoake and flashing fire,  
 The hell-bred beast threw forth vnto the skyes,  
 That all was couered with darknesse dire:  
 Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,  
 He cast at once him to auenge for all,  
 And gathering vp himselfe out of the mire,  
 With his vncten wings did fiercely fall  
 Vpon his sunne-bright shield, and grip't it fast with all.

41  
 Much was the man encombr'd with his hold,  
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,  
 Ne wist yet how his talants to vnfold;  
 Nor harder was from *Cerberus* greedie iaw  
 To pluck a bone, then from his cruell claw  
 To reane by strength the griped gage away:  
 Thrice he assaid it from his foot to draw,  
 And thrice in vaine to draw it did assay,  
 It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

42  
 Tho when he saw no power might preuaile,  
 His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,  
 Where-with he fiercely did his foe assaile,  
 And double blowes about him stoutly laid,  
 That glauncing fire out of the iron plaid;  
 As sparkles from the anvile vsf to fly,  
 When heauie hammers on the wedge are swaid;  
 There-with at last he forc't him to vntie  
 One of his grasping feet, him to defend thereby.

43  
 The other foot fast fixed on his shield,  
 When as no strength nor strokes mote him constrain  
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,  
 He smote therat with all his might and maine,  
 That nought so wondrous puissance might sustaine;  
 Vpon the roynt the lucky Steele did light,  
 And made such way, that hew'd it quite in twaine;  
 The paw yet missed not his minisht might,  
 But hung still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

44  
 For griefe thereof, and diuclish despight,  
 From his infernall founaine forth he threw  
 Huge flames, that dimmed all the heauens light,  
 Enrold in dusky smoake and brimstone blew;  
 As burning *Aetna* from his boyling stew  
 Doth belch out flames, and rocks in peeces broke,  
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,  
 Enwrapt in coleblack clouds and filthy smoake,  
 That all the Land with stench, & heauen with horror choke.

45  
 The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,  
 So fore him noyd, that forc't him to retire  
 A little backward from his best defence,  
 To saue his body from the scorching fire,  
 Which he from hellish entrailles did expire.  
 It chaunc't (eternall God that chaunce did guide)  
 As he recoyled backward, in the mire  
 His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,  
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame fore terrifide.

46  
 There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,  
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,  
 As they in pure Vermilion had beene dide,  
 Whereof great vertues ouer all were red:  
 For happy life to all which thereon fed,  
 And life eke euerlasting did befall:  
 Great God it planted in that blessed sted  
 With his almighty hand, and did it call  
 The Tree of Life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

47  
 In all the world like was not to be found,  
 Saue in that foile, where all good things did growe,  
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,  
 As incorrupt Nature did them sowe,  
 Till that dread Dragon all did overthrowe.  
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,  
 Whereof whofo did eat, effoones did knowe  
 Both good and ill: O mournefull memory!  
 That tree through one mans fault hath done vs all to die.

48  
 From that first tree forth flow'd, as from a Well,  
 A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine  
 And dautic deare, which on the ground still fell,  
 And ouerflowed all the fertill Plaine,  
 As it had deawed been with timely raine:  
 Life and long health that gracious oymntment gaue,  
 And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe  
 The senselesse corse appointed for the Graue.  
 Into that same he fell: which did from death him lue.

49  
 For nigh thereto the curd damned beast  
 Durit not approche, for he was deadly made,  
 And all that life preserued, did detest:  
 Yet he it out adventur'd to invade.  
 By this, the dropping day-light gan to fade,  
 And yeeld his roome to sad succeeding night,  
 Who with her fable mantle gan to shade  
 The face of earth, and waies of liuing wight,  
 And high her burning torch set vp in heauen bright.

50  
 When gentle *Vna* saw the second fall  
 Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,  
 And faint through losse of bloud, moov'd not at all,  
 But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,  
 Besmeard with precious Balme, whose vertuous might  
 Did heale his wounds, and scorching heate alay,  
 Againe shee stricken was with fore affright,  
 And for his safetic gan deuoutly pray;  
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

51  
 The ioyous day gan early to appeare,  
 And faire *Aurora* from her dewy bed  
 Of aged *Tithone* gan her selfe to reare,  
 With rosie cheekes, for shame as blushing red;  
 Her golden locks for haste were loosely shed  
 About her cares, when *Vna* her did mark  
 Climbe to her charer, all with flowers spred;  
 From heauen high to chase the chearelesse dark,  
 With merry notcher loud salutes the mounting Lark.

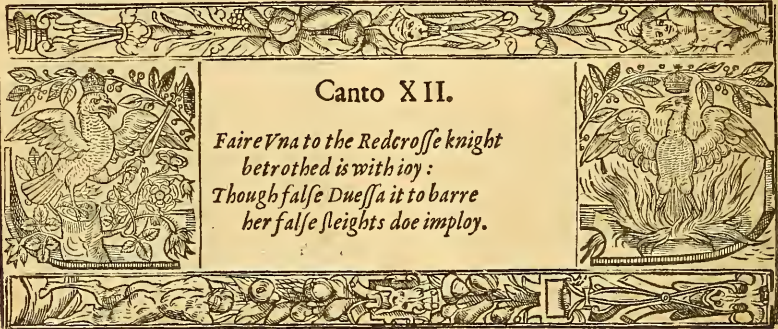
52  
 Then freshly vp arose the doughty knight,  
 All healed of his hurts and woundez wide,  
 And did himselfe to battell ready dight;  
 Whose early foe awaiting him beside  
 To haue deuour'd, so soone as day he spide,  
 When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,  
 As if late fight had nought him damnifide,  
 He woxe dummaid, and gan his fate to feare;  
 Nathlesse, with wonted rage he him advanced nere.

And in his first encounter, <sup>53</sup> gaping wide,  
 Hee thought atonce him to haue swallowed quight,  
 An I trust vpon him with outrageous pride;  
 Who him rencountering fierce, as hauke in flight,  
 Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright,  
 Taking advantage of his open iaw,  
 Ran through his mouth with so importune might,  
 That deepe empearc't his darksome hollow maw,  
 And back retr'y'd, his life blood forth withall did drawe.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,  
 That vanish into smoake and cloudes swift;  
 So downe he fell, that th'earth him vnderneath  
 Did groane, as feeble fo great loade to lift;

So downe he fell, as an hugerockie clift,  
 Whole false foundation waues haue wast away,  
 With dreadfull poysse is from the maine land rift,  
 And rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay;  
 So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The Knight himselte euen trembled at his fall,  
 So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd;  
 And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,  
 Durst not approche for dread, which she misdeem'd:  
 But yet at last, when as the direfull feend  
 She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,  
 She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:  
 Then God she prayd, and thank't her faithfull knight,  
 That had atchieu'd fo great a conquest by his might.



## Canto XII.

*Faire Vna to the Redcrosse knight  
 betrothed is with ioy:  
 Though false Duesa it to barre  
 her false sleights doe imploy.*

<sup>1</sup>  
**B**Ehold, I see the Hauen nigh at hand,  
 To which I meane my wearie course to bend;  
 Vere the maine shete, & beare vp with the land,  
 The which afore is fairely to be kend,  
 And seemeth safe from stormes, that may offend;  
 There this faire Virgin wearie of her way  
 Must landed be, now at her iourneyes end:  
 There eke my feeble Barke a while may stay,  
 Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

<sup>2</sup>  
 Scarcely had *Phæbus* in the glooming East  
 Yet harness'd his fire-footed teeme,  
 Ne reard about the earth his flaming creast,  
 When the last deadly smoake aloft did steeme,  
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme,  
 Vnto the watchman on the Castle wall;  
 Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,  
 And to his Lord and Lady loud gan call,  
 To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

<sup>3</sup>  
 Vprose with hastie ioy, and feeble speed  
 That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,  
 And looked forth, to weet if true indeed  
 Those tydings were, as he did vnderstand:

Which when as true by tryall he out found,  
 He bade to open wide his brazen gate,  
 Which long time had been shut, and out of hond  
 Proclaim'd ioy and peace through all his State;  
 For dead now was their foe, which them forraied late.

<sup>4</sup>  
 Then gan triumphant Trumpets sound on hie,  
 That sent to heauen the ecchoed report  
 Of their new ioy, and happy victory  
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,  
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.  
 Then all the people, as in tolemne feast,  
 To him assembled with one full consort,  
 Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,  
 From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

<sup>5</sup>  
 Forth came that ancient Lord and aged Queene,  
 Arraid in antique robes downe to the ground,  
 And sad habiliments right well besene;  
 A noble crew about them waited round  
 Of sage and sober Peeres, all grauely gownd;  
 Whom fare before did march a goodly band  
 Of tall young men, all able armes to found,  
 But now they Laurel branches bore in hand;  
 Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land.



6

Vnto that doughty Conquerour they came,  
 And him before, themselues prostrating lowe,  
 Their Lord and Patron loud did him proclame,  
 And at his feet their Laurell boughes did throwe.  
 Soone after them, all dauncing on a rowe  
 The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,  
 As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe growe,  
 When morning dew vpon their leaues doth light :  
 And in their hands sweet Tymbrels all vpheld on light.

7

And them before, the fry of children young  
 Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,  
 And to the Maidens founding Tymbrels sung  
 In well attuned notes, a ioyous lay,  
 And made delightfull musick all the way,  
 Vntill they came where that faire virgin stood ;  
 As faire *Diana* in fresh sommers day  
 Beholds her Nymphes, enrang'd in shadie wood,  
 Some wrestle, some doe run, some bathe in cry stall flood:

8

So she beheld those maidens meriment  
 With cheerefull view ; who, when to her they came,  
 Themselues to ground with gracious humbleesse bent,  
 And her ador'd by honourable name,  
 Lifting to heauen her euerlasting fame :  
 Then on her head they set a girland greene,  
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game ;  
 Who, in her selfe-remembrance well besene,  
 Did seeme such as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

9

And after, all the rascall many ran,  
 Heaped together in rude rablement,  
 To see the face of that victorious man :  
 Whom all admired, as from heauen sent,  
 And gaz'd vpon with gaping wonderment.  
 But, when they came where that dead Dragon lay,  
 Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,  
 The sight with idle feare did them dismay,  
 Ne durst approche him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

10

Some feard, and fled ; some feard and well it faind ;  
 One that would wiser seeme then all the rest,  
 Warn'd him not touch ; for, yet perhaps remaind  
 Some lingring life within his hollow brest,  
 Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest  
 Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull seed ;  
 Another said, that in his eyes did rest  
 Yet sparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed ;  
 Another said, he saw him moue his eyes indeed.

11

One mother, when as her foole-hardy child  
 Did come too neere, and with his talants play,  
 Halfe dead through feare, her little babe reuild,  
 And to her gossips gan in counsell say ;  
 How can I tell, but that his talants may  
 Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand ?  
 So, diuertly themselues in vaine they fray ;  
 Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,  
 To proue how many acres he did spread of land.

12

Thus flocked all the folke him round about,  
 The whiles that hoarie King, with all his traine,  
 Becing arriued, where that Champion stout  
 After his foes defeaunce did remaine,  
 Him goodly greets, and faire does entertaine,  
 With princely gifts of Iuorie and Gold,  
 And thousand thanks him yeelds for all his paine.  
 Then, when his daughter deare he does behold ;  
 Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

13

And after, to his Palace he them brings,  
 With Shaumes, and Trumpets, and with Clarions sweet ;  
 And all the way the ioyous people sings,  
 And with their garments strowes the paied street :  
 Whence mounting vp, they find purveyance meet  
 Of all, that royall Princes Court became,  
 And all the floore was vnderneath their feet  
 Bespred with costly scarlot of great name,  
 On which they lowely sit, and sitting purpose frame.

14

What needs me tell their feast and goodly guise,  
 In which was nothing riotous nor vaine ?  
 VVhat needs of dainty dishes to deuise,  
 Of comely seruices, or courtly traine ?  
 My narrow leaues cannot in them containe  
 The large discourse of royall Princes state.  
 Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine :  
 For, th'antique world exceesse and pride did hate ;  
 Such proude luxurious pompe is swollen vp but late.

15

Then, when with meats and drinks of euery kind  
 Their feruent appetites they quenched had,  
 That ancient Lord gan fit occasion find,  
 Of strange adventures, and of perils sad,  
 Which in his trauaile him befallen had,  
 For to demaund of his renowned guest :  
 Who then with vt'rance graue ; and count'nance sad,  
 From point to point, as is before exprest,  
 Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

16

Great pleasures mixt with pittifull regard,  
 That godly King and Queene did passionate,  
 Whiles they his pittifull adventures heard,  
 That oft they did lament his lucklesse fate,  
 And often blame the too importune fate,  
 That heapt on him so many wrathfull wreakes :  
 For, neuer gentle Knight, as he of late,  
 So toffed was in Fortunes cruell freakes ;  
 And all the while salt teares bedew'd the hearers cheeks.

17

Then said the royall Peere in sober wise ;  
 Deare sonne, great been the euils, which ye bore  
 From first to last, in your late enterprise,  
 That I no'te, whether praise, or pity more :  
 For, neuer liuing man (I weene) so sore  
 In sea of deadly dangers was distrest ;  
 But sith now safe ye leised haue the shore,  
 And well arriued are, (high God be blest)  
 Let vs deuise of ease, and euerlasting rest.

18

Ah, dearest Lord, said then that doughty Knight,  
Of ease or rest I may not yet deuise;  
For, by the faith which I to armes haue plight,  
I bounden am, straight after this emprise  
(As that your daughter can ye well aduise)  
Back to returne to that great Faery Queene,  
And her to serue sixe yeeres in warlike wise,  
Gainst that proude Paynim king that works her teene:  
Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue bene.

19

Vnhappy filles that hard necessitie  
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace,  
And vowed foe of my felicitie;  
Ne I against the same can iustly prece:  
But sith that band ye cannot now release,  
Nor doen vndoe; (for voves may not be vaine)  
Soone as the terme of those fix yeares shall cease,  
Ye then shall hither back returne againe,  
The marriage to accomplish vow'd betwix you twaine.

20

Which, for my part, I couet to performe,  
In fort as through the world I did proclame,  
That who so kild that Monster (most deforme)  
And him in hardy battaile overcame,  
Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,  
And of my kingdome heire apparant bee:  
Therefore, sith now to thee pertaines the same,  
By due desert of noble chetualree,  
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo, I yield to thee.

21

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,  
The fairest *Pr* his onely daughter deare,  
His onely daughter, and his onely heire;  
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,  
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare  
Out of the East, with flaming locks bedight,  
To tell the dawning day is dawning neare,  
And to the world does bring long wished light;  
So faire and fresh that Lady shew'd her selfe in sight.

22

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;  
For, she had laid her mournfull stole aside,  
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,  
Whiles-with her heavenly beauty she did hide,  
Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride;  
And on her now a garment she did weare,  
All lilly white, withouten spot, or pride,  
That seem'd like silke and silver wouen neare;  
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

23

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,  
And glorious light of her sunshiny face  
To tell, were as to striue against the streame.  
My ragged rimes are all too rude and base,  
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.  
Ne wonder: for, her owne deare loued knights,  
All were she daily with himselfe in place,  
Did wonder much at her celestiall sight:  
Ofit had he seene her faire, but neuer so faire dight.

24

So fairely dight, when she in presence came,  
She to her Sire made humble reverence,  
And bowed lowe, that her right well became,  
And added grace vnto her excellence:  
Who with great wisdom, and graue cloquence,  
Thus gan to say. But ere he thus had said,  
With flying speed, and seeming great pretence,  
Came running in, much like a man distmaid,  
A Messenger with Letters, which his message said.

25

All in the open hall amazed stood  
At suddainenesse of that vnwarie fight,  
And wondred at his breathlesse haitie mood.  
But he for nought would stay his passage right,  
Till fast before the King he did alight,  
Where falling flat, great humblesse he did make,  
And kiss the ground, whereon his foote was pight;  
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,  
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake.

26

To thee, most mightie King of *Eden* faire,  
Her greeting sends in these sad lines adrest,  
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire  
Of that great Emperour of all the West;  
And bids thee be aduised for the best,  
Ere thou thy daughter linke in holy band  
Of wedlock, to that new vnknown guest:  
For, he already plighted his right hand  
Vnto another Loue, and to another Land.

27

To me, sad maid, or rather widow sad,  
He was affianced long time before,  
And sacred pledges he both gaue, and had,  
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore:  
Wimeless the burning Altars, which he swore,  
And guiltie heauens of his bold periuire;  
Which though he hath polluted oft and yore,  
Yet I to them for iudgement iust doe fly,  
And them conure t'avenge this shamefull iniury.

28

Therefore, sith mine he is, or free or bond,  
Or false or true, or liuing or else dead,  
With-hold, O soueraigne Prince, your hasty hond  
From knitting league with him, I you aread;  
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,  
Through weakness of my widowhed, or woe:  
For, truth is strong, his rightfull cause to plead,  
And shall find friends, if need requireth so:  
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

29

When he these bitter byting words had red,  
The tydings strange did him abashed make,  
That still he sat long time astonished  
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.  
At last, his solemne silence thus he brake,  
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;  
Redoubted knight, that for mine onely sake  
Thy life and honour late aduenturest,  
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

What

30  
 What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats,  
 Throwne out from womanish impaier mind?  
 What heauens? what altars? what enraged heates  
 Here heaped vp with tearmes of loue vnkind,  
 My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind?  
 High God be witness, that I guilelesse ame.  
 But, if your selfe, Sir Knight, ye faultie find,  
 Or wrapped be in lones of former Dame,  
 With crime doe not it couer, but disclose the same.

31  
 To whom the *Redcrosse* knight this answer sent,  
 My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,  
 Till well ye wote by graue intendment,  
 What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbraid  
 VVith breach of loue, and loyaltie betrayd.  
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward  
 I lately trauaild, that vnwares I fraid  
 Out of my way, through perils strange and hard;  
 That day should faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

32  
 There did I find, or rather I was found  
 Of this false woman, that *Fidessa* hight,  
*Fidessa* hight the falsest Dame on ground,  
 Most false *Duessa*, royall richly dight,  
 That easie was to inveigle weaker sight:  
 Who, by her wicked arts, and wilie skill,  
 Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,  
 Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,  
 And to my foe betraid, when least I feared ill.

33  
 Then stepped forth the goodly royall Maid,  
 And on the ground her selfe prostrating lowe,  
 With sober countenance thus to him said;  
 O pardon me, my soueraigne Lord, to shoue  
 The secret treasons, which of late I knowe  
 To haue been wrought by that false Sorceresse.  
 She onely shee it is, that erst did throwe  
 This gentle knight into so great distresse,  
 That death him did await in daily wretchednesse.

34  
 And now it seemes, that shee suborned hath  
 This craftie messenger with letters vaine,  
 To worke new woe and improuided death,  
 By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine;  
 Wherein shee vsed hath the practick paine  
 Of this false footman, cloakt with simpleness:  
 Whom if ye please for to discover plaine,  
 Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I ghesse,  
 The falsest man aliue, who tries shall find no lesse.

35  
 The King was greatly moued at her speech,  
 And all with suddaine indignation fraight,  
 Bade on that messenger rude hands to reach.  
 Estfoones the Gard, which on his State did wait,  
 Attach't that faitor false, and bound him strait:  
 Who, seeming forely chauffed at his band,  
 As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,  
 With idle force did faime them to withstand,  
 And often semblance made to scape out of their hand.

36  
 But they him laid full lowe in dungeon deepe;  
 And bound him hand and foot with iron chaines.  
 And with continuall watch did warely keepe;  
 Who then would thinke, that by his subtil traines  
 He could escape foule death or deadly paines?  
 Thus when that Princes wrath was pacified,  
 He gan renew the late forbidden banes,  
 And to the Knight his Daughter deare he tyde;  
 With sacred rites and vowes for cuer to abide.

37  
 His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,  
 That none but death for cuer can diuide;  
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit;  
 The housling fire did kindle and prouide,  
 And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;  
 At which, a bushy Teade a groomie did light,  
 And sacred lampe in secret chamber hide,  
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,  
 For feare of euill fates, but burnen cuer bright.

38  
 Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,  
 And made great feast, to solemnize that day;  
 They all perfume with Frankencense diuine,  
 And precious odours fetcht from farre away,  
 That all the house did sweat with great array:  
 And all the while sweet Musick did apply  
 Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,  
 To driue away the dull Melancholy;  
 The whiles one sung a song of loue and iollity.

39  
 During the which, there was an heauenly noise  
 Heard sound through all the Palace pleasantly,  
 Like as it had been many an Angels voice,  
 Singing before th'eternall Maicitie,  
 In their trinall triplicities on he;  
 Yet wist no creature, whence that heauenly sweet  
 Proceeded: yet each one felt secretly  
 Himselfe thereby rest of his senses meet,  
 And rauished with rare impresson in his sprite.

40  
 Great ioy was made that day of young and old,  
 And solemn feast proclaim'd throughout the Land,  
 That their exceeding mirth may not be told:  
 Suffice it, here by signes to vnderstand  
 The vsuall ioyes at knitting of loutes band.  
 This happy man the Knight himselfe did hold,  
 Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand;  
 And cuer, when his eye did her behold,  
 Her hart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

41  
 Her ioyous presence and sweet company  
 In full content he there did long enioy,  
 Ne wicked envie, nor vile ialousie  
 His deare delights were able to annoy:  
 Yet swimming in that sea of blisfull ioy,  
 He nought forgot, how he whilome had sworne,  
 In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,  
 Vnto his Faery Queene back to returne:  
 The which he shortly did, and *Vna* left to mourne.

42  
 Now strike your sailes yee iolly Mariners :  
 For we be come vnto a quiet rode,  
 Where we must land some of our passengers,  
 And light this wearie vessell of her lode.

Heere she awhile may make her safe aboade,  
 Till she repaired haue her tackles spent,  
 And wants supplide. And then againe abroad  
 On the long voyage whereto she is bent :  
 Well may shee speed, and fairly finish her intent.

*The end of the first Booke.*



THE



THE  
SECOND BOOKE  
OF THE FAERIE  
QVEENE:

CONTAINING  
THE LEGENDE OF SIR GUYON.

OR  
*Of Temperaunce.*

1

**R**ight well I wote, most mighty Soueraigne,  
That all this famous antique history,  
Of some, th'abundance of an idle braine  
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,  
Rather then matter of iust memory;  
Sith none that breatheth liuing aire, does knowe,  
Where is that happy Land of Faery,  
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where showe,  
But vouch antiquities, which no body can knowe.

2

But let that man with better sense advise,  
That of the world least part to vs is read:  
And daily how through hardy enterprise,  
Many great Regions are discovered,  
Which to late age were neuer mentioned.  
Who euer heard of th'Indian *Peru*?  
Or who in venturous yessell measured  
The *Amazons* huge riuer now found true?  
Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did euer view?

3

Yet all these were, when no man did them knowe;  
Yet haue from wisest ages hidden beene:  
And later times things more vnknowne shall showe.  
Why then should wiselike man so much misseene

That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?  
What if within the Moones faire shining sphaere,  
What if in euery other starre vnseene  
Of other worlds he happily should heare?  
He wonder would much more: yet such to some appeare.

4

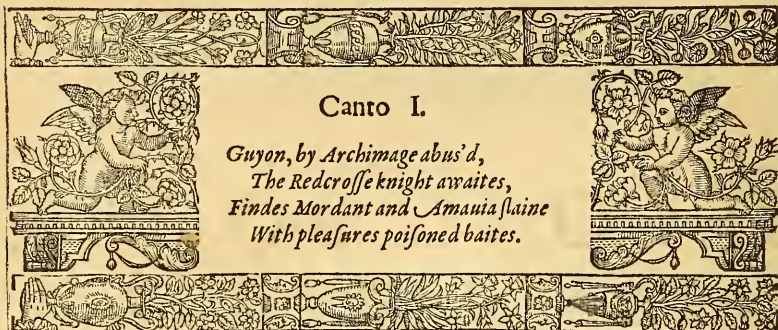
Of Faery lond yet if he more inquire,  
By certaine signes heere set in sundry place  
He may it find; ne let him then admire,  
But yield his sense to be too blunt and base,  
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.  
And thou, ô fairest Princeesse vnder sky,  
In this faire Mirror maist behold thy face,  
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,  
And in this antique Image thy great aunccstry.

5

The which, ô pardon me thus to enfold  
In couert veile, and wrap in shadowes light,  
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,  
Which else could not endure those beames bright,  
But would be dazled with exceeding light.  
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care  
The braue adventures of this Faery Knight,  
The good Sir *Guyon*, graciously to heare,  
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

F.

*Cont.*



## Canto I.

*Guyon, by Archimago abus'd,  
The Redcrosse knight awaits,  
Finds Moriant and Amauia swaine  
With pleasures poisoned baites.*

**T**hat cunning Architect of cankred guile,  
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,  
For falsed Letters and suborned wile,  
Soone as the *Redcrosse* knight he vnderstands,  
To beene departed out of *Eden* lands,  
To serue againe his soueraigne *Elfin* Queene,  
His artes he moues, and out of carytiue hands  
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes vnscene;  
His shackles emptie left, himselfe escaped cleene.

And forth he fares, full of malicious mind,  
To worken mischief and auenging woe,  
Where euer he that godly knight may find,  
His onely hart fore, and his onely foe,  
Sith *Vna* now he algates must forgoe,  
Whom his victorious hands did earst restore  
To natiues crowne and kingdome late ygoe:  
Where she enjoys sure peace for euermore,  
As weather-beaten ship arriu'd on happy shore.

Him therefore now the object of his spight  
And deadly feude he makes: him to offend  
By forged treason, or by open fight  
He seeks, of all his drift the aymed end:  
Thereto his subtle engins he does bend,  
His practick wit, and his faire filed tong,  
With thousand other sleights: for, well he kend,  
His credit now in doubtfull ballance hong;  
For, hardly could he hurt, who was already stong.

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay,  
With cunning traines him to entrap vnwares,  
And priuie spials plac't in all his way,  
To weet what course he takes, and how he fares;  
To ketch him at advantage in his snares.  
By triall of his former harmes and cares,  
But now so wife and warie was the knight,  
That he descride, and shunned still his sight:  
The fish, that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

Nath lesse, th'Enchaunter would not spare his paine,  
In hope to win occasion to his will;  
Which when he long awaited had in vaine,  
He chang'd his mind from one to other ill:  
For, to all good he enemy was still.  
Vpon the way him fortunated to meet  
(Faire marching vnderneath a shady hill)  
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harnesse meer,  
That from his head no place appeared to his feet.

His carriage was full comely and vpright,  
His countenance demure and temperate;  
But yet so sterne and terrible in sight,  
That cheard his friends, and did his foes amare:  
He was an *Elfin* borne of noble state,  
And mickle worship in his natiue land;  
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,  
And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huons* hand,  
When with king *Oberon* he came to Faerie Land.

Him als accompanid vpon the way  
A comely Palmer, clad in black attire,  
Of ripest yeeres, and haire all hoarie gray,  
That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,  
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:  
And, if by lookes one may the mind aread,  
He seem'd to be a sage and sober fire,  
And euer with slowe pace the knight did lead,  
Who taught his trampling steed with equal steps to tread.

Such when as *Archimago* them did view,  
He weened well to worke some vnouth wile;  
Estfoones vntwisting his deceitfull clew,  
He gan to weaue a web of wicked guile,  
And with faire countenance and flattering stile  
To them approaching, thus the Knight bespake:  
Faire sonne of *Mars*, that seeke with warlike spoile,  
And great atchieuements, great your selfe to make,  
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

9  
He staid his steed for humble misers sake,  
And bade tell on the tenor of his plaint;  
Who, feigning then in euery limbe to quake,  
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint,  
With pittious mone his pearcing speech gan paint;  
Deare Lady, how shall I declare thy case,  
Whom late I left in languorous constraint!  
Would God thy selfe now present were in place,  
To tell this ruefull tale; thy sight could win thee grace.

10  
Or rather would, ô would it so had chaunc't,  
That you, most noble Sir, had present beene,  
When that lewd ribauld (with vile lust aduanc't)  
Laid first his filthy hands on virgin cleene,  
To spoile her daintie corse so faire and sheene,  
As on the earth (great mother of vs all)  
With liuing eye more faire was neuer seene,  
Of chastitie and honour virginall:  
Witnesse ye heauens, whom she in vaine to helpe did call.

11  
How may it be (said then the knight halfe wroth)  
That knight should knight-hood euer so haue shent?  
None but that saw (quoth he) would weene for troth,  
How shamefully that Maid he did torment.  
Her looser golden locks he rudely rent,  
And drew her on the ground, and his sharp sword,  
Against her snowy breast he fiercely bent,  
And threatned death with many a bloody word;  
Tongue hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhord.

12  
There-with, amouued from his sober mood,  
And liues he yet (said he) that wrought this act,  
And doen the heauens affoord him vitall food?  
He liues (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,  
Ne yet hath any Knight his courage crackt.  
Where may that teachour then (said he) be found,  
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?  
That shall I shew (said he) as sure, as hound  
The striken Deare doth chalenge by the bleeding wound.

13  
He staid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire,  
And zealous haste, away is quickly gone  
To seeke that Knight, where him that crafty Squire  
Suppos'd to be. They doe arriue anone,  
Where fate a gentle Lady all alone,  
With garments rent, and haire discheueled,  
Wringing her hands, and making pittious mone;  
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,  
And her faire face, with teares was foully blubbered.

14  
The Knight, approaching nigh, thus to her said,  
Faire Ladic, through foule sorrow ill bedight,  
Great pittie is to see you thus distraid,  
And marre the blossome of your beauty bright:  
For thy, appease your grieffe and heavy plight,  
And tell the cause of your conceiued paine.  
For, if he liue that hath you doen despight;  
He shall you doe due recompence againe,  
Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

15  
Which when shee heard, as in despightfull wife,  
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,  
And offered hope of comfort did despise:  
Her golden locks most cruelly she rent,  
And scratcht her face with gastly dreriment;  
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,  
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,  
Either for grieuous shame, or for great teene,  
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixt beene;

16  
Till her that Squire bespake, Madame, my liefe,  
For Gods deare loue be not so wilfull bent,  
But doe vouchsafe now to receiue reliefe,  
The which good fortune doth to you present.  
For, what boots it to weepe and to wayment  
When ill is chaunc't, but doth the ill increase,  
And the weake mind with double woe torment?  
When she her Squire heard speake, she gan appeare  
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

17  
Eessoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire,  
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceaue,  
Or why should euer I henceforth desire  
To see faire heuens face, and life not leaue,  
Sith that false Traytor did my honour reauce?  
False Traytor certes (said the Faericknight)  
I read the man, that euer would deceaue  
A gentle Ladic, or her wrong through might:  
Death were too little paine for such a foule despight.

18  
But now, faire Lady, comfort to you make,  
And read who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight;  
That short reuenge the man may ouertake,  
Where so he be, and soone vpon him light.  
Certes (said she) I wote not how he high;  
But vnder him a gray steed did he wield,  
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;  
Vpright he rode, and in his siluer shield  
He bore a bloody Crosse, that quartred all the field.

19  
Now by my head (said *Guyon*) much I muse  
How that same Knight should doe so foule amiss,  
Or euer gentle Damzell so abuse:  
For, may I boldly say, hee surely is  
A right good Knight, and true of word wyis:  
I present was, and can it witnesse well,  
When armes he swore, and straight did enterpris  
Th' adventure of the *Errant damozell*,  
In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

20  
Nathlesse, he shortly shall againe be tryde,  
And fairely quite him of th' imputed blame:  
Else be ye sure, he dearly shall abide,  
Or make you good amendment for the same:  
All wrongs haue mends, but no amends of shame.  
Now therefore Ladic, rise out of your paine,  
And see the saluing of your blotted name.  
Full loath shee seemd thereto, but yet did faigne;  
For, she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

21  
Her purpose was not such, as she did faine,  
Ne yet her person such, as it was feene;  
But vnder simple shewe, and semblant plaine  
Lurkt false *Duessa*, secretly vsene,  
As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene:  
So had false *Archimago* her disguis'd,  
To cloake her guile with sorrow and sad teenes;  
And eke himselfe had craftily deuic'd  
To be her Squire, and doe her seruice well aguis'd.

22  
Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found,  
Where she did wander in waste Wildernesse,  
Lurking in Rocks and Caves faire vnder ground,  
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,  
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse;  
Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments  
And borrow'd beauty spoyld. Her nathelesse  
Th'enchauter finding fit for his intents,  
Did thus revealt, and deckt with due habiliments.

23  
For, all he did, was to deceiue good Knights,  
And drawe them from purluit of praise and fame,  
To slug in sloth and sensuall delights,  
And end their daies with irenowmed shame.  
And now exceeding grieffe him overcame  
To see the *Redecrosse* thus advanced hie;  
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,  
Against his praise to stirre vp enmitie  
Of such, as vertues like mote vnto him allie.

24  
So now he *Guyon* guides an vncouth way,  
Through woods & mountaines, till they came at last  
Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay  
Betwixt two hills, whose high heads overlact,  
The valley did with coole shade overlact;  
Through midst thereof a little river rold,  
By which there fate a knight with helme vnlaet,  
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,  
After his trauaile long, and labours manifold.

25  
Loe, yonder hee (cryde *Archimago* aloud)  
That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew;  
And now he doth himselfe in secret shroud,  
To flie the vengeance for his outrage dew;  
But vaine: for, ye shall dearely doe him rew,  
So God yee speed, and fend you good successe;  
Which we farre off will here abide to view.  
So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,  
That straight against that knight his speare he did addresse.

26  
Who, seeing him from farre so fierce to prick,  
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,  
And in the rest his ready speare did stick;  
Tho when as full he saw him towards passe,  
He gan r'encounter him in equall race.  
They beene ymct, both ready to asstray,  
When suddainly that warrior gan abate  
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap  
Had him betidde, or hidde danger did intrap;

27  
And cryde, Mercie Sir Knight, and mercy Lord,  
For mine offence and hecellse hardiment,  
That had almost committed crime abhor'd,  
And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,  
Whiles curld Steele against that badge I bent,  
The sacred badge of my Redemmers death,  
Which on your shield is set for ornament:  
But his fierce foe his steed could stay vneath,  
Who (prickt with courage keene) did cruell battell breath.

28  
But, when he heard him speake, straight way he knew  
His error, and (himselfe inclining) said;  
Ah! deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you;  
But me behoueth rather to vprayd,  
Whose hastie hand so farre from reason straid,  
That almost did haynous violence  
On that faire Image of that heavenly Maid,  
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:  
Your court'sie takes on you anothers due offence.

29  
So been they both attone, and doen vpreare  
Their beuers bright, each other for to greet;  
Goodly comportance each to other beare,  
And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.  
Then said the *Redecrosse* Knight, Now mote I weete,  
Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce saliance,  
And fell intent ye did at earle me meete;  
For, sith I know your goodly gouernance,  
Great cause (I ween) you guided, or some vncouth chaunce.

30  
Certes (said he) well mote I shame to tell  
The fond encheason that me hither led.  
A false infamous faitour late befell  
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,  
And plaine of grieuous outrage, which he red  
A Knight had wrought against a Ladie gent:  
Which to avenge, he to this marke me led,  
Where you he made the marke of his intent,  
And now is fled; soule shame him follow, where hee went.

31  
So can he turne his earnest vnto game,  
Through goodly handling and wise temperance.  
By this, his aged guide in presence came;  
Who, soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,  
Estroones of him had perfect cognizance,  
Sith him in Faerie Court he late auiz'd;  
And said, Faire sonne, God giue you happy chaunce,  
And that deare Crosse vpon your shield deniz'd,  
Where-with about all knights ye goodly seeme aguid.

32  
Ioy may you haue, and everlasting fame,  
O'late most hard atchieu'ment by you donne,  
For which enrolled is your glorious name  
In heavenly Registers aboue the Sunne,  
Where you a Saint, with Saints your seat haue wonne:  
But, wretched hee, where ye haue left your marke,  
Must now anew begin, like race to runne;  
God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke,  
And to the wished haue bring thy wearie barke.



<sup>33</sup>  
Palmer, (him answered the *Redcrosse* Knight)  
His be the praise, that this atchieuement wrought,  
Who made my hand the organ of his might;  
More then good-will to me attribute nought:  
For, all I did, I did but as I ought.  
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next enfewes,  
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought.  
That home ye may report these happy newes;  
For, well yee worthy beene for worth and gentle thewes.

<sup>34</sup>  
So, courteous conge both did giue and take,  
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.  
Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make,  
With his black Palmer, that him guided still.  
Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,  
And with his steadie staffe did point his way:  
His race with reason, and with words his will,  
From foule intemperance he oft did stay,  
And suffred not in wrath his hattie steps to stray.

<sup>35</sup>  
In this faire wize they traucild long yfere,  
Through many hard assaies, which did betide;  
Of which he honour still away did beare;  
And spred his glory through all Countries wide.  
At last, as chaunc't them by a Forest side  
To passe (for succour from the scorching ray)  
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearly cride  
With pearcing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;  
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

<sup>36</sup>  
But, if that carelesse heauens (goth she) despise  
The doome of iust reuenge, and take delight  
To see sad pageants of mens mileries,  
As bound by them to liue in lifes despight;  
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.  
Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to mee.  
And take away this long lent loathed light:  
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,  
That long captiued soules from wearie thraldome free.

<sup>37</sup>  
But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate  
Hath made sad witnessse of thy fathers fall,  
Sith heauen thee deignes to hold in liuing state,  
Long maist thou liue, and better thriu withall,  
Then to thy lucklesse Parents did befall:  
Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,  
That cleare she didd from blemish criminall;  
Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding brest,  
Loe, I for pledges leau. So giue me leau to rest.

<sup>38</sup>  
With that, a deadly shriek she forth did throwe,  
That through the wood reechoed againe:  
And after, gaue a groane so deepe and lowe,  
That seem'd her tender hart was rent in twaine,  
Or thrid with point of thorough-pearcing paine;  
As gentle Hind, whose sides with cruell steele  
Through launced, forth her bleeding life does raine,  
Whiles the sad pang approaching she does feele,  
Brayes out her latest breath, and vp her eyes doth feele.

<sup>39</sup>  
Which when that warrior heard, dismounting strait  
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,  
And soone arriued, where that sad pourtraict  
Of death and labour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick,  
In whose white alabafter breast did stick  
A cruell knife, that made a grieftly wound,  
From which forth gush't a streame of gore-bloud thick,  
That all her goodly garments staine around,  
And into a deepe languine dide the grassie ground.

<sup>40</sup>  
Pittifull spectacle of deadly smart,  
Beside a bubbling fountaine lowe she lay,  
Which he increased with her bleeding hart,  
And the cleane waues with purple gold did ray;  
Als in her lap a little babe did play  
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;  
For, in her streaming bloud he did embay  
His litle hands, and tender ioynts embrew;  
Pittifull spectacle, as euer eye did view.

<sup>41</sup>  
Besides them both, vpon the soiled grafs  
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,  
Whose armour all with bloud besprinkled was;  
His ruddie lips did smile, and rosie red  
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet beeing ded:  
Seem'd to haue beene a goodly peronage,  
Now in his freshest floure of lustyhed,  
Fit to inflame faire Lady with loues rage,  
But that fierce fate did crop the blossome of his age.

<sup>42</sup>  
Whom, when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,  
His hart gan wax as starke as Marble stone,  
And his fresh bloud did frizee with fearefull cold,  
That all his senses seem'd bereft atone:  
At last, his mightie ghost gan deepe to grone,  
As Lyon grudging in his great disdain,  
Mourmes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;  
Till ruth and fraile affection did constrain  
His courage stout to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

<sup>43</sup>  
Out of her gored wound the cruell steele  
He lightly snatcht, and did the floud-gate stop  
With his faire garment: then gan softly feele  
Her feeble pulse, to proue if any drop  
Of liuing bloud yet in her veines did hop;  
Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faire  
To call back life to her forsaken shop;  
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,  
That at the last she gan to breathe out liuing aire.

<sup>44</sup>  
Which he perceiuing, greatly gan reioyce,  
And goodly counsell (that for wounded hart  
Is mettest med'cine) tempered with sweet voice;  
Ay me! deare Lady, which the Image art  
Of ruefull pittie, and impatient smart,  
What direfull chance, arm'd with reuenging fate,  
Or curst hand hath plaid this cruell part,  
Thus foule to hasten your vntimely date?  
Speake, O deare Lady speake: help neuer comes too late.

45  
 There-with her dim eye-lids she vp gan reare,  
 On which the dreary death did sit, as sad  
 As lump of lead, and made darke cloudes appeare;  
 But when as him (all in bright armour clad)  
 Before her standing shee etpied had,  
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,  
 She weakely started, yet the nothing dar:  
 Straight downe againe herselfe in great despight,  
 Shee grouching threw to ground, as hating life and light.

46  
 The gentle knight, her soone with careful paine  
 Vplifed light, and softly did vphold:  
 Thrice he her reard, and thrice shee funke againe,  
 Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,  
 And to her said; Yet if the stony cold  
 Hane not all seized on your frozen hart,  
 Let one word fall that may your griefe vnfold,  
 And tell the secret of your mortall smart;  
 He oft findes present help, who does his griefe impart.

47  
 Then casting vp a deadly looke, full lowe  
 She sigh'd, from bottom of her wounded brest,  
 And after, many bitter throbs did throwe,  
 With lips full pale, and soltring tongue opprest,  
 These words shee breathed forth from riuen chest;  
 Leauce, ah leauce off, what euer wight thou bee,  
 To let a weary wretch from her due rest,  
 And trouble dying soules tranquillitee.  
 Take not away now got, which none would giue to mee.

48  
 Ah! farre be it (said he) Deare dame from mee,  
 To hinder soule from her desired rest,  
 Or hold sad life in long captiuitie:  
 For, all I seeke, is but to haue redrest  
 The bitter pangs, that doth your hart infect.  
 Tell then (O Lady) tell what fatall priefe  
 Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest?  
 That I may cast to compasse your reliefe,  
 Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe.

49  
 With feeble hands then stretched forth on hie,  
 As heauen accusing guiltie of her death,  
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,  
 In these sad words shee spent her vtmost breath:  
 Hear then (O man) the sorrowes that vneath  
 My tongue can tell, so farre all sense they pass:  
 Lo, this dead corpe, that lyes here vnderneath,  
 The gentlest knight, that euer on greene grafs  
 Gay steed with spurs did prick, the good Sir *Mordant* was:

50  
 Was (ay the while, that he is not so now!)  
 My Lord, my loue; my deare Lord, my deare loue,  
 So long as heauen iust with equall brow  
 Vouchsafed to behold vs from aboue,  
 One day when him high courage did emmoue,  
 (As wont ye knights to seeke adventures wild)  
 Hee pricked forth, his puillaunt force to proue,  
 Me then he left enwombed of this child,  
 This lucklesse child, whom thus yee see with bloud defil'd.

51  
 Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)  
 To come where vile *Acrasia* does wonne,  
*Acrasia*, a false Enchaunteresse,  
 That many errant knights hath foule fordonne:  
 Within a wandering Island, that doth ronne  
 And stray in perious gulfe, her dwelling is;  
 Faire Sir, if euer there ye trauell, shonne  
 The cursed land where many wend amiss,  
 And knowe it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of blifs*.

52  
 Her blisse is all in pleasure and delight,  
 Where-with shee makes her louers drunken mad;  
 And then, with words and weeds of wondrous might,  
 On them shee works her will to vses bad:  
 My life! Lord shee thus beguiled had;  
 For, he was flesh: (all flesh doth frailtie breed.)  
 Whom, when I heard to been so ill beftad,  
 (Weake wretch) I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed,  
 And cast to seek him forth through danger & great dread.

53  
 Now had faire *Cynthia* by euen tourmes  
 Full measured three quarters of her yeare,  
 And thrice three times had fild her crooked hornes,  
 When as my wombe her burdein would forbear,  
 And bade me call *Lucina* to me neare.  
*Lucina* came: a man-child forth I brought: (were;  
 The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my *Midviues*  
 Hard help at need. So deare thee babe I bought;  
 Yet nought too deare I deem'd, while so my dear I fought.

54  
 Him so I fought, and so at last I found,  
 Where him that Witch had thrall'd to her will,  
 In chaines of lust and lewd desires ybound,  
 And so transformed from his former skill,  
 That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;  
 Till through wise handling and faire gouernance,  
 I him recured to a better will,  
 Purged from drugs of foule intemperance:  
 Then meanes I gan deuise for his deliuerance.

55  
 Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiu'd,  
 How that my Lord from her I would reprue,  
 With cup thus charm'd, him parting shee deceiu'd;  
*Sad verse, giue death to him that death does giue,*  
*And losse of loue, to her that loues to liue,*  
*So soone as Bacchus with the Nympe does linke:*  
 So parted we, and on our iourney driue,  
 Till comming to this Well, he stoutly to drinke:  
 The charme fulfilld, dead suddenly he downe did sinke.

56  
 Which, when I wretch. Not one word more shee said,  
 But breaking off the end for want of breath,  
 And ftyding soft, as downe to sleepe her laid,  
 And ended all her woe in quiet death.  
 That seeing good Sir *Guyon*, could vneath  
 From teares abstaine: for griefe his hart did grate,  
 And from so heuie fight his head did wreath,  
 Accusing Fortune, and too cruell fate,  
 Which plunged had faire Lady in yo wretched state.

57  
Then turning to the Palmer, said, Old fire,  
Behold the Image of mortalitye,  
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tire,  
When raging passion with fierce tyrannie  
Robs reason of her due regalitie,  
And makes it seruauant to her basest part:  
The strong, it weakens with infirmities,  
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart;  
The strong, through pleasure soonest falls, the weake

58 (through smart.)  
But temperance (said he) with golden squire  
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,  
Neither to melt in pleasures hot desire,  
Nor fry in hartlesse griefe and dolefull teene.  
Thrice happy man, who fares them both atweene:  
But, sith this wretched woman overcome  
Of anguish, rather then of crime hath bene,  
Reserue her cause to her eternall doome;  
And in the meane, vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

59  
Palmer (quoth he) death is an euill doome  
To good and bad, the common Inne of rest;  
But, after death, the tryall is to come,  
When best shall be to them that liued best:

But, both alike, when death hath both supprest,  
Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,  
Which whofo wants, wants fo much of his rest:  
For, all fo great shame after death I weene,  
As selfe to dyen bad, vburied bad to beene.

60  
So, both agree their bodies to engraue;  
The great earths wombe they open to the sky;  
And with sad Cypresse seemely it embrace;  
Then couering with a clod their closed eye,  
They lay therein those corfes tenderly,  
And bid them sleepe in euerlasting peace.  
But, ere they did their vntoost obsequy,  
Sir Guyon, more affection to increafe,  
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should aye release.

61  
The dead Knights sword out of his sheath he drew,  
With which he cut a lock of all their haire,  
Which meddling with their blond and earth, he threw  
Into the Graue, and gan deuoutly sweare;  
Such and such euill God on Guyon reare,  
And worse and worse young Orphane be thy paine,  
If I, or thou, due vengeance doe forbear,  
Till guiltie blond her guard on doe obtaine:  
So, shedding many teares, they clos'd the earth againe.



## Canto II.

*Babes bloody hands may not be clens'd,  
the face of golden Meare.  
Her sisters two Extremities:  
sriue her to banish cleane.*



1  
**T**Hus when Sir Guyon with his faithfull guide  
Had with due rites and dolorous lament  
The end of their sad Tragedie vptide,  
The little babe vp in his armes he hent;  
Who with sweet pleasure & bold blandish-  
Gonsmile on them, that rather ought to weep, (ment  
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent  
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deep  
In that Knights hart, & words with bitter teares did steep.

2  
Ah! Iucklesse babe, borne vnder cruell star,  
And in dead Parents balefull ashes bred,  
Full little weeneest thou, what sorrows are  
Left thee for portion of thy luckelied,

1  
Poore Orphane, in the wide world scattered,  
As budding branch rent from the natiue tree,  
And thrown forth, till it be withered:  
Such is the state of men: thus enter wee  
Into this life with woe, and end with miserie.

3  
Then soft himselfe inclining on his knee  
Downe to that Well, did in the water weene  
(So loue does loath disdainfull nicities)  
His guilty hands from bloudie gore to cleene.  
He wassit them oft and oft, yet nought they becene  
(For all his washing) cleaner. Still he stroue,  
Yet still the little hands were bloudie seene;  
The which him into great amazement droue,  
And into diuers doubt his waucring wonder cloue.

F 4.

He

4  
He wist not whether blot of foule offence  
Might not be purg'd with water nor with bath;  
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,  
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,  
To shew how sore bloud-guiltinesse he hath;  
Or that the charme and venom, which they drunk,  
Their bloud with seere filth infected hath,  
Being diffused through the senselesse trunk,  
That through the great contagion direfull deadly stunk.

5  
Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord  
With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake;  
Ye been right hard amated, gracious Lord,  
And of your ignorance great maruell make,  
Whiles cause not well conceiued ye mistake.  
But knowe, that secret vertues are infus'd  
In euery Fountaine, and in euery Lake,  
Which who hath skill them rightly to haue chus'd,  
To prooue of passing wonders hath full often vs'd.

6  
Of those, some were so from their soure indewd  
By their Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap  
Their Well-heads spring, and are with moisture dewd;  
Which feedes each liuing plant with liquid sap,  
And filles with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap;  
But other some, by gift of later grace,  
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,  
Had vertue poured into their waters base, (place.  
And thence-forth were renown'd, & sought from place to

7  
Such is this Well, wrought by occasion strange,  
Which to her Nymph befell. Vpon a day,  
As shee the woods with bowe and shafts did range,  
The hartlike Hind and Roubucke to dismay,  
*Dan Faunus* chaunc't to meet her by the way,  
And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,  
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,  
And chased her, that fast from him did fly;  
As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

8  
At last, when failing breath began to faint,  
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affraid,  
She fate her downe to weepe for sore constraint,  
And to *Diana* calling loud for aide,  
Her deare besought, to let her die a maid.  
The Goddesse heard, and suddaine where she fate,  
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismaid  
With stonie feare of that rude rustick mate,  
Transform'd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

9  
Lo, now she is that stone; from those two heads  
(As from two weeping eyes) fresh streames doe flowe,  
Yet cold through feare, and old conceiued dreads;  
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to shoue,  
Shap't like a maid, that such ye may her knowe;  
And yet her vertues in her water bide:  
For, it is chaste and pure, as purest snowe,  
Ne lets her waues with any filth be dide,  
But euer (like her selfe) vnstained hath beene tride.

10  
From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand  
May not be cleand with water of this Well:  
Ne certes Sir striue you it to withstand,  
But let them still be bloody, as befell,  
That they his mothers innocence may tell,  
As she bequeath'd in her last testament;  
That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell  
In her founnes flesh, to minde reuengement,  
And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse moniment.

11  
Hee harkned to his reason, and the child  
Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare;  
But his sad fathers armes with bloud defild,  
An heauie load himselfe did lightly reare,  
And turning to that place, in which whyleare  
He left his lofty steed with golden fell,  
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not there.  
By other accident that earst befell,  
He is conuaide; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

12  
Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth,  
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appeale,  
And fairely fare on foote, how euer loth;  
His double burden did him fore diseafe.  
So long they traunaild with little ease,  
Till that at last they to a Castle came,  
Built on a rock adioyning to the seas;  
It was an ancient worke of antique fame,  
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

13  
Therein three sisters dwelt of fundry sort,  
The children of one fire by mothers three;  
Who dying whylome did diuide this Fort  
To them by equall shares in equal fee:  
But strifefull mind, and diuers qualitee  
Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:  
Still did they striue, and daily disagree;  
The eldest did against the youngest goe,  
And both against the middlest meant to worken woe.

14  
Where, when the Knight arriu'd, he was right well  
Receiud, as knight of so much worth became,  
Of second sister, who did far excell  
The other two; *Medina* was her name,  
A sober sad, and comely courteous Dame;  
Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guise,  
In goodly garments, that her well became,  
Faire marching forth in honourable wize,  
Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

15  
She led him vp into a goodly bowre,  
And comely courted with meet modestie;  
Ne in her speech, ne in her hauiour,  
Was lightnesse scene, or looser vanitie,  
But gracious womanhood, and grauitie,  
Abooue the reason of her youthly yeares:  
Her golden locks she roundly did vptie  
In brayded tramels, that no loofer heares  
Did out of order stray about her dainty eares.

16  
 Whil'ft she her selfe thus busily did frame,  
 Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,  
 Newes heereof to her other sisters came,  
 Who all this while were at their wanton rest,  
 Accounting each her friend with lawfull feast:  
 They were two knights of peerlesse puiflance,  
 And famous farre abroad for warlike gest,  
 Which to these Ladies loue did countenance,  
 And to his Mistresse each himselfe stroue to advance.

17  
 He that made loue vnto the eldest Dame,  
 Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;  
 Yet not to good of deeds, as great of name,  
 Which he by many rash adventures wan,  
 Since crant armes to few he first began;  
 More huge in strength, then wisen workes he was,  
 And reason with foole-hardize over-ran;  
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pass,  
 And was (for terrour more) all arm'd in shining brass.

18  
 But he that lov'd the youngest, was *Sans-loy*,  
 He that faire *Vna* late soule outraged,  
 The most vntuly and the boldest boy  
 That euer warlike weapons menaged,  
 And to all lawlesse lust encouraged,  
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might:  
 Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged  
 By tortious wrong, or whom bereau'd of right.  
 He now this Ladies champion chole for loue to fight.

19  
 These two gay knights, vow'd to so diuers louns,  
 Each other does enue with deadly hate,  
 And daily warre against his foeman moues,  
 In hope to win more fauour with his mate,  
 And th'others pleasing seruice to abate,  
 To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,  
 How in that place strange knight arriued late,  
 Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,  
 And fiercely vnto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

20  
 But ere they could proceed vnto the place  
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,  
 And cruell combat ioyn'd in middle space:  
 With horrible assault, and furie fell,  
 They heapt huge stroakes, the scorned life to quell,  
 That all on vpror from her fetted feat,  
 The house was rais'd, and all that in did dwell;  
 Seem'd that loud thunder with amazement great,  
 Did rend the ratling skies with flames of fouldring heat.

21  
 The noyse thereof calth forth that stranger Knight,  
 To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;  
 Where, when as two braue knights in bloudy fight  
 With deadly rancour he enraged fond,  
 His sunbroad shield about his wreat he bond,  
 And shyning blade yn sheath'd, with which he ran  
 Vnto that stead, their strife to vnderfond;  
 And, at his first arriual, them began  
 With goodly means to pacifie, well as he can.

22  
 But they him spying, both with greedy force  
 Attonce vpon him ran, and lum beset  
 With stroakes of mortall Steele without remorse,  
 And on his shield like iron sledges bet:  
 As when a Beare and Tigre, being met  
 In cruell fight on lybicket Ocean wide,  
 Espy a trauailer with feet furber,  
 Whom they in equal prey hope to diuide,  
 They stint their strife, and him assaile on eury side.

23  
 But he, not like a wearie trauailere,  
 Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,  
 And suffred not their blowes to bite him nere,  
 But with redoubled buffes them back did put:  
 Whose grieued mindes, which choler did englut,  
 Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,  
 Gan with new rage their shields to heve and cut;  
 But full when *Guyon* came to part their fight,  
 With heauie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

24  
 As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,  
 Whom raging winds threatening to make the pray  
 Of the rough rocks, do diuersly diseafe,  
 Meets two contrary billowes by the way,  
 That her on eicher side dofore asslay,  
 And boast to swallow her in greedy Graue;  
 She, scorning both their spights, does make wide way,  
 And with her breast breaking the fony wave,  
 Does ride on both their backs, and saue her selfe doth saue:

25  
 So boldly he him beares, and ruslieth forth  
 Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.  
 Won Irouis great prowesse and herôick worth  
 He shew'd that day, and rare ensample made,  
 When two so mighty warriors hee did made:  
 Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and payes,  
 Now forc't to yield, now forcing to invade,  
 Before, behind, and round about him layes:  
 So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

26  
 Strange sort of fight, three valiant knights to see  
 Three combats ioyne in one, and to darraine  
 A triple warre with triple enmittee,  
 All for their Ladies froward loue to gainz,  
 Which gotten was but hate. So loue does raise  
 In stoutest mindes, and maketh monstrous warres:  
 He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,  
 And yet his peace is but continuall iarre:  
 O miserable men, that to him subiect are!

27  
 While thus they mingled were in furious armes,  
 The faire *Medina* with her tresses torne,  
 And naked breast (in pittie of their harmes)  
 Emongst them ran, and falling them before,  
 Besought them by the wombe which them had borne,  
 And by the lounes, which were to them most deare,  
 And by the knight hood, which they sure had sworne,  
 Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,  
 And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

But

28

But her two other sisters, standing by,  
Her loud gainſaid, and both their Champion bad  
Pursue the end of their strong enmity,  
As euer of their loues they would be glad.  
Yet she, with pittly words and counsell sad,  
Still stroue their stubborne rages to reuoke;  
That, at the last, suppressing fury mad,  
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,  
And harken to the sober speeches which she spoke.

29

Ah! puſſaunt Lords, what cursed euill Spright,  
Or fell *Erimys*, in your noble harts  
Her hellish brood hath kindled with despight,  
And shrd you vp to worke your wilfull smarts?  
Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts  
Of glorious knight-hood, after blood to thurst,  
And not regard due right and iust defarts?  
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniust,  
That more to mighty hands, then rightfull cause doth trust.

30

And, were there rightfull cause of difference,  
Yet were not better, faire it to accord,  
Then with blood-guiltines to heape offence,  
And mortall vengeance ioyne to crime abhord?  
O! fly from wrath: fly, ô my lifeſest Lord.  
Sad be the fights, and bitter fruites of warre,  
And thousand Furies wait on wrathfull sword;  
Ne ought the praife of prowesse more doth marre,  
Then foule reuenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

31

But louely concord, and most sacred peace,  
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;  
Weake she makes strong, & strong thing docs increase,  
Till it the pitch of highest praife exceeds:  
Braue be her warres, and honourable deeds,  
By which she triumphs ouer ire and pride,  
And winnes an Oliue girlond for her meeds:  
Be therefore, ô my deare Lords, pacifide,  
And this misseeming discord meekly lay aside.

32

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,  
And sunke so deepe into their boyling breasts,  
That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,  
And lowely did abase their lostie crefts  
To her faire preſence, and discrete behests.  
Then she began a treatie to procure,  
And stablish termes betwixt both their requests,  
That as a lawe for euer should endure;  
Which to obserue, in word of knights they did assure.

33

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,  
After their wearie sweat and bloody toile,  
She them besought, during their quiet treague,  
Into her lodging to repair awhile,  
To rest themselues, and grace to reconcile.  
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare,  
Where they are well recei'd, and made to spoile  
Themselues of soiled armes, and to prepare  
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty fare.

34

And those two froward sisters (their faire loues)  
Came with them eke (all were they wondrous loth)  
And ſained cheare, as for the time behoues;  
But could not colour yet so well the troth,  
But that their naures bad appear in both:  
For, both did at their second sister grutch,  
And inly grieue, as doth an hidden moth  
The inner garment fret, not th' vtter touch; (much.)  
One thought their chear too little, th' other thought too

35

*Elissa* (so the eldest hight) did deeme  
Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,  
Ne ought would speake, but euermore did seeme  
As discontent for want of mirth or meat;  
No solace could her Paramour intreat  
Her once to shoue, ne court, nor dalliance:  
But with bent lowing browes, as she would threat,  
She scould, and frownd with froward countenance,  
Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernaunce.

36

But young *Perissa* was of other mind,  
Full of disport, still laughing, loofely light,  
And quite contrary to her sisters kind;  
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,  
But poured out in pleasure and delight;  
In wine and meats she flow'd about the bank,  
And in excess she exceeded her owne might;  
In sumptuous tire she ioy'd her selfe to prank;  
But of her loue too lanish (little haue she thank.)

37

First, by her side did sit the bold *Sansloy*,  
Fit mate for such a mincing mineon,  
Who in her loofenesse tooke exceeding ioy;  
Might not be found a franker franion,  
Of her lewd parts to make companion;  
But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,  
Did see and grieue at his bold fashion;  
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,  
Yet still he sat, and inly did himselfe torment.

38

Betwixt them both, the faire *Medina* late,  
With sober grace, and goodly carriage:  
With equall measure she did moderate  
The strong extremities of their outrage;  
That forward paire she euer would asswage,  
When they would striue due reason to exceed;  
But that same froward twaine would encourage,  
And of her plenty adde vnto their need:  
So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.

39

Thus fairely shee tempered her feast,  
And pleasd them all with meet satietie:  
At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,  
She *Guyon* deare besought of certesie,  
To tell from whence he came through ieopardie,  
And whither now on new adventure bound.  
Who, with bold grace, and comely grauity,  
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,  
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound.

40

This thy demand, ô Lady, doth requie  
 Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,  
 Great and most glorious virgin Queene aliue,  
 That with her fouer,aigne powre, and seeptr sheene,  
 All Faerie Lond does peaceable susteine.  
 In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,  
 That ouer all the earth it may be seene;  
 As morning sunne her beames dispredden cleare :  
 And in her face, faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

41

In her, the riches of all heaucnyl grace  
 In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hie :  
 And all, that else this worlds enclosure base  
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,  
 Adornes the person of her Maiestie ;  
 That men beholding so great excellence,  
 And rare perfection in mortalitie,  
 Doe her adore with sacred reuerence,  
 As th' Idole of her Makers great magnificence.

42

To her, I homage and my seruice owe,  
 In number of the noblest knights on ground,  
 Amongst whom, on me she deigned to bestowe  
 Order of *Maydenhead*, the moit renownd,  
 That may this day in all the world be found :  
 An yearely solemne feast she wonts to make  
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around ;  
 To which all Knights of worth and courage bold  
 Resort, to heare of strange adventures to be told.

43

There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,  
 And to that mighty Princeesse did complaine  
 Of gricuous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay  
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,

Whereof he crav'd redresse. My Soueraigne,  
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes  
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,  
 Etstoones deuis'd redresse for such annoyes ;  
 Mee (all vnfit for so great purpose) she employes.

44

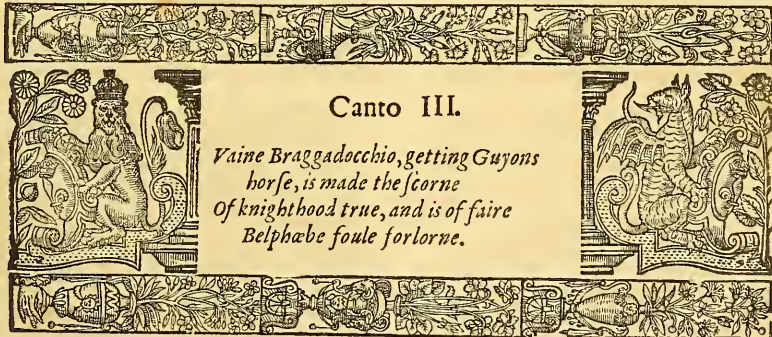
Now hath faire *Phæbe* with her silver face  
 Thrice seene the shadowes of the neather world,  
 Sith last I left that honourable place,  
 In which her royall presence is introll'd ;  
 Ne cuer shall I rest in house nor hold,  
 Till I that false *Acrasia* haue wonne ;  
 Of whose foule deeds (too hideous to be told)  
 I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,  
 Whose wofull Parents she hath wickedly fordonne.

45

Tell on, faire Sir, said she, that dolefull tale,  
 From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,  
 That we may pity such vnhappy bale,  
 And learne from pleasures poyton to abstaine :  
 Ill, by ensample, good doth often gaine.  
 Then forward he his purpose gan pursue,  
 And told the storie of the mortall paine,  
 Which *Mordant* and *Amavia* did reu ;  
 As with lamenting eyes himselfe did lately view.

46

Night was farre spent, and now in *Ocean* deepe  
*Orion*, flying fast from hissing Snake,  
 His flaming head did hasten for to steepe,  
 When of his pittious tale he end did make ;  
 Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake,  
 Those guests beguiled, did beguile their eyes  
 Of kindly sleepe, that did them ouertake.  
 At last, when they had markt the changed skyes,  
 They wist their houre was spent ; then each to rest him hies.



## Canto III.

*Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guyons  
 horse, is made the scorn  
 Of knighthood true, and is of faire  
 Belphæbe soule forlorne.*

1

**S**oon as the morrow faire with purple beames  
 Disperst the shadowes of the mistie night,  
 And *Titan* playing on the Easterne streames,  
 Gan cleare the dewy aire with springing light,

*Sir Guyon*, mindfull of his vow yplight,  
 Vpote from drowie couch, and him addrest  
 Vnto the journey which he had beight :  
 His puissant armes about his noble brest,  
 And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

Then

2  
Then, taking *Congé* of that virgin pure,  
The bloody-handed babe vnto her truth  
Did earnestly commit, and her coniure,  
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,  
And all that gentle nouriture enſueth:  
And, that ſo loone as riper yeares her aught,  
He might for memory of that daies ruth,  
Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,  
T'auenge his Parents death, on them that had it wrought.

3  
So forth he far'd, as now beſell, on foot,  
Sith his good ſteed is lately from him gone:  
Patience perforce; helpeleſſe what may it boot  
To ſtrefor anger, or for grieſe to mone?  
His Palmer now ſhall foot no more alone:  
So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woods ſide  
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,  
He left his ſteed without, and ſpeare beſide,  
And ruſhed in on foote, to ayde her ere ſhe dide.

4  
The whiles, a loſell wandring by the way,  
One that to bounty neuer caſt his mind,  
Ne thought of honour euer did aſſay  
His baſer breſt, but in his keſtrell kind  
A pleaſing veine of glory vaine did find,  
To which his flowing tongue, and troublous ſpright  
Gauē him great ayde, and made him more inclin'd:  
He, that braue ſteed there finding ready dight,  
Parloynd both ſteed and ſpeare, and ran away full light.

5  
Now gan his hart all ſwell in iollitie,  
And of himſelſe great hope and helpe conceiu'd,  
That puff'd vp with ſmoake of vanitie,  
And with ſelſe-loued perſonage deceiu'd,  
He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd  
For ſuch, as he him thought, or ſaine would bee:  
But, for in court gay portauance he perceiu'd,  
And gallant ſhew to be in greateſt gree,  
Eſſoonces to Court he caſt t'auance his firſt degree.

6  
And by the way he chaunced to eſpy  
One ſitting idle on a funny banke,  
To whom auauing in great brauery,  
As Peacock, that his painted plumes doth pranke,  
He ſmore his courſer in the trembling flank,  
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling ſpeare:  
The feely man, ſeeing him ride fo rank,  
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,  
And crying Mercy loud, his pittious hands gan reare.

7  
Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous proud,  
Through fortune of his firſt aduenture faire,  
And with big thundring voyce reuil'd him loud;  
Vile Caytiue, waſfall of dread and deſpaire,  
Vnworthy of the common breathed aire,  
Why liueſt thou, dead dog, a lenger day,  
And dooſt nor vnto death thy ſelſe prepare?  
Die, or thy ſelſe my captiue yield for ay;  
Great fauour I thee grant, for aunſwere thus to ſtay.

8  
Hold, ô deare Lord, hold your dead-dooing hand,  
Then loud he cride, I am your humble thrall.  
Ah wretch (quoth he) thy deſtinies wiſtand  
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.  
I giue thee life: therefore proſtrated fall  
And kiſſe my ſtirrup; that thy homage bee.  
The Miſer threwe himſelſe as an Offall,  
Straight at his foote in baſe humilitee,  
And cleaped him his Liege, to hold of him in Fee.

9  
So, happy peace they made and faire accord:  
Eſſoonces this liege-man gan to wex more bold,  
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,  
In his owne kind he gan himſelſe vnfold:  
For, he was wylie witted, and growne old  
In cunning fleights and praſtick knauery.  
From that day forth he caſt for to vphold  
His idle humour with ſine flattery,  
And blowe the bellows to his ſwelling vanitie.

10  
*Trompart*, fit man for *Brageadochio*,  
To ſerue at Court in view of vaunting cye;  
Vaine-glorious man, when ſtuttring wind does blowe  
In his light wings, is liſted vp to ſky:  
The ſcorne of knight-hood and true cheualrie,  
To thinke without deſert of gentle deed,  
And noble worth, to be aduanced hie:  
Such prayſe is ſhame; but honour, vertues meed,  
Doth beare the faireſt ſlowe in honourable feed.

11  
So, forth they paſſe (a well conſorted paire)  
Till that at length with *Archmage* they meet:  
Who ſeeing one that ſhone in armour faire,  
On goodly courſer, thundring with his feet,  
Eſſoonces ſuppoſed him a perſon meet,  
Of his revenge to make the inſtrument:  
For, ſince the *Redcroſſe* knight he earſt did weete,  
To been with *Guyon* knit in one conſent,  
The ill, which earſt to him, he now to *Guyon* meant.

12  
And coming cloſe to *Trompart*, gan inquire  
Of him, what mighty warriour that mote bee,  
That rode in golden fell with ſingle ſpeare,  
But wanted ſword to wreake his enmittee.  
He is a great aduenturer (ſaid hee)  
That hath his ſword through hard aſſay forgone,  
And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee  
Of that deſpight, neuer to wearen none;  
That ſpeare is him enough to doen a thouſand grone.

13  
Th'enchaunter greatly ioied in the want,  
And weened well ere long his will to win,  
And both his ſoen with equall ſoyle to daunt.  
Tho, to him louting lowly, did begin  
To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin  
By *Guyon*, and by that falſe *Redcroſſe* knight;  
Which two, through treaſon and deceitfull gin,  
Had ſlaine Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:  
That mote him honour win, to wreake ſo foule deſpight.  
There-



14  
There-with all suddainely he seem'd enraged,  
And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,  
As if their liues had in his hand been gaged;  
And with fuffe force shaking his mortall lance,  
To let him weete his doughtie valiaunce,  
Thus said; Old man, great sure shall be thy meed,  
If where those knights for feare of dew vengeance  
Doe lurke, thou certainly to me aeed,  
That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

15  
Certes, my Lord (said he) that shall I soone,  
And giue you eke good help to their decay:  
But mote I wisely you aduise to doon;  
To let no ods to your foes, but doe puruay  
Your selfe of sword before that bloody day:  
For, they be two the prowest knights on ground,  
And oft approu'd in many hard ayt;  
And eke of surest steele, that may be found,  
Do arme your selfe againt that day, them to confound.

16  
Dotard (said he) let be thy deepe aduise;  
Seemes that through many yeeres thy wits thee faile,  
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise;  
Else neuer should thy iudgement be so fraile,  
To measure manhood by the sword or maile.  
Is not enough foure quarters of a man,  
Withouten sword or shield, an host to quaile?  
Thou little wotest, what this right hand can:  
Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes which it wan.

17  
The man was much abashed at his boast;  
Yet well he wist, that whofo would contend  
With either of those Knights on euen coast,  
Should need of all his armes, him to defend;  
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,  
When *Braggadocchio* said, Once I did sweare,  
When with one sword seuen knights I brought to end,  
Thence-forth in battaile neuer sword to beare,  
But it were that, which no noblest knight on earth doth weare.

18  
Pardie, Sir Knight, said then th' enchaunter bliue,  
That shall I shortly purchase to your hond:  
For, now the best and noblest knight aliue  
Prince *Arthur* is, that vponnes in Faerie lond;  
He hath a sword that flames like burning brond.  
The same (by my aduise) I vndertake  
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.  
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,  
And wondred in his mind, what mote that monster make.

19  
He staid not for more bidding, but away  
Was suddaine vanished out of his sight:  
The Northerne wind his wings did broad display  
At his commaund, and reared him vp light  
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.  
They lookt about, but no where could espy  
Traict of his foote: then dead through great affright  
They both nigh were, and each bad other flie:  
Both fled at once, ne euer backe returned eye:

20  
Till that they come vnto a Forest greene;  
In which they throwd themselves from causelesse feare;  
Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene.  
Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they heare,  
As gastly bug their haire on end does reare:  
Yet both doe stiaue their fearefulnesse to faine.  
At last, they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare  
Throughout the wood, that echoed againe,  
And made the forest ring, as it would rine in twaine.

21  
Est through the thicke they heard one rudely rush;  
With noyse whereof he from his lofty speed  
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,  
To hide his coward head from dying dread.  
But *Trompart* stoutly staid to taken heed  
Of what might hap. Est' soone there stepped forth  
A goodly Lady, clad in hunters weed,  
That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,  
And by her stately portance, borne of heavenly birth.

22  
Her face so faire as flesh it seem'd not,  
But heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,  
Cleare as the skie, withouten blame or blot,  
Through goodly mixture of complexion's dew;  
And in her cheeks the vermill red did shew  
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,  
The which ambrosiall odours from them throwd,  
And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,  
Able to heale the sicke, and to reuue the ded.

23  
In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,  
Kindled aboue at th' heavenly makers light,  
And darted fire beames out of the same,  
So passing pearceant, and so wondrous bright;  
That quite becreau'd the rash beholders sight:  
In them the blinded god his lustfull fire  
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;  
For, with drad Maiestie, and awfull ire;  
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

24  
Her Iuorie forehead, full of bountie braue,  
Like a broad table did it selfe disprede,  
For Lone his lostie triumphs to engraued;  
And wrote the battels of his great godhed:  
All good and honour might therein be red:  
For there their dwelling was. And when thee spake,  
Sweet words, like dropping honny she did shed,  
And twist the pearles and rubins lustily brake  
A silver found, that heauenly mufics seem'd to make.

25  
Vpon her eye-lids many Graces fate,  
Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,  
Working belgards, and amorous retrate,  
And euery one her with a grace endowes:  
And cuery one with meekenesse to her bowes.  
So glorious mirroure of celestiall grace,  
And foueraine moniment of mortall vowes,  
How shall frail pen descriue her heavenly face,  
For feare through want of skill her beautie to disgrace:

26

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire  
 She seem'd, when she presented was to fight,  
 And was yclad (for hear of scorching aire)  
 All in a silken Camus, lilly white,  
 Purfied vpon with many a folded plight,  
 Which all about befrinkled was throughout,  
 With golden aygulcts, that glistred bright,  
 Like twinkling starres, and all the skirt about  
 Was hemd with golden fringe

27

Below her ham her weede did some-what traine,  
 And her streight legs most brauely were embayld  
 In gilden buskins of costly Cordwaine,  
 All bard with golden bendes, which were entaild  
 With curious anticks, and full faire aumail:  
 Before, they fastned were vnder her kneec  
 In a rich Iwell, and therein entraild  
 The end of all their knots, that none might seee,  
 How they within their foulings close enwrapped bee.

28

Like two faire Marble pillours they were seene,  
 Which doe the temple of the Gods support,  
 Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,  
 And honour in their festiual resort;  
 Those fame with stately grace, and princely port  
 She taught to tread, when she her selfe would grace:  
 But with the woody Nymphes when she did play,  
 Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,  
 She could them nimbly moue, and after siee apace.

29

And in her hand a sharp bore-speare she held,  
 And at her backe a bowe and quier gay,  
 Stuff with steele-headed darts, where-with she queld  
 The saluage beasts in her victorious play,  
 Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay  
 Athwart her snowy breast, and did diuide  
 Her dainty paps; which like young fruit in May  
 Now little gan to swell, and beeing ride,  
 Through her thin weed their places onely signified.

30

Her yellowe locks crisped, like golden wire,  
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,  
 And when the wind amongst them did inspire,  
 They waued like a penon wide disspred,  
 And lowe behinde her backe were scattered:  
 And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,  
 As through the flowing Forrest rash she fled,  
 In her rude haire sweet flowes themselucs did lap,  
 And flourishing fresh leaues and blossoms did enwrap.

31

Such as *Diana* by the sandy shore  
 Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,  
 Where all the Nymphes haue her viwarcs forlore,  
 Wandreth alone with bowe and arrowes keene,  
 To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene  
 Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,  
 The day that first of *Prisme* she was seene,  
 Did shew her selfe in great triumphant ioy,  
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

32

Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* her did view,  
 He was dismayed in his coward mind,  
 And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,  
 Or fly away, or bide alone behind:  
 Both feare and hope he in her face did find,  
 When she at last him spying, thus bespake;  
 Haile *Groome*; didst not thou seee a bleeding Hind,  
 Whose right haunch carst my stedfast arrowe strake?  
 If thou didst, tell mee, that I may her overtake.

33

Where-with reui'd, this answere forth he threw;  
 O *Goddesse* (for such I thee take to bee)  
 For, neither doth thy face terrestiall shew,  
 Nor voyce found mortall; I avow to thee,  
 Such wounded beast, as that, I did not seee,  
 Sith earst into this Forrest wild I came.  
 But mote thy goodlyhed forgieue it mee,  
 To weet which of the Gods I shall thee name,  
 That vnto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

34

To whom she thus; but ere her words enswed,  
 Vnto the bush her eye did suddaine glaunce,  
 In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewed,  
 And saw it sturre: she left her pearing launce,  
 And towards gan a deadly shaft aduance,  
 In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,  
*Trompart* forth stept, to stay the mortal chauce,  
 Out-crying, & what euer heavenly powre,  
 Or earthly wight thou be, with-hold this deadly howre.

35

O stay thy hand: for, yonder is no game  
 For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercise;  
 Lut lo, my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,  
 Is farre renown'd through many bold emprise;  
 And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.  
 She staid: with that, he crauld out of his nest,  
 Forth creeping on his cartiue hands and thies,  
 And standing stoutly vp, his lostie crest  
 Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late from rest.

36

As fearefull fowle, that long in secret Caue  
 For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,  
 Not caring how, her silly life to saue,  
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid,  
 Seeing at last her selfe from danger rid,  
 Peepes forth, and soone renews her natie pride;  
 She gins her feathers foule disfigured  
 Proudly to prune, and set on euery side,  
 So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide!

37

So when her goodly visage he beheld,  
 He gan himselfe to vaunt: but when he viewed  
 Thofe deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,  
 Soone into other fits he was transmewed,  
 Till shee to him her gracious speech renewed;  
 All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,  
 As all the like, which honour haue purfued  
 Through deeds of armes and prowesse Martiall;  
 All vertue merits praise: but such the most of all.

38  
 To whom he thus; ô fairest vnder skie,  
 True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,  
 That warlike feates dooft highest glorifie.  
 Therein hane I spent all my youthly daies,  
 And many battailes fought, and many fraies  
 Throughout the world, wherefo they might bee found,  
 Endenouring my dreaded name to raise  
 About the Moone, that fame may it referound  
 In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland croud.

39  
 But, what art thou (ô Lady) which dooft range  
 In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,  
 And doost not it for ioyous Court exchange,  
 Amongst thine equall Peeres, where happy blifs  
 And all delight does raigne, much more then this?  
 There thou maist loue, and dearly loued bee,  
 And swim in pleasure, which thou heere doost miss;  
 There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:  
 The wood is fit for beasts; the Court is fit for thee.

40  
 Whofo in pompe of proud estate (quoth shee)  
 Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blifs,  
 Does waste his daies in darke obscuritee,  
 And in obliuion euer buried is:  
 Where ease abounds, yt's eath to doe amifs;  
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mind  
 Behaues with cares, cannot so easie miss.  
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind  
 Who seekes with painfull toile, shall honour soonest find.

41  
 In woods, in waues, in warres she wons to dwell,  
 And will be found with perill and with paine;  
 Ne can the man that moulds in idle Cell,  
 Vnto her happy mansion attaine:  
 Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,  
 And wakefull Watches euer to abide:  
 But easie is the way, and passage plaine  
 To Pleasures palace; it may loone be spide,  
 And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

42  
 In Princes Court, The rest she would haue said,  
 But that the foolish man (sild with delight  
 Of her sweet words, that all his sense dismaid,  
 And with her wondrous beauty rausht quite)

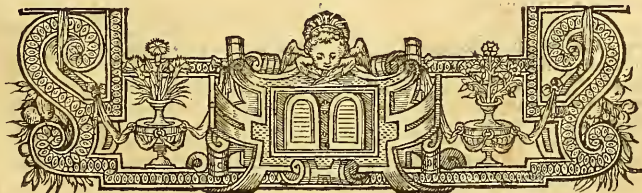
Gan burne in filthy luit, and leaping light,  
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.  
 With that, she swaruing back, her laurell bright  
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:  
 So, turned her about, and fled away apace.

43  
 Which when the Peasant saw, amaz'd hee stood,  
 And grieved at her sight; yet durst hee nor  
 Purfew her steps, through wild vnknown wood;  
 Besides, he feard her wrath, and threatened shor  
 Whiles in the bush he lay, nor yet forgot:  
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vaine;  
 But turning, said to *Trompart*, What foule blot  
 Is this to knight, that Lady should againe  
 Depart to woods vntoucht, and leaue to proud disdain?

44  
 Perdie (said *Trompart*) let her passe at will,  
 Least by her presence danger mote befall.  
 For, who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)  
 But that she is some powre celestiall?  
 For, whiles she spake, her great words did appall  
 My feeble courage, and my hart oppresse,  
 That yet I quake and tremble ouer all:  
 And (said *Bracadocchio*) thought no lesse,  
 When first I heard her horne sound with such gastinesse.

45  
 For, from my mothers wome this gracé I haue  
 Me giuen by eternall destinie,  
 That earthly thing may not my courage braue  
 Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flie,  
 But eicher hellish fiends, or powres on he:  
 Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,  
 Weening it had beene thunder in the sky,  
 I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;  
 But when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard:

46  
 But now, for feare of worse that may betide,  
 Let vs soone hence depart. They soone agree;  
 So to his steed he got, and gan to ride  
 As one vnst therefore, that all might see  
 He had not trained been in cheualree,  
 Which well that valiant courser did discernie;  
 For, he despis'd to tread in dew degree,  
 But chaust and fom'd, with courage fierce and sterne,  
 And to be eas'd of that base burden still did yerne.





## Canto III.

*Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,  
and stops Occasion:  
Deliuers Phedon, and therefore  
by Strife is rayld vpon.*



**N** braue pursuit of honourable deede,  
There is I knowe not what great difference  
Betwene the vulgar and the noble seed,  
Which vnto things of valorous pretence  
Seemes to be borne by nature influence;  
As, featcs of armes, and loue to entertaine:  
But chiefly skill to ride, seemes a sciencie  
Proper to gentle blood; some others faine  
To menage feedes, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

But he (the rightfull owner of that sted)  
Who well could menage and subdue his pride,  
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,  
With that black Palmer, his most trustie guide;  
Who suffred not his wandring feet to slide.  
But when strong passion, or weake fleshlineffe  
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,  
He would through temperance and stedfastnesse,  
Teach him the weak to strengthen, & the strong suppressse.

It fortun'd forth furing on his way,  
He saw from farre, or seemed for to see  
Some troublous vprore or contentious fray,  
Whereto he drew in haste to agree.  
A mad man, or that fained mad to bee,  
Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,  
A handsome stripling with great crueltee,  
Whom fore he bet, and gor'd with many a wound,  
That cheeks with teares, & sides with blood did all abound.

And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalke,  
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray,  
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,  
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;  
Her locks, that loathly were and hoarie gray,  
Grew all afore, and loosely hung vnrold,  
But all behind was bald, and worne away,  
That none thereof could euer taken hold,  
And eke her face ill fauour'd, full of wrinkles old.

And euer as shee went, her tongue did walke  
In foule reproche, and tearmes of vile despight,  
Prouoking him by her outrageous talke,  
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;  
Sometimes she raught him stones, where-with to smite,  
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,  
Withouten which she could not goe vp right;  
Ne any euill meanes she did forbear,  
That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

The noble *Guyon* mou'd with great remorse,  
Approching, first the Hag did thrust away;  
And after, adding more impetuous force,  
His mightie hands did on the mad man lay,  
And pluckt him back; who, all on fire straight way,  
Against him turning all his fell intent,  
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,  
And smot, and bit, and kickt, and scarcht, and rent,  
And did he wist not what in his auengement.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,  
Had he had gouernance, it well to guide:  
But when the frantick fit inflam'd his spright,  
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wide,  
Then at the ayemd marke, which he had cyde:  
And oft himselfe he chaunc't to hurt vnwares,  
Whilst reason blent through passion, nought descride,  
But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares, (nought cares,  
And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom hee hurts,

His rude assault and rugged handeling,  
Strange seemed to the Knight, that aye with foe  
In fure defence and goodly menaging  
Of armes was wont to fight: yet natifemoe  
Was he abashed now not fighting so;  
But more enfierecd through his curish play,  
Him sternely gryp't, and haling to and fro,  
To overthrow him strongly did assay,  
But overthrew himselfe vnwares, and lower lay.

9  
 And being downe the villanefore did beate,  
 And bruze with clownish fits his manly face:  
 And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,  
 Still cald vpon to kill him in the place.  
 With whole reproche and odious menace  
 The Knight emboyling in his haughty hart,  
 Knit all his forces, and gan soone vnbrace  
 His grasping hold: so lightly did vpart,  
 And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

10  
 Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly crye,  
 Not so, ô *Guyon*, neuer thinke that so  
 That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:  
 He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,  
 As Steele can wound, or strength can overthrowe:  
 That fame is *Furor*, cursed cruell wight,  
 That vnto knighthood works much shame and woe:  
 And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight  
*Occasion*, the root of all wrath and despight.

11  
 With her, whofo will raging *Furor* tame,  
 Must first begin, and well her amenge:  
 First her restraine from her reprochetull blame,  
 And euill meanes, with which she doth enrage  
 Her frantick sonne, and kindles his courage:  
 Then when she is withdrawn, or strong withstood,  
 It's eath his idle furie to aswage,  
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood;  
 The banks are ouerflown, when stopped is the flood.

12  
 There-with Sir *Guyon* left his first emprise,  
 And turning to that woman, fast her heart  
 By the hoare locks, that hung before her eyes,  
 And to the ground her threw: yet nould she stent  
 Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,  
 But still prouok't her sonne to wreake her wrong;  
 But nathelasse he did her still torment,  
 And catching hold of her vngratious tongue,  
 Thereon an iron lock did fasten firme and strong.

13  
 Then when as vse of speech was from her rest,  
 With her two crooked hands she signes did make,  
 And beckned him, the last help she had left:  
 But he, that last left help away did take,  
 And both her hands fast bound vnto a stake,  
 That she no'e t're. Then gan her sonne to flie  
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;  
 But *Guyon* after him in haste did hie,  
 And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitie.

14  
 In his strong armes he stiffely him embrac't,  
 Who him gainestruing, nought at all preuaild:  
 For, all his powre was vtterly defac't,  
 And furious fits at earst quite weren quaild:  
 Oft he r'enforc't, and oft his forces fauld,  
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slack.  
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely haild,  
 And both his hands fast bound behind his back,  
 And both his feet in fetters to an iron rack.

15  
 With hundred iron chaines he did him bind,  
 And hundred knots that did him fore constraîne:  
 Yet his great iron teeth he still did grind,  
 And grimly gnash, threatening reuenge in vaine:  
 His burning eyen, whom bloudie strakes did staine,  
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire,  
 And more for ranke despight, then for great paine,  
 Shak't his long locks, colourd like copper-wire,  
 And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

16  
 Thus when as *Guyon*, *Furor* had captiu'd,  
 Turning about, he saw that wretched Squire,  
 Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriv'd,  
 Lying on ground, all foyle with bloud and mire:  
 Whom, when as he perceiu'd to respire,  
 He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dresse.  
 Beeing at last recur'd, he gan inquire,  
 What hard mishap him brought to such distress,  
 And made that caitiues thrall, the thrall of wretchednesse.

17  
 With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,  
 Faire Sir, quoth he, what man can shun the hap,  
 That hidden lyes vnaares him to surpris'e?  
 Misfortune waites advantage to entrap  
 The man most warie, in her whelming lap.  
 So me weake wretch, of many weakest ones,  
 Vnwecting, and vnware of such mishap,  
 She brought to mischief through occasion,  
 Where this same wicked villaine did me light vpon.

18  
 It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the soure  
 Of all my sorrow, and of these sad teares,  
 With whom from tender dug of common nource,  
 At once I was vpbrought: and eft when yeeres  
 More ripe vs reason lent to chuse our Peares,  
 Our selues in league of vowed loue we knit:  
 In which we long time, without iealous feares,  
 Our faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;  
 And for my part (I vow) dissembled not a whit.

19  
 It was my fortune common to that age,  
 To loue a Ladie faire of great degree,  
 The which was borne of noble parentage,  
 And set in highest seat of dignitee,  
 Yct seem'd no lesse to loue, then lov'd to bee:  
 Long I her seru'd, and found her faithfull still,  
 Ne euer thing could cause vs disagree:  
 Loue that two harts makes one, makes eke one will  
 Each stroue to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

20  
 My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake  
 Of all my loue and all my priuie;  
 Who greatly ioyous seem'd from my sake,  
 And gracious to that Ladie, as to mee,  
 Ne euer wight that mote so welcome bee,  
 As he to her, withouten blot or blame,  
 Ne euer thing, that shee could thinke or see,  
 But vnto him she would impart the same:  
 O wretched man! that would abuse fo gentle Dame.

21

At last, such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,  
That I that Lady to my spoule had wonne;  
Accord of friends, content of parents fought,  
Affiance made, my happinesse begonne,  
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,  
Which marriage make; that day too farre did seeme:  
Most ioyous man, on whom the shining Sunne  
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,  
And that my faller friend did no lesse ioyous deeme.

22

But ere that wished day his beame disclofd,  
He, either envying my toward good,  
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd,  
One day vnto me came in friendly mood,  
And told (for secret) how he vnderstood,  
That Lady whom I had to me affin'd,  
Had both distaind her honourable blood,  
And eke the faith, which she to me did bind;  
And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should find.

23

The gnawing anguish and sharpe iecalousie,  
Which his sad speech infixd in my brest,  
Rankled so fore, and festred inwardly,  
That my engriued mind could find no rest,  
Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,  
And him besought by that same sacred band  
Betwixt vs both, to counsell me the best.  
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand  
Aslur'd, ere long the truth to let me vnderstand.

24

Ere long, with like againe he boorded mee,  
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,  
And that it was a groome of base degree,  
Which of my loue was partner Paramour:  
Who vsed in a darke some inner bowre  
Her oft to meet: which better to approue,  
He promised to bring me at that howre,  
When I should see that would me neerer moue,  
And driue me to with-draw my blind abused loue.

25

This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,  
Did court the handmaid of my Lady deare,  
Who glad r'cmbosome his affection vile,  
Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare.  
One day to worke her to his will more neare,  
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (so free hight)  
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,  
Thus lowly to abase thy beauty bright,  
That it should not deface all others lesse light?

26

But if she had her least help to thee lent,  
T'adorne thy forme according thy desert,  
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone haue bent,  
And staind their praises with thy least good part;  
Ne should faire *Claribell* with all her art  
(Though she thy Lady be) approche thee neare:  
For prooffe thereof, this euening, as thou art,  
Array thy selfe in her most gorgeous gear,  
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

27

The Maiden, proud through praise, & mad through loue,  
Him harkned to, and soone her selfe arraid,  
The whiles to me the treachour did remoue  
His craftie engin, and as he had laid,  
Me leading, in a secret corner laid,  
The sad spectator of my Tragedie:  
Where left, he went, and his owne false part plaid,  
Disguised like that groome of base degree,  
Whom he had fein'd th' abuser of my loue to bee.

28

Effsoones he came vnto th' appointed place,  
And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arrayd,  
In *Claribellas* clothes. Her proper face  
I not discerned in that darke some shade,  
But weend it was my loue, with whom he plaid.  
Ah God! what horrour and tormenting griefe,  
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all afraid!  
Me hieser were t'n thousand deathes priefe,  
Then wound of iecalous worme, & shame of such repriefe.

29

I home returning, fraught with foule despight,  
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,  
Soone as my loathed loue appeared in fight,  
With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent;  
That after soone I dearly did lament:  
For, when the cause of that outrageous deed  
Demanded, I made plaine and euident,  
Her faultie Handmaid, which that bale did breed,  
Confest, how *Philemon* her wrought to change her weed.

30

Which when I heard, with horrible affright  
And hellish fury all enrag'd, I fought  
Vpon my selfe that vengeable despight  
To punish; yet it better first I thought,  
To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought.  
To *Philemon*, false faytour *Philemon*,  
I cait to pay that I so dearly bought;  
Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,  
And wash away his guilt with guiltie potion.

31

Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,  
To losse of loue adioyning losse of friend,  
I meant to purge both, with a third mischief, e  
And in my woes beginner it to end:  
That was *Pryene*; she did first offend,  
She last should smart: with which cruell intent,  
When I at her my murderous blade did bend,  
She fled away with gaffly dremint,  
And I purswing my fell purpose, after went.

32

Fearc gaue her wings, and rage enforc't my flight;  
Through Woods and Plaines, so long I did her chase,  
Till now fast man (whom your victorious might  
Hath thus made bound) me met in middle space;  
As I her, so he me pursu'd apace,  
And shortly overtooke. I, breathing ire,  
Sore chauffed at my stay in such a case,  
And with my heate, kindled his cruell fire;  
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspire.

Betwixt

33  
Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to die,  
Through wounds, and strokes, & stubborne handling,  
That death were better then such agony,  
As griefe and furie vnto me did bring;  
Of which in me yet sticks the mortall sting,  
That during life will neuer be appeald.  
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,  
Said *Guyon*, Squire, fore haue ye bene diseald;  
But all your hurts may soone through temperance be cald.

34  
Then gan the Palmer thus, Most wretched man,  
That to affections does the bridle lend;  
In their beginning they are weake and wan,  
But soone through suffrance growe to fearfull end;  
Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend:  
For, when they once to perfect strength doe growe,  
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend  
Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrowe:  
Wrath, ieaously, griefe, loue, this Squire haue laid thus lowe.

35  
Wrath, ieaousie, griefe, loue, doe thus expell:  
Wrath is a fire, and ieaousie a weede,  
Greefe is a flood, and loue a monster fell;  
The fire of sparks, the weed of little feede,  
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breed:  
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth doe thus delay;  
The sparks soone quench, the springing feed outweed,  
The drops dry vp, and filth wipe cleane away:  
So shall wrath, ieaousie, griefe, loue, die and decay.

36  
Vnlucky Squire (said *Guyon*) sith thou hast  
Falne into mischief through intemperance,  
Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,  
And guide thy waies with warie gouernance,  
Least worfe betide thee by some later chaunce.  
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin:  
*Phedon* I hight (quoth he) and doe aduance  
Mine auncestry from famous *Coradin*,  
Who first to raise our house to honour did begin.

37  
Thus as he spake, lo, farre away they spide  
A varlet running towards hastily,  
Whose flying feet fo fast their way applide,  
That round about a cloud of dust did sie,  
Which mingled all with sweat, did dim his eye.  
He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, hot,  
And all fo soyl'd, that none could him delcry;  
His countenance was bold, and bashed not  
For *Guyons* lookes, but scornfull eyglance at him shot.

38  
Behind his backe he bore a brazen shield,  
On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,  
A flaming fire in midst of bloudie field,  
And round about the wreath this word was writ,  
*Burnt I doe burne*. Right well befecerned it,  
To be the shield of some redoubted knight;  
And in his hand two darts exceeding fit,  
And deadly sharpe he held, whose heads were dight  
In poyson and in bloud of malice and despight.

39  
When hee in presence came, to *Guyon* first  
He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,  
Abandon this fore stalled place at crit,  
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,  
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne iopardie.  
The Knight at his great boldnesse wondered,  
And though he scorn'd his idle vanitie,  
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;  
For, not to growe ofnought he it coniectured.

40  
Varlet, this place most due to me I deeme,  
Yielded by him that held it forcibly. (seeme  
But, whence should come that harme, which thou doost  
To threat to him, that minds his chaunce t'aby?  
Perdy (said he) here comes, and is hard by  
A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,  
That neuer yet encountred enemy,  
But did him deadly daunt, or foule dismay;  
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.

41  
How hight he then (said *Guyon*) and from whence?  
*Pyrrhocles* is his name, renowned farre  
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,  
Full oft approu'd in many a cruell warre,  
The brother of *Cymochles*, both which arre  
The sonnes of old *Acrates* and *Despight*;  
*Acrates*, sonne of *Phlegeton* and *Iarre*:  
But *Phlegeton* is sonne of *Herebus* and *Night*:  
But *Herebus* sonne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

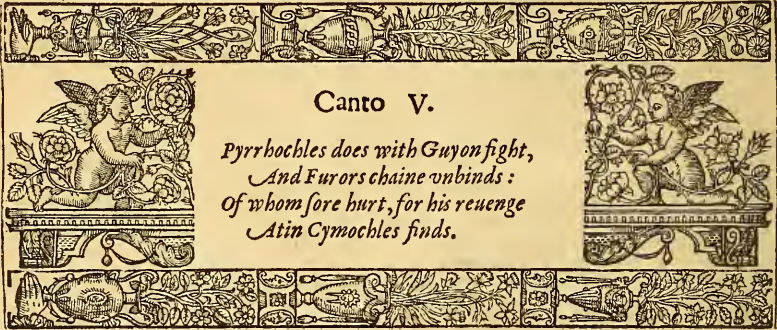
42  
So from immortall race he does proceed,  
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,  
Drad for his derring doe, and bloody deed;  
For, all in bloud and spoile is his delight.  
His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right,  
That matter make for him to worke vpon,  
And stirre him vp to strife and cruell fight.  
Fly therefore, sie this fearefull stead anon,  
Least thy foole-hardize worke thy sad confusion.

43  
His be that care, whom most it doth concerne  
(Said he): but whither with such hastie flight  
Art thou now bound? for, well mote I discern  
Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light.  
My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and straight behight  
To seek *Occasion*, wherefo she be:  
For, he is all disposed to blondy fight,  
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie;  
Hard is his hap, that first falls in his iopardie.

44  
Mad man (said then the Palmer) that does seek  
*Occasion* to wrath, and cause of strife;  
She comes vnought: and shunned, followes eke,  
Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancour rife  
Kindles Renenge, and threats his rustie knife;  
Woe neuer wants, where eury cause is caught,  
And rash *Occasion* makes vnquiet life.  
Then lo, where bound she sits, whom thou hast fought,  
(Said *Guyon*) let that message to thy Lord be brought.

That, when the varlet heard and saw, straight way  
 He wexed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,  
 That knights & knighthood doost with shame vpbray,  
 And shew'st th' ensample of thy childifh might,  
 With silly weake old woman thus to fight;  
 Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou got,  
 And stoutly prov'd thy puiffance here in fight;  
 That shall *Pyrrhocles* well requite, I wot,  
 And with thy bloud abolifh for reprochfull blot.

With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,  
 Headed with ire and vengeable defpight;  
 The quiuering Steele his aymed end well knew,  
 And to his breast it selfe intended right:  
 But he was warie, and ere it empight  
 In the meant marke, advaunc't his fluiet atweene;  
 On which it seizing, no way enter might,  
 But backe rebounding, left the fork-head keene;  
 Eftfoones he fled away, and might no where be scene.



## Canto V.

*Pyrrhocles does with Guyon fight,  
 And Furors chaine vnbinds:  
 Of whom sore hurt, for his reuenge  
 Atin Cymochles finds.*

**V** Ho-cuer doth to temperance apply  
 His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,  
 Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,  
 Then stubborne perturbation, to the same;  
 To which right well the wise doe giue that name,  
 For, it the goodly peace of stayed mindes  
 Does overthrowe, and troublous warre proclame:  
 His owne woes authour, whofo bound it findes,  
 As did *Pyrrhocles*, and it wilfully vnbindes.

After that varlets flight, it was not long,  
 Ere on the Plaine fast pricking *Guyon* spide  
 One in bright armes embattaile full strong,  
 That as the Sunny beames doe glauince, and glide  
 Vpon the trembling waue, so shined bright,  
 And round about him threw forth sparking fire,  
 That seem'd him to enflame on cury side:  
 His steed was blondy red, and fomed ire,  
 When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

Approching nigh, he neuer itayd to greet,  
 Ne chaffer words, proud courage to prouoke,  
 But prickt so sicre, that vnderneath his feet  
 The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,  
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;  
 And fairely couching his Steele-headed speare,  
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke;  
 It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare  
 To thinke, such hideous puiffance on foot to beare.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by  
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,  
 That the sharpe Steele arriuing forcibly  
 On his broad shueld, bit not, but glauncing fell  
 On his horse neck before the quilted sell,  
 And from the head the body sundred quight:  
 So him dismounted lowe, he did compell  
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight;  
 The trunked beast fast bleeding, did him fouly dight.

Sore bruized with the fall, he slowe vprofe,  
 And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;  
 Discall knight, whose coward courage chose  
 To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,  
 And shund the marke, at which it should be ment,  
 Thereby thine armes Ieeme strong, but manhood fraile;  
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent;  
 But little may such guile thee now auale,  
 If wonted force and fortune doe not much me faile.

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke  
 At him so fiercely, that the vpper marge  
 Of his feuenfolded shield away it tooke,  
 And glauncing on his helmet, made a large  
 And open gash therein: were not his targe,  
 That broke the violence of his intent,  
 The weary soule from thence it would discharge;  
 Nathelless, so sore a buffe to him it lent,  
 That made him reele, and to his breast his beuer bent.

Exceeding



7  
Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blowe,  
And much asham'd, that stroake of liuing arme  
Should him dismay, and make him stoupe so lowe,  
Though otherwise it did him little harme:  
Tho hurling high his iron braced arme,  
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,  
That all his left side it did quite disarm;  
Yet there the Steele staid not, but inly bate  
Deepe in his *Arse*, and opened wide a red flood-gate.

8  
Deadly dismayd, with horror of that dint,  
*Pyrrhocles* was, and grieved eke entire;  
Yet nathemore did it his fure flint,  
But added flame vnto his former fire,  
That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging ire:  
Ne thence-forth his approued skill, to ward,  
Or strike, or hurlen round in warlike gyre,  
Rememberd he, ne car'd for his saufeguard,  
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tigre far'd.

9  
He hewed, and lasht, and foyn'd, and thundred blowes,  
And euery way did seeke into his life:  
Ne plate, ne male could ward fo mighty throwes,  
But yielded passage to his cruell knife.  
But *Guyon*, in the heate of all his strife,  
Was warie wise, and closely did await  
Avantage, whil't his foe did rage most rife;  
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strooke him strait,  
And falsed oft his blowes, t'illude him with such bait.

10  
Like as a Lion, whose imperial powre  
A proud rebellious Vnicorne defies,  
T'auoyd the rash assault and wrathfull stowre  
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,  
And when him running in full course he spies,  
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beatt  
His precious horne, fought of his enemies,  
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,  
But to the mighty Victor yields a bountious feast:

11  
With such faire slight him *Guyon* often faild,  
Till at the last, all breathlesse, wearie, faint  
Him spying, with fresh onset he assaild,  
And kindling new his courage (seeming quaint)  
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint  
He made him stoupe perforce vnto his knee,  
And doe vnwilling worship to the Saint,  
That on his shield depaunted he did see;  
Such homage til that instant neuer learned hee.

12  
Whom *Guyon* seeing stoupe, pursued fast  
The present offer off faire victory,  
And toone his dreadfull blade about he cast,  
Where-wich he smote his haughty crest so hie,  
That straight on ground made him full lowe to lie;  
Then on his breast his victour foot he thrust:  
With that he cride, Mercy, doe me not die,  
Ne decme thy force by Fortunes doome vnjust,  
That hath (maugre her spight) thus lowe me laid in dust.

13  
Eftsoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* staid,  
Temp'ring the passion with aduicement flowe,  
And maistring might on enemy dismayd:  
For, th'equall dye of warre he weil did knowe;  
Then to him said, Lie, and allegiance owe  
To him that giues thee life and liberty:  
And henceforth, by this daies ensample trowe,  
That haste wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,  
Doe breede repentance late, and lasting infamy.

14  
So, vp he let him rise: who with grim looke  
And count'naunce sterne vpsstanding, gan to grind  
His grated teeth for great disdain, and thooke  
His landie locks, long hanging downe behind,  
Knotted in blood and dust, for griefe of mind,  
That he in ods of armes was conquered;  
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,  
That him so noble Knight had maistered,  
Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

15  
Which *Guyon* marking said, Be nought agrieu'd,  
Sir Knight, that thus ye now subdued are:  
Was neuer man, who most conquests archieud  
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,  
Yet shortly gaind, that losse exceeded farre:  
Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe;  
But to be lesfer, then himselfe, doth marre  
Both loosers lot, and victors praise also.  
Vaine others overthrowes, whose selfe doth overthrowe.

16  
Fly, ô *Pyrrhocles*, fie the dreadfull warre,  
That in thy selfe thy lesfer parts doe moue:  
Outragious anger, and woe-working iarre,  
Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring loue;  
Thofe, thofe thy foes, thofe warrous farre remoue,  
Which thee to endlesse bale captiued lead.  
But fith in might thou didst my mercy proue,  
Of curtesie to me the cause aread,  
That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

17  
Dreadlesse, said he, that shall I soone declare:  
It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort  
Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,  
And thralld her in chaines with strong effort,  
Void of all succour and needfull comfort:  
That ill becomes thee, such as I thee see,  
To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort  
To change thy will, and set *Occasion* free,  
And to hier captiue sonne yield his first libertee.

18  
Therect Sir *Guyon* smil'd: And is that all  
Said he, that thee so fore displeas'd hath?  
Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thall,  
Whose freedome shall thee turne to greatest scath.  
Nath'lesse, now quench thy hot emboyling wrath:  
Loe, there they be; to thee I yield them free.  
Therect he wondrous glad, out of the path  
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,  
And gan to breake the bands of their captiuittee.

19

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntide,  
 Before her lonne could well affoiled bee,  
 She to her vse returnd, and fraight deside  
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhocles*: th'one (said she)  
 Because he wonne; the other, because hee  
 Was wonne: so matter did the make of nought,  
 To stirre vp strife, and doe them disagree:  
 But soone as *Furor* was enlarg'd, she fought  
 To kindle his quencht fire, and thousand causes wrought.

20

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,  
 That he would algates with *Pyrrhocles* fight,  
 And his redeemer challeng'd for his foe,  
 Because he had not well maintand his right,  
 But yielded had to that same stranger knight:  
 Now gan *Pyrrhocles* wax as wood as hee,  
 And him affronted with impatient might:  
 So both together fierce engarped bee,  
 Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their vncouth strife does see.

21

Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke  
 Against *Pyrrhocles*, and new matter fram'd  
 Vpon the old, him stirring to be wroke  
 Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blam'd  
 For suffering such abuse, as knight hood sham'd,  
 And him dilabled quite. But he was wise,  
 Ne would with vaine occasion be inflam'd;  
 Yet others she more vrgent did deuise:  
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

22

Their fell contention still increased more,  
 And more thereby increas'd *Furors* might,  
 That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,  
 And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.  
 His mother eke (more to augment his spright)  
 Now brought to him a flaming fier brand,  
 Which she in *Strygian* lake (ay burning bright)  
 Had kindled: that she gaue into his hand,  
 That arm'd with fire, more hardly he mote him withstond.

23

Tho gan the villaine wax so fierce and strong,  
 That nothing might sustaine his furious force;  
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along  
 Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,  
 And foully battered his comely corse,  
 That *Guyon* much disdeign'd so loathly sight.  
 At last, he was compeld to cry perforce,  
 Helpe (ô Sir *Guyon*) help most noble knight,  
 To rid a wretched man from hands of hcllith wight.

24

The knight was greatly moued at his plaint,  
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,  
 Till that the Palmer, by his graue restraint,  
 Him staid from yielding pittifull redresse;  
 And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth repreffe,  
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in pity vaine:  
 He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,  
 And his foe fetted would release againe,  
 Deserues to taste his follies fruit, repented paine.

25

*Guyon* obaid; So him away he drew  
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight  
 Already fought, his voyage to pursue.  
 But rash *Pyrrhocles* varlet, *Atin* hight,  
 When late he saw his Lord in heauie plight,  
 Vnder Sir *Guyons* puiffant stroke to fall,  
 Him deeming dead, as then he seem'd in fight,  
 Fled fast away, to tell his funerall  
 Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

26

He was a man of rare redoubted might,  
 Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,  
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:  
 Full many doughty knights he in his daies  
 Had doen to death, subdewd in equal frayes;  
 V whose carcases, for terour of his name,  
 Offowles and beasts he made the pittious prayes,  
 And hung their conquered armes for more defame  
 On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

27

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,  
 The vile *Acrasia*, that with vaine delights,  
 And idle pleasures in her *Bowre of Blisse*,  
 Does charme her louers, and the feeble sprights  
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wights:  
 Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,  
 And horribly mishapes with vgly fights,  
 Captiv'd eternally in iron mewes;  
 And darksome dens, where *Titan* his face neuer shewes.

28

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* sojourning,  
 To serue his Lemans loue: for he, by kind,  
 Was giuen all to lust and loose liuing,  
 When euer his fierce hands he free mote find:  
 And now he has pourd out his idle mind  
 In daintie delices, and luscious ioyes,  
 Hauing his warlike weapons cast behind,  
 And floues in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,  
 Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lasciuious boyes.

29

And ouer him, Art struing to compare  
 With Nature, did an Arbour greene dispred,  
 Framed of wanton Ivic, flowing faire,  
 Through which the fragrant *Eglantine* did spread  
 His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,  
 Which dainty odours round about them threw,  
 And all within with floures was garnished,  
 That when mild *Zephyrus* emongst them blew,  
 Did breathe out bountious smells, & painted colours shew.

30

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe  
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play  
 Emongst the puny stones, and made a sowne,  
 To lull him soft asleepe, that by it lay;  
 The wearie Trauailer, wandring that way,  
 Therein did often quench his thirstie heat,  
 And then by it his wearie limbes display,  
 Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget  
 His former paine, and wip't away his toylsome sweat.

And

And on the other side <sup>31</sup>  
 Was shot vp high, full of the stately tree,  
 That dedicated is t' *Olympick Ioue*,  
 And to his sonne *Alcides*, when as hee  
 Gain'd in *Nemea* goodly victoree;  
 Therein the mery birds, of euery sort,  
 Chaunted aloud their chearefull harmonie:  
 And made amongst themselves a sweet consort,  
 That quickned the dull spright with muscally comfort.

There he him found all carelessly displaid,  
<sup>32</sup>  
 In secret shadowe from the sunny ray,  
 On a sweet bed of Lillies softly laid,  
 Amidst a flock of Damzels fresh and gay,  
 That round about him dissolute did play  
 Their wanton follies, and light meriment;  
 Euery of which did loosely disaray  
 Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,  
 And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

And euery of them stroue, with most delights,  
<sup>33</sup>  
 Him to agrate, and greatest pleasures shew;  
 Some fram'd faire lookes, glancing like euening lights;  
 Others, sweet words, dropping like honny dew;  
 Some, bathed kisses, and did loof embrew  
 The sugred liquor through his melting lips:  
 One boasts her beauty, and does yeeld to view  
 Her dainty limbes about her tender hips;  
 Another, her out-boasts, and all for tryall strips.

Hec, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,  
<sup>34</sup>  
 His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,  
 And his fraile eye with spoile of beautie feedes;  
 Sometimes, he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,  
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes doe peepe,  
 To steale a snatch of amorous conceit,  
 Whereby close fire into his hart does creepe:  
 So, them deceiues, deceiv'd in his deceit,  
 Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

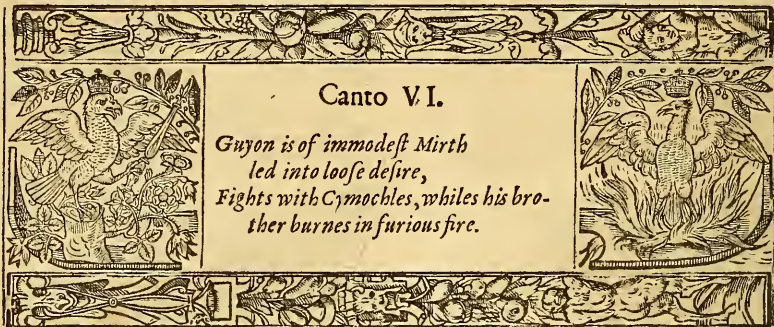
*Atin* arriuing there, when him he spide,  
<sup>35</sup>  
 Thus in still waues of deepe delight to wade,  
 Fiercely approaching, to him loudly cride,  
*Cymoehles*; oh no, but *Cymoehles* shadde,  
 In which that manly person late did fade,  
 What is become of great *Acrates* sonne?  
 Or where hath he hung vp his mortall blade,  
 That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?  
 Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,  
<sup>36</sup>  
 He sad; Vp, vp, thou womanish w cake knight,  
 That here in Ladies lap entombd art,  
 Vnmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,  
 And weeleffe eke of lately wrought despright,  
 Whiles sad *Pyrrochles* lyes on senselesse ground,  
 And groweth out his vtmost grudging spright,  
 Through many a stroake, & many a streaming wound,  
 Calling thy helpe in vaine, that heere in ioyes art drown'd.

Suddainly out of his delightfull dreame  
<sup>37</sup>  
 The man awoke, and would haue question more;  
 But he would not endure that wofull theame  
 For to dilate at large, but yrged sore  
 With pearcing words, and pittifull implore,  
 Him hastie to arise. As one affright  
 With hellish fiends, or *Furies* mad yprore,  
 He then yprore, inflam'd with fell despright,  
 And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

They been ybrought; he quickly does him dight,  
<sup>38</sup>  
 And lightly mounted, passeth on his way:  
 Ne Ladies loues, ne sweet entreaties might  
 Appease his heate, or hastie passage stay;  
 For, he has vow'd to been aveng'd that day  
 (That day it selfe him seemed all too long:)  
 On him, that did *Pyrrochles* deare dismay:  
 So, proudly pricketh on his courser strong,  
 And *Atin* aye him pricketh with spurs of fame and wrong.





## Canto VI.

*Guyon is of immodest Mirth  
led into loose desire,  
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother  
burnes in furious fire.*

**A** Harder lesson, to learne Contineuce  
In ioyous pleasure, then in grieuous paine:  
For, sweetnes doth allure the weaker sense  
So strongly, that vneades it can refraine  
Frō that, which feeble nature couets faire;  
But grieue and wrath, that be her enemies,  
And foes of life, the better can refraine;  
Yet vertue vaunts in both their victories,  
And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maiities.

Whom bold *Cymochles* traouling to find,  
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him  
The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,  
Came to a riuer, by whose vtmost brim  
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim  
Along the shore, as swift as glauce of eye,  
A little Gondelay, bedecked trim  
With boughes and arbours wouen cunningly,  
That like a little forest seemed outwardly.

And therein sate a Lady fresh and faire,  
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone;  
Sometimes she sung, as loud as Larke in aire,  
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone,  
Yet was there not with her else any one,  
That might to her moue cause of merriment:  
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none  
She could deuise, and thousand waies invent  
To feed her foolish humour, and vaine iolliment.

Which when farre off *Chymochles* heard, and saw,  
He loudly cald to such as were aboard,  
The little barke vnto the shore to draw,  
And him to ferry ouer that deepe ford:  
The merry Marriner vnto his word  
Soone harkned, and her painted boat straight way  
Turnd to the shore, where that fame warlike Lord  
She in receiu'd; but *Atin* by no way  
Shee would admit, albe the Knight her much did pray.

Estfoones her shallow ship away did slide,  
More swift then Swallow sheres the liquid skie,  
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,  
Or winged canaas with the wind to flie;  
Onely the turn'd a pin, and by and by  
It cut away vpon the yielding wane,  
Ne cared shee her course for to applie:  
For, it was taught the way, which she would haue,  
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely faue:

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found  
New mirth, her passenger to entertaine:  
For, she in pleasant purpose did abound,  
And greatly ioyed merry tales to faire,  
Of which a store-houise did with her remaine:  
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;  
For, all her words she drownd with laughter vaine,  
And wanted grace in vt'ring of the fame,  
That turned all her pleasure to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would deuise,  
As her fantastick wit did most delight:  
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguise  
With gaudie girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight  
About her neck, or rings of rushes plight:  
Sometimes to doe him laugh, she would assay  
To laugh at shaking of the leaues light,  
Or to behold the water worke, and play  
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behauiour, and loose dalliaunce  
Gauc wondrous great contentment to the Knight,  
That of his way he had no souenaunce,  
Nor care of vow'd revenge, and cruell fight,  
But to weake wench did yeeld his Martiall might.  
So easie was to quench his flamed mind  
With one sweet drop of sensuall delight:  
So easie is, r'appeare the stormie wind  
Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

9

Diuersē discourses in their way they spent,  
Mongst which *Cymochles* of her questioned,  
Both what she was, and what that vjage ment,  
Which in her cot she daily practised.  
Vaine man, sayd she, that would'nt be reckoned  
A stranger in thy home, and ignorant  
Of *Phædria* (for so my name is red)  
Of *Phædria*, thine owne fellow seruant;  
For, thou to serue *Acraffis* thy selfe doost vaunt.

10

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name  
The *Ydle Lake*, my wandering ship I rowe,  
That knowes her Port, and thither sailes by ayme,  
Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind doe blowe,  
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slowe:  
Both slowe and swift alike doe serue my tourne,  
Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundering *Ioue*  
Can change my cheare, or make me euer mourne;  
My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.

11

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,  
They were farre past the passage which he spake,  
And come vnto an Island waste and voyd,  
That stoted in the midst of that great lake,  
There her small Gondelay her Port did make,  
And that gay payre issuing on the shore  
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take  
Into the Land that lay them faire before,  
Whose pleaſaunce she him shew'd, and plentiful great store.

12

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,  
Emongst wide waues (t like a little nest,  
As if it had by Natures cunning hand,  
Beene choicely picked out from all the rest,  
And layd forth for enſample of the best:  
No dauntie flowre or herbe that growes on ground,  
No arboret with painted blossoms drest,  
And smelling sweet, but there it might be found  
To bud out fayre, and her sweet smells throwe all around.

13

No tree, whose branches did not brauely spring;  
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit;  
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;  
No song but did containe a lovely dit:  
Trees, branches, birds, and songs were framed fit  
For to allure frayle mind to carelesse ease.  
Carelesse the man soone wox, and his weake wit  
Was overcome of thing, that did him please;  
So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

14

Thus when shee had his eyes and senses fed  
With false delights, and filld with pleasures vaine,  
Into a shady dale she soft him led,  
And layd him downe vpon a grassie Plainē;  
And her sweet selfe, without dread or disdainē  
She set beside, laying his head disarm'd  
In her loose lap, it softly to sustaine,  
Where soone he slumbered, fearing not be harm'd,  
The whiles with a loud lay she thus him sweetly charm'd.

15

Behold, ô man, that toyle-some paines doost take,  
The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasant growes,  
How they themselues doe thine enſample make,  
Whiles nothing enuious Nature them forth throwes  
Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,  
They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh & faire,  
And deck the world with their rich pompos showes;  
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,  
Yet no man to them can his careful paines compare.

16

The Lilly, Lady of the flowing field,  
The Flowre-deluce, her louely Parmourē,  
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,  
And soone leaue off this toyleſome wearie ſtoure;  
Lo, lo, how braue the decks her bountious boure,  
VWith silken curtens and gold couerlets,  
Therein to shroud her sumptuous Belamourē,  
Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,  
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets.

17

Why then doost thou, ô man, that of them all  
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soueraigne,  
Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,  
And waste thy ioyous houres in needlesse paine,  
Seeking for danger and adventures vaine?  
What bootes it all to haue, and nothing vse?  
Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine,  
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?  
Refuse such fruitlesse toyle, and present pleasures chuse.

18

By this, she had him lulled fast asleepe,  
That of no worldly thing he care did take;  
Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steepe,  
That nothing should him hastily awake:  
So she him left, and did herselfe betake  
Vnto her boat againe, with which she clef  
The slothfull waues of that great griefly lake;  
Soone she that Island farre behind her left,  
And now is come to that same place, where first she wext.

19

By this time, was the worthy *Guyon* brought  
Vnto the other side of that wide strond,  
VWhere she was rowing, and for passage fought:  
Him needed not long call, the soone to hond  
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,  
With his sad guide; himselfe she tooke aboard,  
But the *Black Palmer* suffred still to stonde,  
Ne would for price, or prayers once afford,  
To ferry that old man ouer the perulous foord.

20

*Guyon* was loath to leaue his guide behind,  
Yet being entred, might not back retire;  
For, the ſit barke, obaying to her mind,  
Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,  
Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged Sire  
Adieu, but nimble ran her wonted course  
Through the dull billowes thick as troubled mire,  
Whom neither wind out of their feat could force,  
Nor timely tides did driue out of their sluggish course.

H.

And

21

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,  
Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,  
And did of ioy and iollitie deuise,  
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:  
The Knight was courteous, and did not forbear  
Her honest mirth and pleasure to partake;  
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,  
And passe the bounds of modest merimake,  
Her dalliance he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

22

Yet she still followed her former stile,  
And sayd and did all that mote him delight,  
Till they arriued in that pleasant Ile,  
Where sleeping late she left her other knight.  
But, when as *Guyon* of that land had sight,  
He wist himselfe amiss, and angry sayd;  
Ah Dame, perdy ye haue not doen me right,  
Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obeyd:  
Me little needles from my right way to haue strayd.

23

Fayre Sir, quoth she, be not displeas'd at all;  
Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,  
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:  
The sea is wide, and easie for to stray;  
The wind vnsfable, and doth neuer stay.  
But heere awhile ye may in safetie rest,  
Till season serue new passage to assay;  
Better safe Port, then be in seas distrest.  
There-with she laughd, and did her earnest end in leest.

24

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelesse  
Himselfe appease, and issued forth on shore:  
The ioyes whereof, and happy fruitfulnessse,  
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,  
And all though pleasant, yet she made much more:  
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,  
The trees did bud, and carely blossoms bore,  
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,  
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

25

And shee, more sweet then any bird on bough,  
Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part,  
And stroue to passe (as shee could well enough)  
Their natue musick by her skilfull art:  
So did she all, that might his constant hart  
With-draw from thought of warlike enterprife,  
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,  
Where noyse of armes, or view of Martiall guise  
Might not reuiue desire of knightly exercise.

26

But hee was wise, and wary of her will,  
And euer held his hand vpon his hart:  
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewe'd ill,  
As to despise so courteous seeming part,  
That gentle Lady did to him impart;  
But fayrely temping, fond desire subdewd,  
And euer her desired to depart.  
She list not heare, but her disports purfwd,  
And euer bade him stay, till time the tide renewd.

27

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent,  
That he awoke out of his idle dreame,  
And shaking off his drowfite dremment,  
Gan him awize, how ill did him befeeme,  
In slothfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,  
And quench the brood of his conceiued ire.  
Tho vp he started, stir'd with shame extreme,  
Ne stayed for his *Damell* to inquire,  
But march'd to the strond, there passage to require.

28

And in the way, he with Sir *Guyon* met,  
Accompanyde with *Phadria* the faire:  
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,  
Crying, Let be that Lady debonaire,  
Thou recreant knight, and soone thy selfe prepare  
To battaile, if thou meane her loue to gaine:  
Lo, lo already, how the fowles in aire  
Doe flock, awayting shortly to obtaine  
Thy carcasle for their prey, the guerdon of thy paine.

29

And there-withall he fiercely at him flew,  
And with important outrage him asslayd;  
Who, soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,  
And him with equall value counteruayld:  
Their mighty stroakes their herberions dismayld,  
And naked made each others manly spalles;  
The mortall steele despiteously entayld  
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the iron walles,  
That a large purple streame adowne their giambeux faller.

30

*Cymochles*, that had neuer met before  
So puiasant foe, with envious despight  
His proud presumed force increased more,  
Disdeigning to be held so long in fight;  
Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,  
As those vnknightly raylings, which he spoke,  
With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,  
Thereof deuising shortly to be wroke,  
And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery stroke.

31

Both of them high atonce their hands enhaunst,  
And both atonce their huge blowes downe did sway;  
*Cymochles* sword on *Guyons* shield yelaunc't,  
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;  
But *Guyons* angry blade so fierce did play  
On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* shone,  
That quite it cloue his plumed crest in tway,  
And bared all his head vnto the bone;  
Where-with astonisht, still he stood as senselesse stone.

32

Still as he stood, faire *Phadria*, that beheld  
That deadly danger, soone atweene them ran;  
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,  
Crying with pittious voyce, and cour'nance wan;  
Ah, weal-away! most noble Lords, how can  
Your cruell eyes endure so pittious fight,  
To shed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,  
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight  
In his owne flesh, and make way to the liuing spright.

If euer loue of Ladie did empierce  
 Your yron breastes, or pittie could finde place,  
 Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce,  
 And fith for me ye fight, to me this grace  
 Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space.  
 They stayd a while: and forth she gan proceed:  
 Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,  
 That art the author of this hainous deed, (breed.  
 And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights doe

But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,  
 Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes  
 Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,  
 And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:  
 Such cruell game my fearmoges disarmes:  
 Another warre, and other weapons I  
 Doe lone, where lone does give his sweet alarmes,  
 Without bloodshed, and where the enimie  
 Does yeeld vnto his foe a pleasant victorie.

Debatefull strife, and cruell enimie  
 The famous name of knight hood fowly stiead;  
 But lonely peace, and gentle amitie;  
 And in Amours the passing houres to spend,  
 The mightie Martiall hands doe most commend;  
 Of loue they euer greater glorie bore,  
 Then of their armes: *Mars is Cupidoes friend,*  
 And is for *Venus* lones renowned more  
 Then all his wars and spoyles, the which he did of yore.

Therewith she sweetly smyl'd. They, though full bent  
 To proue extremities of bloudie fight,  
 Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,  
 And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight;  
 Such powre haue pleasing words: such is the might  
 Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart.  
 Now after all was ceast, the Faerie knight  
 Befought that Damzell suffer him depart,  
 And yeeld him readie passage to that other part.

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was  
 Of his departure thence; for of her ioy  
 And vaine delight she saw he light did pass,  
 A foe of folly and immodest toy,  
 Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,  
 Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,  
 That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,  
 Troubled with terror and vnquiett iarre,  
 That she well pleased was thence to amoue him farre.

Tho, him she brought aboard, and her swift bote  
 Forthwith directed to that further strand;  
 The which on the dull waues did lightly fote,  
 And soone arrived on the shallow land,  
 Where glad some *Guyon* sailed forth to land,  
 And to that Damzell thanks gaue for reward.  
 Vpon that shore helsped *Azin* stand,  
 There by his maister left, when late he far'd  
 In *Phedrias* fleet barke ouer that perloous shard.

Well could he him remember, fith of late  
 He with *Pyrhobles* sharpe debatement made,  
 Streight gan he him reuile, and bitter race,  
 As shepheards curie, that in daike cuenings shade  
 Hath tracted forth some saluage beastes trade,  
 Vile Miscreant (said he) whither doest thou flie  
 The shame and death, which will thee loone invade?  
 What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,  
 That art thus foully fled from famous enimie?

With that, he stiffly shooke his steel-head dart:  
 But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so raile,  
 Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,  
 Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,  
 And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,  
 Backe to the strand retr'y'd, and there still stayd,  
 Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;  
 The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd  
 The lustie heat of his auow'd reuenge delayd.

Whiles there the varlet stood, he saw from farre  
 An armed knight, that towards him fast ran:  
 He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse waire  
 His forlome steed from him the victour wan;  
 Hee seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,  
 And all his armour sprinkled was with blood,  
 And soyl'd with durty gore, that no man can  
 Discerne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,  
 But bent his hastic course towards the idle flood.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,  
 How without stop or stay he fiercely leapt,  
 And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,  
 That in the lake his loftie crest was steept;  
 Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept;  
 But with his raging armes hee rudely flast,  
 The waues about, and all his armour swept,  
 That all the bloud and filth away was washt,  
 Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dash't.

*Azin* drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee;  
 For much he wondered at that vncooth sight;  
 Whom should hee, but his owne deare Lord, there see?  
 His owne deare Lord *Pyrhobles*, in sad plight,  
 Readie to drowne himselfe for fell despight.  
 Harrow now out, and weal-away, he cryde,  
 What dismall day hath lent this cur'd light,  
 To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde?  
*Pyrhobles*, ô *Pyrhobles*, what is thee betyde?

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,  
 O how I burne with implacable fire!  
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyde  
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,  
 Nothing but death can doe me to respire.  
 Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrhobles* farre  
 After perswewing death once to require,  
 Or thinke, that ought those puissant hands may marre:  
 Death is for wretches borne vnder ynhappy starre.

45  
 Perdie, then it is fit for me (said he)  
 That am, I weene, most wretched man alieu:  
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,  
 And dying daily, daily yet reuiue.  
 O *Atin*, helpe to me last death to giue.  
 The varlet at his plaint was grieu'd so fore,  
 That his deepe wounded hart in two did riuē,  
 And his owne health remembering now no more,  
 Did follow that ensamble which he blam'd afore.

46  
 Into the lake he leapt, his Lord to ayd,  
 (So loue the dread of daunger doth despise)  
 And of him catching hold, him strongly stayd  
 From drowning. But more happie he, then wise  
 Of that seas nature did him not auise.  
 The waues thereof so slowe and sluggish were,  
 Engroft with mud, which did them foule agrife,  
 That euerie weightie thing they did vpbearē,  
 Ne ought mote euer sinke downe to the bottome there.

47  
 Whiles thus they struggled in that idle waue,  
 And stroue in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,  
 The other both from drowning for to saue;  
 Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,  
 Whose hoarē locks great grauitie did crowne,  
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,  
 By fortune came, led with the troublous sowne:  
 Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford  
 The carefull seruant, struiuing with his raging Lord.

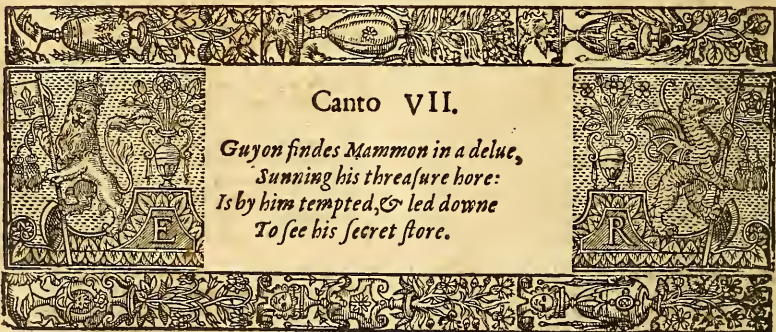
48  
 Him *Atin* spying, knewe right well of yore,  
 And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, & *Archimage*;  
 To saue my Lord, in wretched plight forlore;  
 Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsaile sage:

Weake hands, but counsell is most strong in age.  
 Him when the old man saw, he wondred fore,  
 To see *Pyrrhocles* there so rudely rage:  
 Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more  
 Then pittie, he in haite approached to the shore.

49  
 And cald; *Pyrrhocles*, what is this, I see?  
 What hellish Furie hath at earst thee bent?  
 Furious euer I thee knew to be,  
 Yet neuer in this strange astonishment.  
 These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me torment.  
 What flames (quoth he) when I thee present see,  
 In danger rather to be drent, then Brent?  
 Harrow, the flames, which me consume (said hee)  
 Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowels bee.

50  
 That cursed man, that cruell seed of hell,  
*Furor*, oh *Furor*, hath me thus bedight:  
 His deadly wounds within my luer swell,  
 And his hot fire burnes in mine entrails bright,  
 Kindled through his infernall brood of spight,  
 Sith late with him I batteil vain would boiste;  
 That now I weene *Ioues* dreaded thunder light  
 Does scorch not halfe so fore, nor damned ghoste  
 In flaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly rostē.

51  
 Which when as *Archimago* heard, his grieffe  
 He knew right well, and him atonce disarmd:  
 Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a priefe  
 Of euerie place, that was with brusing harmd,  
 Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.  
 Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde;  
 And euermore with mightie spels them charmd,  
 That in short space he has them qualifyde,  
 And him restor'd to health, that would haue algates dyde.



## Canto VII.

*Guyon findes Mammon in a delue,  
 Sunning his threasure hore:  
 Is by him tempted, & led downe  
 To see his secret store.*

**A**S Pilot well expert in perilous waue,  
 That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,  
 When foggy mistes, or cloudie tempests haue  
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,

And couer'd he auen with hideous dreriment,  
 Vpon his card and compass firmes his eye,  
 The masters of his long experiment,  
 And to them does the steady helme apply,  
 Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly:



2  
So *Guyon* hauing lost his trustie guide,  
Late left beyond that *Rde lake*, proceedes  
Yet on his way, of none accompanie;  
And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,  
Of his owne vertues, and prayse-worthy deedes.  
So long he yode, yet no adventure found,  
Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reedes:  
For, still he trauailed through wide wastefull ground,  
That nought but desert wilder nesse shew'd all around.

3  
At last, he came vnto a gloomie glade,  
Couer'd with boughes & shrubs from heauens light,  
VVhere-as he sitting found, in secret shade,  
An vnconth, saluage, and vnctuill wight,  
Of grisly hew, and foule ill fauour'd sight;  
His face with smoake was tand, and eyes were beard,  
His head and beard with foute were ill bedight,  
His coale-black hands did seeme to haue been feard  
In Smithes fire-spetting forge, & nailes like clawes appeard.

4  
His iron coate all overgrowne with rust,  
Was vnderneath enveloped with gold,  
Whose glistering glosse darkned with filthy dust,  
Well it appeared to haue been of old  
A worke of rich entaile, and curious mold,  
VVouen with anticks and wild Imagery:  
And in his lap a mafs of coyne he told,  
And turned vpsidowne, to feed his eye  
And couetous desire with his huge threasurey.

5  
And round about him lay on euery side  
Great heapes of gold that neuer could be spent:  
Of which, some were rude ower, not purrified  
Of *Mulcibers* deuouring element;  
Some others were new driuen, and distent  
Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square;  
Some in round plates withouten moniment;  
But most were stamp't, and in their metall bare  
The antique shap'es of Kings and Kefars strange & rare.

6  
Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright  
And haste he rose, for to remoue aside  
Those pretious hills from strangers envious sight,  
And downe them poured through an hole full wide,  
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.  
But *Guyon* lightdy to him leaping, stayd  
His hand, that trembled, as one terrifide;  
And, though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,  
Yet him perforce restrain'd, and to him doubtfull said.

7  
What art thou man (if man at all thou art)  
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,  
And these rich heapes of wealth doost hide apart  
From the worlds eye, and from her right vsaunce?  
Thereat, with staring eyes fixed ascaunce,  
In great disdain, hee answerd; Hardy Elfe,  
That darst view my direfull countenance,  
I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,  
To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

8  
God of the world and worldlings I me call,  
Great *Mammon*, greatest god below the sky,  
That of my plentie poure out vnto all,  
And vnto none my graces doe envie:  
Riches, renowne, and principallite,  
Honour, estate, and all this worlds good,  
For which men swink and sweat incessantly,  
From me doe flowe into an ample flood,  
And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.

9  
Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and few;  
At thy commaund loe all these mountaines bee;  
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view,  
All these may not suffice, there shall to thee  
Tenne times so much be numbred franke and free:  
*Mammon*, said hee, thy godheads vaunt is vaine,  
And idle offers of thy golden fee;  
To them that covet lych eye-glutting gaine,  
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter seruaunts entertaine.

10  
Me ill bestis, that in der-doing armes,  
And honours suit my vowed dayes doe spend,  
Vnto thy bountious baytes, and pleasing charmes;  
With which wake men thou witchest, to attend:  
Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend  
And lowe abate the high heroick spright,  
That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;  
Faire shields, gay feedes, bright armes bee my delight;  
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.

11  
Vaine-glorious Elfe, said he, doost not thou weat,  
That money can thy wants at will supply:  
Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet  
It can puruay in twinkling of an eye;  
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.  
Doe not I Kings create, & throwe the crowne  
Sometimes to him, that lowe in dust doth ly?  
And him that raignd, into his roome thrust downe,  
And whom I lust, doe heape with glory and renowne?

12  
All otherwise, said he, I riches read,  
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;  
First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,  
And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,  
Leaving behind them griefe and heauinesse.  
Infinite mischiefs of them doe arise;  
Strife, and debate, bloodshed, and bitternesse,  
Outragious wrong, and hellish couetise,  
That noble hart (as great dishonour) doth despise.

13  
Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;  
But realmes and rulers thou doost both confound,  
And loyall truth to treason doost incline;  
Witness the guiltlesse blood pour'd oft on ground,  
The crowned often slaine, the slayer crown'd,  
The sacred Diademe in peccerents,  
And purple robe gored with many a wound;  
Castles surpriz'd, great Cities sack't and Brent:  
So mak't thou kings, & gainest wrongfull gouernment.

14  
 Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse  
 The priuate state, and make the life vnswete :  
 Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,  
 And in fraile wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,  
 Doth not (I weene) so many euils meet.  
 Then *Mammon* waxing wroth, And why then, said,  
 Are mortall men so fond and vndiscreet,  
 So euill thing to seeke vnto their ayd,  
 And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbraid ?

15  
 Indeed, quoth he, through foule intemperance,  
 Fraile men are oft captiu'd to couetise :  
 But would they thinke, with how small allowance  
 Vntroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,  
 Such superfluities they would despise,  
 Which with sad cares empeach our natie ioyes :  
 At the Well head the purst streames arise :  
 But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,  
 And with vncomely weeds the gentle waue acloyes.

16  
 The antique world, in his first flowing youth,  
 Found no defect in his Creators grace;  
 But with glad thanks, and vnreproued truth,  
 The gifts of soueraigne bountie did embrace :  
 Like Angels life was then mens happy case ;  
 But later ages pride (like corne-fed steed)  
 Abus'd her plenty, and fat swolme encrease  
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed  
 The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

17  
 Then gan a curfd hand the quiet wombe  
 Of his great Grandmother with Steele to wound,  
 And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,  
 With Sacreledge to dig. Therein he found  
 Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,  
 Of which the matter of his huge desire  
 And pompous pride estfoones he did compound ;  
 Then avarice gan through his veines inspire  
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-deuouring fire.

18  
 Sonne, said he then, let be thy bitter scorne,  
 And leaue the rudeness of that antique age  
 To them, that liu'd therein in state forlorne ;  
 Thou that doost liue in later times, must wage  
 Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.  
 If then thee list my offred grace to vie,  
 Take what thou please of all this surplusage ;  
 If thee list not, leaue haue thou to refuse :  
 But thing refused, doe not afterward accuse.

19  
 Me list not, said the Elfin knight, receaue  
 Thing offred, till I knowe it well be got:  
 Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereaue  
 From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lot,  
 Or that bloud-guiltinesse or guile them blot.  
 Perdy, quoth he, yet neuer eye did view  
 Ne tongue did tell, ne hand these handled not,  
 But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,  
 From heauens sight, and powre of all which them persue.

20  
 What secret place, quoth he, can safely hold  
 So huge a mass, and hide from heauens eye ?  
 Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold  
 Thou canst preferue from wrong and robbery ?  
 Come thou, quoth he, and see. So, by and by  
 Through that thick covert he him led, and found  
 A darke some way, which no man could descry,  
 That deepe descended through the hollow ground,  
 And was with dread and horrour compassed around.

21  
 At length they came into a larger space,  
 That stretcht it selfe into an ample Plaine,  
 Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,  
 That straight did lead to *Plutoes* grieufully raigne :  
 By that wayes side, there fate infernall Paine,  
 And fast beside him fate tumultuous strife :  
 The one, in hand an iron whip did straine ;  
 The other brandished a bloody knife,  
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

22  
 On th'other side, in one consort there fate  
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,  
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate :  
 But gnawing Iealousie, out of their sight  
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,  
 And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,  
 And found no place, where safe he throug him might,  
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye,  
 And Shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye.

23  
 And over them sad Horrour with grim hew,  
 Did alwaies fore, beating his iron wings ;  
 And after him, Owles and Night-ravens flew,  
 The hateful messengers of heauie things,  
 Of death and dolour telling sad tydings ;  
 Whiles sad *Celso*, sitting on a clift,  
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,  
 That hart of flint asunder could haue rift :  
 Which hating ended, after him the flyeth swift.

24  
 All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,  
 By whom they passing, spake vnto them nought,  
 But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way  
 Did feede his eyes, and filld his inner thought.  
 At last, him to a little dore he brought,  
 That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,  
 Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought :  
 Betwixt them both was but a little stride,  
 That did the house of Riches from hell-mouth diuide.

25  
 Before the dore fate selfe-consuming Care,  
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,  
 For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware  
 Breake in, and spoyle the treasure in her gard :  
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward  
 Approche, albe his drowsie den were next ;  
 For, next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd :  
 Therefore his house is vnto his annex ;  
 Here Sleep, there Riches, & Hell-gate them both betwixt.

26  
So soone as *Mammon* there arriu'd, the dore  
To him did open, and afforded way;  
Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* euermore,  
Ne darknesse him, ne danger might difmay.  
Soone as he entred was, the dore straight way  
Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt  
An vgly fiend, more foule then dismall day,  
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,  
And euer as he went, duc watch vpon him kept.

27  
Well hoped he, ere long that hardie guest,  
If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,  
Or lips he layd on thing, that lik't him best,  
Or euer sleepe his eye-strings did vntie,  
Should be his prey. And therefore still on hie  
He ouer him did hold his cruell clawes,  
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him die,  
And rend in peeces with his rauencous pawes,  
If euer he transgrest the fatal *Stygian* lawes.

28  
That houses forme within was rude and strong,  
Like an huge Caue, hewen out of rocky clift,  
From whole rough vault the ragged breaches hong,  
Emboft with massy gold of glonous gift,  
And with rich metall loaded euery rift,  
That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat;  
And ouer them *Arachne* high did lift  
Her cunning web, and spred her subtil net,  
Enwrapped in ioule smoak & cloudes more black then Iet.

29  
Both rooffe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,  
But ouergrowne with dust and old decay,  
And hid in darknesse, that none could behold  
The hew thereof: for, view of chearcfull day  
Did neuer in that house it selfe display,  
But a faint shadow of vncertaine light;  
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:  
Or as the Moone cloathed with cloudy night,  
Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

30  
In all that roome was nothing to be seene,  
But huge great iron chests and coffers strong,  
All bard with double bends, that none could weene  
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;  
On euery side they placed were along,  
But all the ground with sculs was scattered,  
And dead mens bones, which round about were flong,  
Whose liues (it seemed) whilome there were shed,  
And their vile carcasses now left vnburied.

31  
They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spake word,  
Till that they came vnto an iron dore,  
Which to them opened of it owne accord,  
And shew'd of riches such exceeding store,  
As eye of man did neuer see before;  
Ne euer could within one place be found,  
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,  
Could gathered be through all the world around,  
And that aboue were added to that vnder ground.

32  
The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spright  
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,  
And warily awaited day and night,  
From other couetous fiends it to defend,  
Who it to rob and ranlack did intend.  
Then *Mammon*, turning to that warrior, said;  
Loe, heere the worlez blis: loe, heere the end,  
To which all men doe ayme, rich to be made:  
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

33  
Certes, said he, I n'll thine offred grace,  
Ne to be made so happy do intend:  
Another blis before mine eyes I place,  
Another happineffe, another end.  
To them, that list, these base regards I lend:  
But I in armes, and in atchieuements braue,  
Doe rather choofe my sitting houres to spend,  
And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,  
Then them to haue my selfe, and be their feruile slaue.

34  
Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,  
And greu'd, so long to lacke his greedy prey;  
For, well he weened, that so glorious b.ryt  
Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:  
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,  
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.  
(Eternall God thee faue from such decay.)  
But when-as *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,  
Him to entrap vnaares another way he wist.

35  
Thence, forward he him led, and shortly brought  
Vnto another roome, whose dore forthright  
To him did open, as it had been taught:  
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,  
And hundred furnaces all burning bright;  
By euery fornace many fiends did bide,  
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,  
And euery fiend his busie paines applide,  
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

36  
One with great bellowes gathered filling aire,  
And with forc't wind the fuell did in flame;  
Another did the dying bronds repaire  
With iron tonges, and sprinkled oft the same  
With liquid waues, fierce *Vulcans* rage to tame,  
Who maistring them, renewd his former heat:  
Some found the droffe that from the metall came;  
Some stir'd the molten owre with ladles great;  
And euery one did swink, and euery one did sweat.

37  
But when as earthly wight they present saw,  
Gliftring in armes and battailous array,  
From their hot worke they did themselves withdraw  
To wonder at the sight: for, till that day,  
They neuer creature saw, that came that way.  
Their staring eyes sparkling with feruent fire,  
And vgly shapes did nigh the man difmay,  
That were it not for shame, he would retire,  
Till that him thus bespake their foueraigne Lord and fire:

38

Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,  
That liuing eye before did neuer see:  
The thing that thou didst craue so earnestly  
(To weet, whence all the wealth late shew'd by mee,  
Proceeded) lo, now is reveal'd to thee.  
Here is the fountaine of the worldez good:  
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,  
Avise thee well, and change thy willfull mood,  
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.

39

Sufficeit then, thou Money-God, quoth hee,  
That all thine idle offers I refuse.  
All that I need I haue; what needeth mee  
To covet more then I haue cause to see?  
With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vile abuse:  
But giue me leaue to followe mine enprise.  
*Mammon* was much displeas'd, yet no't he chuse  
But beare the rigour of his bold mespise,  
And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

40

He brought him through a darksome narrow strait,  
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:  
The gate was open, but therein did wait  
A sturdy villaine, striding stiffe and bold,  
As if the highest God delie he would;  
In his right hand an iron club he held,  
But he himselfe was all of golden mold,  
Yet had both life and sense, and well could wield  
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

41

*Disdaine* he called was, and did *disdaine*  
To be so cold, and who so did him call:  
Sterne was to looke, and full of stomack vaine,  
His portance terrible, and stature tall,  
Far passing th' height of men terrestiall;  
Like an huge Giant of the *Titans* race,  
That made him seeme all creatures great and small,  
And with his pride all others powre deface:  
More fit amongst black fleeds, then men to haue his place.

42

Soone as those glitter and armes he did espy,  
That with their brightnesse made that darknesse light,  
His harmfull club he gan to hurtle hie,  
And threaten battell to the Faerie knight;  
Who likewise gan himselfe to battaile dight,  
Till *Mammon* did his hastic hand with-hold,  
And counsell'd him abstaine from perillous fight:  
For, nothing might abash the villaine bold,  
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mold.

43

So, hauing him with reason pacifide,  
And the fierce *Carle* commaunding to forbear,  
He brought him in. The roome was large and wide,  
As if some Gyeld or sole mne Temple were:  
Many great golden pillours did vpeare  
The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustaine:  
And euery pillour decked was full deare  
With crownes and Diadems, & titles vaine, (raigne.  
Which mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did

44

A rout of people there assembled were,  
Of euery sort and nation vnder aky,  
Which with great vprore preaced to draw neare  
To th' vpper part, where was aduanced hie  
A stately siege of soueraigne maiestie;  
And thereon fate a woman gorgeouse gay,  
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,  
That neuer earthly Prince in such array  
His glory did enhance, and pompous pride display.

45

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,  
That her broad beauties beame great brightnes threw  
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:  
Yet was not that fame her owne natiue hew,  
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,  
Thereby more louers vnto her to call;  
Nath'lesse, most heauenly faire in deed and view  
She by creation was, till she did fall; (all.  
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime with-

46

There, as in gliftring glory she did sit,  
She held a great gold chaine ylinked well,  
Whose vpper end to highest heauen was knit,  
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;  
And all that preace did round about her swell,  
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby  
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:  
That was *Ambition*, rash desire to sit,  
And euery linke thereof a step of dignitie.

47

Some thought to raise themselues to high degree,  
By riches and vnrighteous reward,  
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;  
Others through friends, others for base regard;  
And all, by wrong wayes, for themselves prepar'd.  
Those that were vp themselues, kept others lowe,  
Those that were lowe themselves, held others hard,  
Ne suffred them to rise or greater growe,  
But euery one did striue his fellow downe to throwe.

48

Which, when as *Guyon* saw, he gan enquire,  
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,  
And what she was that did so high aspire.  
Him *Mammon* answer'd; That goodly one,  
Whom all that folke with such contention  
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;  
Honour and dignitie from her alone,  
Deriued are, and all this worldez blifs  
For which ye men doe striue: few get, but many misf.

49

And faire *Philotimé* thee rightly hight,  
The fairest wight that wonneth vnder sky,  
But that this darksome neather world her light  
Doth dim with horror and deformitie,  
VVorthy of heauen and high felicitie,  
From whence the gods haue her for enue thrust:  
But sith thou hast found fauour in mine eye,  
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,  
That she may thee aduance for works and merites iust.

Gracery

30  
 Gramercy *Mammon*, said the gentle knight,  
 For so great grace and offered high estate;  
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,  
 Vnworthy match for such immortal mare  
 My selfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate;  
 And were I not, yet is my trowth yplight,  
 And loue auoud to other Lady late,  
 That to remoue the same I haue no might:  
 To chaunge loue causelesse, is reproche to warlike knight.

31  
*Mammon* emmoued was with inward wrath;  
 Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led  
 Through grieftly shadowes by a beaten path,  
 Into a gardin goodly garnished  
 With herbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be red:  
 Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull wombe  
 Throwes foorth to men, sweet and well faouored,  
 But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,  
 Fit to adorne the dead, and decke the drery toombe.

32  
 There mournfull *Cypresse* grew in greatest store,  
 And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* sad,  
 Dead sleeping *Poppie*, and blacke *Hellebore*,  
 Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,  
 Mortall *Sammitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,  
 Which-with th' vniust *Atheniens* made to dy  
 Wife *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad  
 Poured out his life, and last Philosophy  
 To the faire *Critias* his dearest Belamic.

33  
 The *Gardin* of *Proserpina* this hight;  
 And in the midst thereof a siluer feat,  
 With a thicke *Arbour* goodly ouerdight,  
 In which she often vs'd from open heat  
 Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.  
 Next thereunto did growe a goodly tree,  
 With branches broad dispred, and body great,  
 Clothed with leaues, that none the wood mote see  
 And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

34  
 Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,  
 That goodly was their glorie to behold,  
 On earth like neuer grew, ne liuing wight  
 Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;  
 For those, which *Hercules* with conquest bold  
 Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,  
 And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold;  
 And those with which th' *Eubzan* young man wan,  
 Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out-ran.

35  
 Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,  
 With which *Acontius* got his louer trew,  
 Whom he had long time fought with fruitlesse fuit:  
 Here eke that famous golden *Apple* grew,  
 The which amongst the gods false *Ate* threw;  
 For which th' *Idaan* Ladies disagreed,  
 Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,  
 And had (of her) faire *Helen* for his meed,  
 That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made to bleed.

36  
 The warlike *Elfe* much wondred at this tree,  
 So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground,  
 And his broad branches, laden with rich fec,  
 Did stretch themselues without the vmost bound  
 Of this great gardin, compact with a mound,  
 Which ouer-hanging, they themselues did sleepe,  
 In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round;  
 That is the riuer of *Cocytus* deepe,  
 In which full many soules do endlesse waile and weepe.

37  
 Which to behold, he clomb vp to the banke,  
 And looking downe, saw many damned wights,  
 In those sad waues; which direfull deadly stanke,  
 Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,  
 That with their pitious cries, and yelling shrighs,  
 They made the further shore resounden wide:  
 Emongst the rest of those same rucfull wights,  
 One cursed creature he by chance espide,  
 That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the *Gardin* side.

38  
 Deepe was he drenched to the vpmost ehin,  
 Yet gaped still, as coueting to drinke  
 Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,  
 And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke  
 To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brinke:  
 But both the fruit from hand, and floud from mouth  
 Did flie abacke, and made him vainely swinke:  
 The whiles he steru'd with hunger and with drouth  
 He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

39  
 The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,  
 Askt who he was, and what he meant thereby:  
 Who, groning deepe, thus answered him againe;  
 Most cursed of all creatures vnder skye,  
 Lo, *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:  
 Of whom high *Ioue* wont whylome feasted bee,  
 Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:  
 But if that thou be such, as I thee see,  
 Of grace I pray thee, giue to eate and drinke to mee.

40  
 Nay, nay, thou greedie *Tantalus* (quoth he)  
 Abide the fortune of thy present fate;  
 And vnto all that liue in high degree,  
 Ensample be of mind intemperate,  
 To teach them how to vse their present state.  
 Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,  
 Accusing highest *Ioue* and gods ingrate,  
 And eke blaspheming heauen bitterly,  
 As author of vniustice, there to let him dye.

41  
 Hee lookt a little further, and espyde  
 Another wretch, whose carcasse deepe was drent  
 Within the riuer, which the same did hyde:  
 But both his hands, most filthie feculent,  
 About the water were on high extent,  
 And saynd to wash themselues incessantly;  
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,  
 But rather fowler seem'd to the eye;  
 So lost his labour vaine and idle industrie.

62  
 The knight him calling, asked who he was,  
 Who lifting vp his head, him answered thus:  
*I Pilate am, the falsest Iudge, alas,*  
 And most vniust, that by vnrighteous  
 And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous  
 Deliucred vp the Lord of life to die,  
 And did acquite a murder felonous;  
 The whiles my hands I washt in puritie,  
 The whiles my soule was soyld with foule iniquitie.

63  
 Infinite moe, tormented in like paine  
 He there beheld, too long here to be told:  
 Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,  
 For terrour of the tortures manifold,  
 In which the damned soules he did behold,  
 But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole,  
 Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,  
 Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoole,  
 To rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole?

64  
 All which he did, to doe him deadly fall  
 In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt;  
 To which if he inclined had at all,  
 That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wayt,

Would him haue rent in thousand peeces strayt;  
 But he was warie wise in all his way,  
 And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,  
 Ne suffered lust his safetie to betray;  
 So goodly did beguile the Guyler of the pray.

65  
 And now he has so long remained there,  
 That vitall powres gan waxe both weake and wan,  
 For want of food, and sleepe; which two vpbear,  
 Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,  
 That none without the same endure can.  
 For, now three dayes of men were full outwrought,  
 Since he this hardy enterprize began:  
 For thy great *Mammon* fairly he belought,  
 Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

66  
 The God, though loth, yet was constrained to obey:  
 For longer time, then that, no liuing wight,  
 Belowe the earth, might suffred be to stay:  
 So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.  
 But all so soone as his enfeebled spright  
 Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,  
 As ouercome with too exceeding might,  
 The life did sit away out of her nest,  
 And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.



### Canto VIII.

*Sir Guyon, said in swowne, is by  
 Acrates sonnes despoyle,  
 Whom Arthur soone hath reskewed  
 And Paynim brethren soyld.*

1  
**A**nd is there care in heauen? and is there loue  
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
 That may compassion of their euils moue?  
 Ther is: else much more wretched were the case  
 Of men, then beasts. But o th' exceeding grace  
 Of highest God! that loues his creatures so,  
 And all his workes with mercie doth embrace;  
 That blessed Angels, he sends to and fro,  
 To serue to wicked man, to serue his wicked foe.

2  
 How oft do they, their siluer bowers leaue,  
 To come to succour vs, that succour want?  
 How oft do they, with golden pincons, cleaue  
 The sitting skyes, like flying Pursuiuant,

Against foule feends to aide vs militant?  
 They for vs fight, they watch and dewly ward,  
 And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant;  
 And all for loue, and nothing for reward:  
 O why should heauenly God to men haue such regard?

3  
 During the while that *Guyon* did abide  
 In *Mammons* house, the Palmer, whom whylere  
 That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,  
 By further search had passage found elsewhere;  
 And being on his way, approached neare,  
 Where *Guyon* lay in trauance, when suddenly  
 He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,  
 Come hither, hither, o come hastily:  
 That all the fields resounded with the rusefull cry,

4

The Palmer lent his care vnto the noyse,  
To weet who called so importunely:  
Againe, he heard a more efforded voyce,  
That bade him come in haste. He by and by  
His feeble feet directed to the cry;  
Which to that shady delue him brought at last,  
Where *Mammon* earst did sunne his treasury:  
There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast  
In senselesse dreame; which fight at first him fore agast.

5

Before his head there fate a faire young man,  
Of wondrous beautie, and of freshest yeares,  
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,  
And flourish faire about his equal peares;  
His snowy front curled with golden haire,  
Like *Phæbus* face adorn'd with sunny rayes,  
Divinely shone, and two sharp winged sheares,  
Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted Iayes,  
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie wayes.

6

Like as *Cupido* on *Idean* hill,  
V When hauing laid his cruell bowe away,  
And mortall arrowes, where-with he doth fill  
The world with murderous spoyle and bloudie pray,  
With his faire mother he him dights to play,  
And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;  
The Goddesse pleased with his wanton play,  
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguil'd to bee;  
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

7

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was  
Through feare and wonder, that he nought could say,  
Till him the child bespake, Long lackt, alas,  
Hath been thy faithfull ayde in hard assay,  
Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay;  
Behold this heauy sight, thou returning Sire,  
But dread of death and dolour doe away;  
For, life ere long shall to her home retire,  
And hee that breathlesse seemes, shall courage bold respire.

8

The charge which God doth vnto me arret,  
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;  
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget  
The care thereof (my selfe) vnto the end,  
But euermore him succour, and defend  
Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;  
For, euill is at hand him to offend.  
So hauing said, estwoones he gan display  
His painted nimble wings, and vanish quite away.

9

The Palmer seeing his left empty place,  
And his slowe eyes beguiled of their sight,  
Woxe fore afraid, and standing still a space,  
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escap't by sight;  
At last, him turning to his charge behight,  
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;  
V Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,  
He much reioyc't, and courd it tenderly,  
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

10

At last, he spyde where towards him did passe  
Two Pnyim knights, all arm'd as bright as sky,  
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,  
And farre before a light-foot Page did fly,  
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;  
Those were the two sonnes of *Acrates* old,  
Who meeting earst with *Archimago* fly,  
Foreby that idle stromd, of him were told,  
That he, which earst them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

11

Which to auenge on him they dearely vow'd,  
Where-er that on ground they mote him find;  
False *Archimago* prouokt their courage proud,  
And strife-full *Atin* in their stubborne mind  
Coales of contention and hot vengeance tind.  
Now been they come whereas the Palmer fate,  
Keeping that slumbrd corse to him assign'd;  
Well knew they both his person, sith of late  
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

12

Whom when *Pyrrhochiles* saw, inflam'd with rage,  
That fire he foule bespake, Thou dotard vile,  
That with thy bruteneffe shendst thy comely age,  
Abandone soone, I read, the caitiue spoile  
Of that fame outcast carcasse, that erewhile  
Made it selfe famous through false trechery,  
And crownd his coward creit with knightly stile;  
Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,  
To proue hee liued ill, that did thus foully dye.

13

To whom the Palmer seareleis answered;  
Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,  
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,  
And with foule cowardize his carcasse shame,  
Whose liuing hands immortaliz'd his name.  
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,  
And enuy base, to barke at sleeping fanie:  
Was neuer wight, that treason of him tolde;  
Your selfe his prowels prov'd & found him fierce & bold.

14

Then sayd *Cymochiles*; Palmer thou doest dote,  
Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,  
Sauer as thou seest or hear'st: But, well I wote,  
That of his puillance tryall made extreme;  
Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seeme,  
Ne all good knights, that shake well speare and shield;  
The worth of all men by their end esteeme,  
And then due praise, or due reproche them yield;  
Bad therefore I him deem, that thus lies dead on field.

15

Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply)  
What doe I recke, sith that he dyde entire?  
Or what doth his bad death now satisfie  
The greedy hunger of reuenging ire,  
Sith wrathfull hand wrought nother owne desire?  
Yet sith no way is left to wreake my sight,  
I will him reauce of armes, the victors hire,  
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;  
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

16

Faire Sir, said then the Palmer suppliant,  
For knighthoods loue doe not so feoule a deed,  
Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt  
Of vile revenge. To spoyle the dead of weed  
Is sacrilege, and doth all finnes exceed ;  
But leaue these reliques of his liuing might,  
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-black steed.  
What herce or steed (said he) should he haue dight,  
But be entombd in the rauens or the Kight ?

17

With that, rude hand vpon his shield he laid,  
And th'other brother gan his helme vnlace,  
Both fiercely bent to haue him disarraid ;  
Till that they spyde, where towards them did passe  
An armed knight, of bold and bountious grace,  
Whose Squire bore after him an heben launce,  
And couerd shield. VVell kend him so farrre fpace  
Th'enchauter by his armes and amenaunce,  
When vnder him he saw his Lybian steed to prauince ;

18

And to those brethren said, Rise, rise by liue,  
And vnto battaile doe your selues adresse ;  
For, yonder comes the prouest knight aliue,  
Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and nobleste,  
That hath to Paynim knights wrought great distresse,  
And thousand Sar'zins foully donne to dye.  
That word so deepe did in their hartes impress,  
That both eefsoones vpstart furiously,  
And gan themselues prepare to battell greedily.

19

But fierce *Pyrhochles*, lacking his owne sword,  
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,  
And *Archimage* besought, him that afford,  
Which he had brought for *Eraggadochio* vaine.  
So would I, sayd th'enchauter, glad and faine  
Beteeme to you his sword, you to defend,  
Or ouglt that esse your honour might maintaine,  
But that this weapons powre I well haue kend,  
To be contrary to the worke which yee intend.

20

For, that same knights owne sword this is of yore,  
Which *Merlin* made by his almighty art  
For that his nourling, when he knighthood swore,  
There-with to doen his foes eternal smart.  
The metall first he mixt with *Medewart*,  
Thar no enchantment from his dint might saue ;  
Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,  
And seauen times dipped in the bitter waue  
Of hellish *Styx*, which hidden verue to it gaue.

21

The vertue is, that neither steele nor stone,  
The stroake thereof from entrance may defend ;  
Ne euer may be vsed by his fone,  
Ne forc't his rightfull owner to offend,  
Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend.  
Wherefore *Mordure* it rightfully is hight.  
In vaine therefore, *Pyrhochles*, should I lend  
The same to thee, against his Lord to fight.  
For, sure it would deceiue thy labour, and thy might.

22

Foolish old man, sayd then the Pagan wroth,  
That weenest words or charmes may force withstand :  
Soone shalt thou see, and then belieue for troth,  
That I can carue with this enchanted bronnd  
His Lords owne flesh. There-with out of his hond  
That virtuous steele he rudely snatcht away,  
And *Gwynons* shield about his writt he bond ;  
So, ready dight fierce battaile to assay,  
And match his brother proud in battailous array,

23

By this, that stranger knight in presence came,  
And goodly salued them: who nought againe  
Him aunswered, as courtesie became ;  
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdain,  
Gauē signes of grudge and discontentment vaine.  
Then, turning to the Palmer, hee gan spy  
Where, at his feet, with sorrowfull demaine  
And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,  
In whose dead face he read great magnanimity.

24

Said he then to the Palmer, R euerend syre,  
What great misfortune hath betid this knight ?  
Or did his life her fatal date expyre,  
Or did he fall by treason, or by sight ?  
How-euer, sure I rew his pitious plight.  
Not one, nor other, sayd the Palmer graue,  
Hath him besalne, but cloudes of deadly night  
Awhile his heauy eylds couer'd haue,  
And all his senses drowned in deepe senselesse waue.

25

Which, those same foes that doen awaite hereby,  
Making advantage, to revenge their spight,  
VVould him dilame, and treaten shamefully ;  
(Vnworthy vsage of redoubted knight.)  
But you, faire Sir, whose honourable sight  
Doth promise hope of help, and timely grace,  
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,  
And by your powre protect his feeble case.  
First prayle of knight hood is, foule outrage to deface.

26

Palmer, sayd he, no knight so rude (I weene)  
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost :  
Ne was there euer noble courage leene,  
That in advantage would his puillance boast :  
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.  
May be, that better reason will affwage  
The rash revengers heat. VVords well disposed  
Haue secret powre, 't appeare inflamed rage :  
If not, leaue vnto me thy knights last patronage.

27

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke ;  
Yee warlike payre, whose valorous great might,  
It seemes, iust wrongs to vengeance doth prouoke,  
To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming knight,  
Mote ouglt allay the storme of your despight,  
And settle patience in so furious heat ?  
Not to debate the challenge of your right,  
But for this carcasse pardon I entreat,  
Whom fortune hath already layd in lowest seat.



28

To whom *Cymochles* said; For what art thou,  
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong  
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now  
On this vile body from to wreake my wrong,  
And make his carcase as the outcast dong?  
Why should not that dead carrion satisfie  
The guilt, which if he liued had thus long,  
His life for due reuenge should deare abide?  
The trespasse still doth liue, albe the person die.

29

Indeed, then said the Prince, the euill donne  
Dies not, when breath the body first doth leaue;  
But from the grandfire to the Nephewes sonne,  
And all his seede the curse doth often cleaue,  
Till vengeance vterly the guilt breaue:  
So straightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,  
That doth against the dead his hand vpeare,  
His honour itaines with rancour and despight,  
And great disparagement makes to his former might.

30

*Pyrrhocles* gan reply the second time,  
And to him said, Now felon sure I read,  
How that thou art partaker of his crime:  
Therefore by *Termagant* thou shalt be dead.  
With that, his hand (more sad then lump of lead)  
Vplifting high, he weened with *Mordure*,  
His owne good sword *Mordure*, to cleaue his head.  
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,  
But swaruing from the marke, his Lords life did assure.

31

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,  
That horse and man it made to reele aside:  
Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell  
(For, well of yore he learned had to ride)  
But full of anger fiercely to him cride;  
False traytour, miscreant, thou broken hast  
The law of armes, to strike foe vndeside:  
But thou thy treasons fruit (I hope) shalt taste  
Right fowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast defact.

32

With that, his balefull speare he fiercely bent  
Against the Pagans breast, and there-with thought  
His cursed life out of her lodge haue rent:  
But ere the point arriued where it ought,  
That feauen-fold shield, which he from *Guyon* brought  
He cast-betweene, to ward the bitter stound:  
Through all those folds the steel-head passage wrought,  
And through his shoulder pearc't; wher-with to ground  
He groueling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

33

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe  
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,  
And foully said, By *Maboune*, cursed thiefe,  
That direfull stroake thou dearely shalt aby.  
Then hurling vp his harmefull blade on hie,  
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,  
That from his saddle forced him to fly:  
Else more it needs downe to his manly brest  
Haue cleft his head in twaine, and life thence disposselt.

34

Now was the Prince in dangerous distresse,  
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:  
His single speare could doe him small redresse,  
Against two foes of so exceeding might,  
The least of which was match for any knight.  
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,  
Had reard himselfe againe to cruell fight,  
Three times more furious, and more puissant,  
Vnmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

35

So, both attonce him charge on either side,  
With hideous stroakes, and importable powre,  
That forced him his ground to trauefse fowre,  
And wisely watch to ward that deadly towre.  
For, on his shield, as thicke as stormic showre  
Their stroakes did raine: yet did he neuer quaille,  
Ne backward shrink; but as a stedfast towre,  
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile,  
Them on her bulwarke beares, & bids them nought auail:

36

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,  
Till that at last, when he advantage spide,  
His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway  
At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his shield was wide,  
That through his thigh the mortall steele did gride:  
He, swaruing with the force, within his flesh  
Did breake the lance, and let the head abide:  
Out of the wound the red bloud flowed fresh,  
That vnderneath his feet foone made a purple plesht.

37

Horribly then he gan to rage, and raile,  
Cursing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe:  
As when his brother saw the red bloud traile  
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,  
For very felnesse loud he gan to weepe,  
And said, Caytiue, curse on thy cruell hond,  
That twice hath sped; yet shall it not thee keepe  
From the third brunt of this my fatal brond:  
Lo, where the dreadfull Death behind thy back doth stond.

38

With that hee strooke, and th'other strooke withall,  
That nothing seem'd mote beare so monstrous might:  
The one vpon his couer'd shield did fall,  
And glauncing downe, would not his owner bite:  
But th'other did vpon his troncheon smite;  
Which hewing quite asunder, further way  
It made, and on his hacqueton did lite,  
The which diuiding with importune sway,  
It ferz'd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

39

Wide was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,  
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grieuouly;  
That when the Paynim spide the streaming blood,  
Gauc him great hart, and hope of victorie.  
On th'other side, in huge perplexitie,  
The Prince now stood, hauing his weapon broke;  
Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did lie:  
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke  
*Cymochles* twice, that twice him forc't his foote reuoce.

I.

Whom,

40  
Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,  
Sir *Guyons* sword he lightly to him raught,  
And said; Faire sonne, great God thy right hand blesse,  
To vse that sword so wisely as it aught.  
Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,  
When as againe he armed felt his hond;  
Then like a Lion, which hath long time sought  
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond  
Emongst the Shepheard swaines, the wexeth wood & yond:

41  
So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes  
On either side, that neither maile could hold,  
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:  
Now to *Pyrrochles* many strokes he told;  
Eft to *Cymochles* twice so many fold:  
Then backe againe turning his busie hond,  
Them both at once compeld with courage bold,  
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;  
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both

42  
As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mastiues bayt,  
VVhen rancour doth with rage him once engore,  
Forgets with warie ward them to await,  
But with his dreadfull hornes them drues afore,  
Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,  
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,  
That all the forest quakes to heare him rore:  
So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twaine,  
That neither could his mighty puissance sustaine.

43  
But euer at *Pyrrochles* when he smit  
(Who *Guyons* shield cast euer him before,  
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtraict was writ)  
His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,  
And his deare hart the picture gan adore:  
VVhich oft the Paynim saw'd from deadly frowe.  
But him hence-forth the fame can laue no more;  
For, now arriued is his fatal howre,  
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

44  
For, when *Cymochles* saw the foule reproche,  
Which them appeach'd; prickt with guilty shame,  
And inward grieffe, he fiercely gan approche,  
Resolv'd to put-away that loathly blame,  
Or die with honour and detert of fame;  
And on the hauberk strooke the Prince so fore,  
That quite disparted all the linked frame,  
And peaced to the skin, but bit no more,  
Yet made him twice to reele, that neuer mou'd afore.

45  
Wherewith fiercer't with wrath and sharp regret,  
Hee strooke so hugely with his borrow'd blade,  
That it empearc't the Pagans burganet,  
And cleaving the hard Steele, did deepe invade  
Into his head, and cruell passage made (ground,  
Quite through his braine. Hee tumbling downe on  
Breath'd out his ghost; which to th' infernall shade  
Fast flying, there eternall torment found,  
For all the finnes, where-with his lewd life did abound.

46  
Which when his german law, the stony feare  
Ran to his hart, and all his sense dismayd,  
Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appeare:  
But, as a man whom hellish fiends haue frayd,  
Long trembling still he stood: at last thus said;  
Traytour what hast thou doen? how euer may  
Thy cursed hand to cruelly haue swayd  
Against that knight: Harrow and weal-away!  
After to wicked deed why liv'st thou lenger day!

47  
VVith that all desperate, as loathing light,  
And with revenge detiring soone to die,  
Assembling all his force and vtmost might,  
With his owne sword hee fierce at him did fly,  
And strooke, and foyn'd, and lastly outrageously,  
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew  
The Prince, with patience and suffrance fly  
So hastie heat soone cooled to bloodue:  
Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that battaile gan renewe.

48  
As when a windie tempest bloweth hie,  
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,  
The cloudes (as things afraid) before him fly;  
But all so soone as his outrageous powre  
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to thoure,  
And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,  
Now all at once their malice forth doe poure;  
So did Prince *Arthur* beare himselfe in fight,  
And suffred rash *Pyrrochles* waite his idle might.

49  
At last, when as the Sarazin perceiv'd,  
How that strange sword refus'd to serue his need,  
But when he strooke most fronyd, the dint deceiv'd,  
Hee flog it from him, and devoyd of deeed,  
Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,  
Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,  
Thinking to overthrowe, and downe him tread:  
But him in strength and skill the Prince surpass,  
And through his nimble sleight did vnder him downe cast.

50  
Nought booted it the Paynim then to strue;  
For, as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,  
That may nothope by flight to scape alive,  
Still waites for death with dread and trembling awe;  
So he, now subiect to the Victors law,  
Did not once moue, nor vpward cast his eye,  
For vile disdain and rancour, which did gnaw  
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,  
As one that loathed life, and yet despis'd to die.

51  
But full of Princely bountie and great mind,  
The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,  
But casting wrongs and all reuenge behind,  
More glory thought to giue life, then decay,  
And said, Paynim, this is thy dismall day;  
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,  
And my true liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,  
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiance,  
And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my souenance.

52

Foole, said the Pagan, I thy gift desie :  
 But vse thy fortune, as it doth befall,  
 And say, that I not overcome doe die,  
 But in despight of life, for death doe call.  
 Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall  
 That he so wilfully refused grace ;  
 Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,  
 His shining helmet he gan soone vnlace,  
 And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

53

By this, Sir *Guyon* from his trauce awak't,  
 Life hauing mastered her senselesse foe ;  
 And looking vp, when as his shield he lackt,  
 And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe :  
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe  
 Had lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,  
 And said, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro  
 I long haue lackt, I ioy thy face to view ;  
 Firme is thy faith, whom danger neuer from me drew.

54

But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee  
 Of my good sword and shield? The Palmer glad,  
 With so fresh hew vprising him to see,  
 Him answered; Faire sonne, be no whit fad

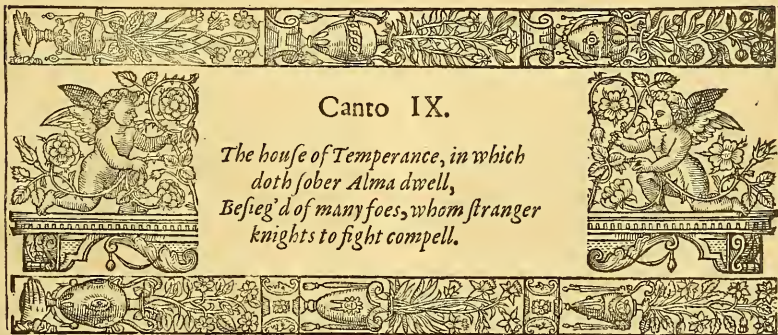
For want of weapons : they shall soone be had.  
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,  
 Which that strange knight for him sustained had,  
 And those two *Sarazins* confounded late,  
 Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostrate.

55

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens true,  
 His hart with great affection was embayd,  
 And to the Prince with bowing reuerence due,  
 As to the Patrone of his life, thus said ;  
 My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd  
 I liue this day, and see my foes subdewd,  
 What may suffice, to be for mee repayd  
 Of so great graces, as ye haue me shewd,  
 But to be euer bound

56

To whom the Infant thus ; Faire Sir, what need  
 Good turnes be counted, as a seruite bond,  
 To bind their doers to receiue their need ?  
 Are not all Knights by oath bound, to withstand  
 Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond ?  
 Suffice, that I haue done my due in place.  
 So, goodly purpose they together found,  
 Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace ;  
 The whiles false *Archimage* and *Atin* fled apace.



## Canto IX.

*The house of Temperance, in which  
 doth sober Alma dwell,  
 Besieg'd of many foes, whom stranger  
 knights to fight compell.*

**I** F all Gods works, which do this world adorn,  
 There is no one more faire and excellent,  
 Then is mans body both for powre & form,  
 Whiles it is kept in sober government ;  
 But none then it more soule and indecent,  
 Distempred through misrule and passions base :  
 It growes a Monster, and incontinent  
 Doth lose his dignitie and natue grace.  
 Behold (who list) both one and other in this place.

**2** After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,  
 The Briton Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,  
 And *Guyon* his lost shield, they both yfere  
 Forth passed on their way in faire accord,

Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord ;  
 Sir Knight, mote I of you this curt'sie read,  
 To weat why on your shield (so goodly scord)  
 Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head ?  
 Full liuely is the semblant, though the substance dead.

**3** Faire Sir, said he, if in that picture dead  
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,  
 What mote ye weene, if the true liuely-head  
 Of that most glorious visage ye did view ?  
 But if the beautie of her mind ye knew,  
 That is, her bountie, and imperiall powre,  
 Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,  
 O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,  
 And infinite desire into your spirit poure !

I 2.

Sicc

4  
 Shee is the mighty Queene of *Faerie*,  
 Whose faire retrait I in my shield doe beare;  
 She is the flowre of grace and chastitie,  
 Throughout the world renowned faire and neare,  
 My life, my liege, my Soueraigne, my deare,  
 Whose glory sunneth as the morning starre,  
 And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;  
 Fare reach her mercies, and her praises farre,  
 As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre.

5  
 Thrice happy man, said then the *Briton* knight,  
 Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce  
 Haue made a fouldier of that *Princesse* bright,  
 Which with her bounty and glad countenance  
 Doth blesse her seruants, and them high aduaunce.  
 How may strange knight hope euer to aspire,  
 By faithfull seruice, and meet amenaunce  
 Vnto such blisse? sufficient were that hire  
 For losse of thousand lines, to die at her desire.

6  
 Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed so great,  
 Or grace of earthly Prince so soueraigne,  
 But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat  
 Ye well may hope, and easily attaine?  
 But were your will, her sold to entertaine,  
 And numbred be amongst knights of *Maydenhead*,  
 Great guerdon (well I wote) should you remaine,  
 And in her fauour high be reckoned;  
 As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now bene honoured.

7  
 Certes, then said the Prince, I God avow,  
 That since I armes and knighthood first did plight,  
 My whole desire hath benee, and yet is now,  
 To serue that Queene with all my powre and might.  
 Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,  
 Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,  
 Since of that Goddesse I haue fought the fight,  
 Yet no where can her find. such happinesse  
 Heauen doth to me envy, and fortune fauourlesse.

8  
 Fortune (the foe of famous chesuaunce)  
 Sildome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue ayde,  
 But in her way throwes mischief and mischaunce,  
 Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.  
 But you, faire Sir, be not here-with dismayd,  
 But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;  
 Which were it not, that I am else delaid  
 With hard adventure, which I haue in hand,  
 I labour would to guide you through all *Faerie* land.

9  
 Gramercie Sir, said he; but mote I wote,  
 What strange adventure doe ye nowe pursue?  
 Perhaps my succour, or aduizement meet,  
 Mote stead you much your purpose to subdue.  
 Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew  
 Of false *Acrasia*, and her wicked wiles,  
 Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew  
 From *Faerie* court. So talked they, the whiles  
 They wasted had much way, and measured many miles.

10  
 And now faire *Phœbus* gan decline in haste  
 His wearie wagon to the Westerne vale,  
 When-as they spide a goodly Cattle, plac't  
 Foreby a ruer in a pleasant dale;  
 Which choosung for that euenings hospitale,  
 They thither marcht: but when they came in sight,  
 And from their sweaty couriers did auale,  
 They found the gates fast barred long ere night,  
 And eury loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

11  
 Which when they saw, they weened foule reprochie  
 Was to them doon, their entrance to forfall,  
 Till that the Squire gan nigher to approche;  
 And wind his horn vnder the castle wall,  
 That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall:  
 Effsoones fourth looked from the highest spire  
 The watch, and loud vnto the knights did call,  
 To weet what they so rudely did require.  
 Who gently answered, Thy entraunce did desire.

12  
 Fly fly, good knights, said he, fly fast away  
 If that your lines ye loue, as meet ye should;  
 Fly fast, and saue your selues from nere decay,  
 Here may ye not haue entrance, though we would:  
 We would and would againe, if that we could;  
 But thousand enemies about vs rae,  
 And with long siege vs in this castle hould:  
 Scauen yeares this wize they vs besieged haue,  
 And many good knights slaine, that haue vs fought to saue.

13  
 Thus as he spake, loe, with outrageous cry  
 A thousand villaines round about them swarm'd  
 Out of the rocks and caues adioyning nie,  
 Vile caitiue wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd,  
 All threatening death, all in strange manner arm'd,  
 Some with vnweldy clubs, some with long speares,  
 Some rustie knives, some stauces in fier warm'd.  
 Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed Steares,  
 Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe vpstanding heares.

14  
 Fiercely at first those knights they did assaile,  
 And droue them to recoile: but when againe  
 They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,  
 Vnable their encounter to sustaine;  
 For, with such puissaunce and impetuous maine  
 Those Champions broke on them, that forc't them fly,  
 Like scattered Sheepe, when as the Shepherds swaine  
 A Lyon and a Tigre doth spy,  
 With greedy pafeforth rushing from the forest nie.

15  
 Awhile they fled, but soone returnd againe  
 VVith greater fury then before was found;  
 And enomore their cruell Capitaine  
 Sought with his rascall routs t'enclose them round,  
 And (ouer-runne) to tread them to the ground.  
 But soone the Knights with their bright-burning blades  
 Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,  
 Hewing and flashing at their idle shades; (fades.  
 For, though they bodies seeme, yet substance from them

16

As when a swarme of Gnats at euentide  
 Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,  
 Their murmuring small trumpets founden wide,  
 Whiles in the ayre their clustring armie flies,  
 That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;  
 Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,  
 For their sharpe wounds, and noyous iniuries,  
 Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustering blast  
 Doth blowe them quite away, and in the *Ocean* cast.

17

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,  
 Vnto the Castle gate they come againe,  
 And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.  
 Now, when report of that their perilous paine,  
 And combrous conflict which they did sustaine,  
 Came to the Ladies care which there did dwell,  
 She forth issued with a goodly traine  
 Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,  
 And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

18

*Alma* she called was, a virgin bright;  
 That had not yet felt *Cupids* wanton rage,  
 Yet was the woo'd of many a gentle Knight,  
 And many a Lord of noble parentage,  
 That sought with her to linke in marriage:  
 For, she was faire, as faire mote euer bee,  
 And in the stowre now of her frestest age;  
 Yet full of grace and goodly modestie,  
 That euen heauen joyced her sweet face to see.

19

In robe of lilly white she was arrayd,  
 That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,  
 The traine wherof loose far behind her strayd,  
 Branched with gold and pearle, most richly wrought,  
 And borne of two faire Dumsels, which were taught  
 That feruice well. Her yellow golden haire  
 Was trimly wouen, and in tresses wrought,  
 Ne other tyre she on her head did weare,  
 But crowned with a garland of sweet *Rosiers*.

20

Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,  
 And brought them vp into her castle hall;  
 Where, gentle court and gracious delight  
 She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,  
 Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall:  
 There when they rested had a season dew,  
 They her besought of fauour speciall,  
 Of that faire Castle to afford them view;  
 She graunted, and them leading forth, the same did shew.

21

First, she them led vp to the Castle wall,  
 That was so high, as for might nor it clime,  
 And all so faire, and sensible withall,  
 Not built of brick, ne yet of stone and lime,  
 But of thing like to that *Egyptian* slime,  
 Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Babell* towre;  
 But ô great pittie, that no longer time  
 So goodly workmanship should not endure:  
 Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

22

The frame thereof seem'd partly circulare,  
 And part triangulare: ô worke diuine!  
 Those two the first and last proportions are,  
 The one imperfect, mortall, feminine;  
 Th' other immortall, perfecte, masculine;  
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,  
 Proportioned equally by seuen and nune;  
 Nine was the circle set in heauens place,  
 All which compacted, made a goodly *Dyapase*.

23

Therein two gates were placed seemely well:  
 The one before, by which all in did passe,  
 Did th' other far in workmanship excell;  
 For, not of wood, nor of enduring brasse,  
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;  
 Doubly disparted, it did lock and close,  
 That when it locked, none might thorough passe,  
 And when it opened, no man might it close,  
 Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes.

24

Of hewen stone the porch was fairely wrought,  
 Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,  
 Then set or Marble farre from Ireland brought;  
 Over the which was cast a wandring Vine,  
 Enchaced with a wanton *Iriue* twine.  
 And ouer it a faire *Portcullis* hung,  
 Which to the gate directly did incline,  
 With comely compasse, and compacture strong,  
 Neither vnseemely short, nor yet exceeding long.

25

Within the Barbican a Porter sat,  
 Day and night dulie keeping watch and ward,  
 Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate;  
 But in good order, and with due regard;  
 Vtters of secrets he from thence debar,  
 Babblers of folly, and blazers of crime.  
 His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard  
 When cause requir'd, but neuer out of time;  
 Earely and late it rung, at euening and at prime.

26

And round about the porch on euery side  
 Twice sixteene warders sat, all armed bright  
 In glistering steele, and strongly fortifide:  
 Tall yeomen seem'd they, and of great might,  
 And were enrag'd ready still for fight.  
 By them as *Alma* pass'd with her guests,  
 They did obeyfaunce, as besermed right,  
 And then againe returned to their rests:  
 The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gests.

27

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,  
 Wherein were many tables faire dispird,  
 And ready dight with drapets feastiuall,  
 Against the viands should be ministred.  
 At th' upper end there sat, yclad in red  
 Downe to the ground; a comely personage;  
 That in his hand a whiteer roe menaged:  
 He Steward was, high *Diet*; ripe of age,  
 And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

28

And through the Hall there walked to and fro  
A iolly yeoman, Marshall of the fame,  
Whose name was *Appetite*; he did bestowe  
Both guests and meat, when euer in they came,  
And knew them how to order without blame,  
As him the Steward bade. They both at once  
Did dutie to their Lady, as became;  
Who passing by, forth led her guests anone  
Into the kitchin roome, ne spar'd for nicenesse none.

29

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,  
With many raunges reard along the wall;  
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,  
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all  
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,  
Vpon a mighty furnace, burning hot,  
More hot, then *Aets*' or flaming *Mongiball*:  
For, day and night it brent, ne ceased not,  
So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

30

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce  
It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,  
There added was by goodly ordinance,  
An huge great paire of bellows, which did stire  
Continually, and cooling breath inspire.  
About the caudron many Cookes accoyld,  
With hookes and ladles, as need did require;  
The whiles the viands in the vessell boyl'd  
They did about their businesse sweat, and forely toyld.

31

The maister Cooke was call'd *Concoction*,  
A carefull man, and full of comely guise:  
The kitchin Clerke, that hight *Digestion*,  
Did order all the cates in seemely wise,  
And set them forth, as well he could deuise.  
The rest had severall offices assign'd:  
Some to remoue the scum as it did rise;  
Others to beare the fame away did mind;  
And others it to vse according to his kind.

32

But all the liquour, which was foule and waste,  
Not good nor seruiceable else for ought,  
They in another great round vessell plac't,  
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:  
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,  
By secret wayes that none might it espy,  
Was close conuaid, and to the back-gare brought,  
That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby  
It was avoided quite, and throwne out priuily.

33

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill  
When as those Knights beheld, with rare delight  
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;  
For, neuer had they seene so strange a sight,  
Thence backe againe faire *Alma* led them right,  
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,  
That was with royall Arras richly dight,  
In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,  
Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

34

And in the midst thereof vpon the floure,  
A lonely beuy of faire Ladies sate,  
Courtred of many a iolly Paramoure,  
The which them did in modest wise amate,  
And each one sought his Lady to aggrate:  
And eke amongst them little *Cupid* plaid  
His wanton sports, being returned late  
From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd  
His cruell bowe, where-with he thousands hath dismayd.

35

Diuerse delights they found themselues to please;  
Some sung in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,  
Some plaid with strawes, some idle sate at ease;  
But other some could not abide to toy,  
All pleasure was to them griece and annoy:  
This frownd, that faund, the third for shame did blush;  
Another seem'd enuious, or coy,  
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:  
But at these strangers presence euery one did hush.

36

Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,  
They all at once out of their seates arose,  
And to her homage made, with humble grace:  
Whom, when the Knights beheld, they gan dispose  
Themselues to court, and each a *Damiell* chose:  
The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,  
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,  
But some-what sad, and solemne eke in sight,  
As if some pensue thought constraind her gentle spright.

37

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold  
Was fretted all about, she was arrayd;  
And in her hand a Poplar branch did hold:  
To whom the Prince in curteous manner said;  
Gentle Madame, why been ye thus dismayd,  
And your faire beutie doe with sadnesse spill?  
Lives any, that you hath thus ill apaid?  
Or doen you loue, or doen you lacke your will?  
What-auer be the cause, it sure becomes you ill.

38

Faire Sir, said she (halfe in disdainefull wife)  
How is it that this word in me ye blame,  
And in your selfe doe not the same aduise?  
Him ill becomes, anothers fault to name,  
That may vnwares be blotted with the same:  
Pensue I yield I am, and sad in mind,  
Through great desire of glory and of fame;  
Ne ought (I wene) are ye therein behind, (find)  
That haue twelue months sought one, yet no where can her

39

The Prince was inly moued at her speach,  
Well weeting true, what she had rashly told;  
Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hide the breach,  
Which change of colour did perforce vnfold,  
Now seeming flaming hot, now stony cold.  
Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquire,  
What wight she was, that Poplar branch did hold:  
It answered was, her name was *Praise-desire*,  
That by well dooing sought to honour to aspire.

40

The whiles, the *Faerie* knight did entertaine  
 Another Damsell of that gentle crew,  
 That was right faire, and modest of demaine,  
 But that too oft she chang'd her native hew:  
 Strange was her tire, and all her garment blew;  
 Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:  
 Vpon her fist, the bird which slunneth view,  
 And keeps in courtles close from liuing wight,  
 Did sit, as yet ashamed, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

41

So long as *Guyon* with her communed,  
 Vnto the ground she cast her modest eye,  
 And euer and anone with rosie red  
 The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did die,  
 That her became, as polifist Ivory,  
 Which cunning Craftsmans hand hath overlaid  
 With faire Vermilion or pure lastery.  
 Great wonder had the knight to see the maid  
 So strangely passioned, and to her gently said,

42

Faire Damsell, seemeth by your troubled cheare;  
 That either me too bold yee weene, this wise  
 You to molest, or other ill to feare  
 That in the secret of your hart close liyes,  
 From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise.  
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray;  
 But if ought else that I mote not devise,  
 I will (if please you it discure) affay  
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

43

She answered nought, but more abasht for shame,  
 Held downe her head, the whiles her louely face  
 The flashing bloud with blushing did inflame,  
 And the strong passion mard her modest grace,  
 That *Guyon* meruaild at her vncouth case:  
 Till *Alma* him bespake, Why wonder yee  
 Faire Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?  
 She is the fountaine of your modestee;  
 You shamefac't are, but *Shamefastnesse* it selfe is shee:

44

Thereat the Elfe did blush in priuicee,  
 And turnd his face away; but she the same  
 Dissembled faire, and faind to ouersee.  
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,  
 Themselues did solace each one with his Dame,  
 Till that great Ladie thence away them sought,  
 To view her Castles other wondrous frame.  
 Vp to a stately Turret she them brought,  
 Ascending by ten steps of Alabaster wrought.

45

That Turrets frame most admirable was,  
 Like highest heauen compassed around,  
 And lifted high about this earthly mass,  
 Which it suruiew'd, as hills doen lower ground;  
 But not on ground mote like to this be found,  
 Not that which antique *Cadmus* whilome built  
 In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;  
 Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly gilt,  
 Fro which young *Hectors* bloud by cruell *Greeks* was spilt.

46

The rooffe hereof was arched ouer head,  
 And deckt with flowets and herbars daintily;  
 Two goodly Beacons, set in watches staid,  
 Therein gaue light, and flam'd continually:  
 For, they of liuing fire most subtilly  
 Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,  
 Couer'd with lids devis'd of substance fly,  
 That readily they shut and open might.  
 O, who can tell the prayfes of that makers might!

47

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell  
 This parts great workmanship, and wondrous powre,  
 That all this other worlds worke doth excell,  
 And likest is vnto that heauenly towre,  
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.  
 Therein were diuerse roomes, and diuerse stages,  
 But three the chiefeft, and of greatest powre,  
 In which there dwelt three honourable fages,  
 The wisest men (I weene) that liued in their ages.

48

Not he, whom *Greece* (the Nurse of all good Arts)  
 By *Thabus* doome, the wisest thought alieu,  
 Might be compair'd to these by many parts:  
 Nor that sage *Pyllian* sire, which did suruiue  
 Three ages, such as mortall men contriue,  
 By whose aduise old *Priams* cittie fell,  
 With these in praise of policies mote striue.  
 These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,  
 And counsell'd faire *Alma*, how to gouerne well.

49

The first of them could things to come fore-see:  
 The next, could of things present best aduise;  
 The third, things past could keepe in memorie:  
 So that no time, nor reason could arise,  
 But that the same could one of these comprize.  
 For thy, the first did in the fore-part sit,  
 That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize:  
 He had a sharpe fore-sight, and working wit,  
 That neuer idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

50

His chamber was dispainted all within,  
 With sundry colours, in the which were writ  
 Infinite shapcs of things disperd thin;  
 Some such as in the world were neuer yet,  
 Ne can deuise be of mortal wit;  
 Some daily seene, and knownen by their names,  
 Such as in idle fantasies doe fit:  
 Infernall Hags, *Centawres*, fecnds, *Hippodames*,  
 Apes, Lyons, Eagles, Owles, foolcs, louers, children,  
 (Dames)

51

And all the chamber filled was with flies,  
 Which buzzed all about, and made such found,  
 That they encombr'd all mens eares and eyes,  
 Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,  
 After their hieus with honny doe abound:  
 All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,  
 Deuices, dreames, opinions vnfound,  
 Shewes, visions, sooth-laycs, and prophecies;  
 And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

52  
 Emongst them all fate he which wonned there,  
 That hight *Phantastes* by his nature trew;  
 A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appeere,  
 Offwarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,  
 That him full of melancholy did shew;  
 Bent hollow beetle browes, sharp staring eyes,  
 That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view  
 Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,  
 When oblique *Saturne* fate in th'houe of agonies.

53  
 Whom *Alma* hauing shewed to her guesstes,  
 Thence brought them to the second roome, whose wals  
 Were painted faire with memorable gestes  
 Offamous Wisards, and with picturals  
 Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,  
 Of common wealthes, of sitates, of policie,  
 Of lawes, of iudgements, and of decretals;  
 All Artes, all Science, all Philosophy,  
 And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

54  
 Of those that roome was full: and them among  
 There fate a man of ripe and perfect age,  
 Who did them meditate all his life long,  
 That through continuall practise and viage,  
 He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.  
 Great pleasure had those stranger Knights, to see  
 His goodly reason, and graue personage,  
 That his disciples both desir'd to bee;  
 But *Alma* thence them led to th'hindmost roome of three.

55  
 That chamber seemed riuinous and old,  
 And therefore was remoued farre behind,  
 Yet were the wals, thar did the same vphold,  
 Right firme and strong, though somewhat they declin'd;  
 And therein fate an old old man, halfe blind,  
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,  
 Yet liuely vigour rested in his mind,  
 And recompenc't him with a better sorce:  
 Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled force.

56  
 This man of infinite remembrance was,  
 And things foregone through many ages held,  
 Which he recorded still as they did pass,  
 Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,

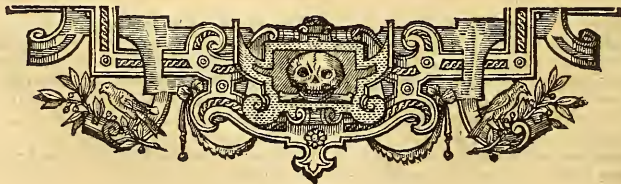
As all things else, the which this world doth weld,  
 But laid them vp in his immortal scrine,  
 Where they for euer incorrupted dweld;  
 The warres he well remembered of king *Nine*,  
 Of old *Assaracus*, and *Inachus* diuine.

57  
 The yeares of *Nestor* nothing were to his,  
 Ne yet *Matusalem*, though longest lyu'd;  
 For, he remembered both their infancies:  
 Ne wonder then, if that he were depriu'd  
 Of native strength now, that he them suruiu'd.  
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolles,  
 And old records from auncient times deriu'd,  
 Some made in bookes, some in long parchment scrolls;  
 That were all worme-eaten, and full of canker holes.

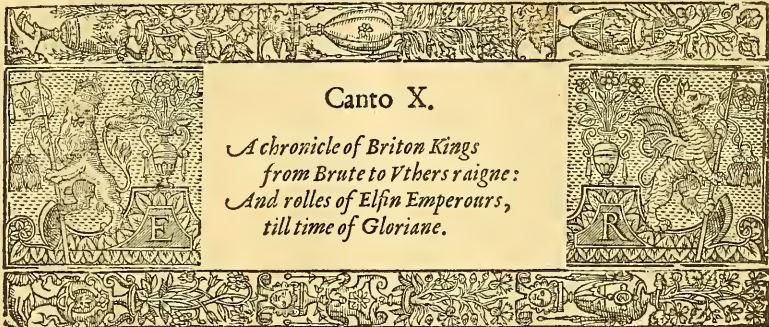
58  
 Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,  
 Tossing and turning them withouten ead;  
 But for he was vnable them to fet,  
 A little boy did on him still attend  
 To reach, when euer he for ought did send;  
 And oft when things were lost, or laid amis,  
 That boy them sought, and vnto him did lend.  
 Therefore he *Ananestes* cleped is,  
 And that old man *Eumnestes*, by their proprietis.

59  
 The Knights, there entring, did him reuerence dew,  
 And wondred at his endlesse exercise.  
 Then as they gan his Librarie to view,  
 And antique Registers for to auise,  
 There chanced to the Princes hand to rise  
 An auncient booke, hight *Briton monuments*,  
 That of this lands first conquest did deuise,  
 And old diuision into Regiments,  
 Till it reduced was to one mans gouernments.

60  
 Sir *Guyon* chaunc't eke on another booke,  
 That hight *Antiquitie of Faerie* lond.  
 In which when as he greedily did looke;  
 Th'off-spring of Elves and Faries there he fond,  
 As it deliuer'd was from hond to hond:  
 Wheateat they burning both with feruent fire  
 Their countries auncestry to vnderfond,  
 Crav'd leauc of *Alma*, and that aged fire,  
 To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.







## Canto X.

*A chronicle of Briton Kings  
from Brute to Vthers raigne:  
And rolles of Elfin Emperours,  
till time of Gloriane.*

**W** Ho now shall giue vnto me words and sound,  
Equal vnto this haughtie enterpise?  
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from  
My lowely verse may loftily arise, (ground  
And lift it selfe vnto the highest skies?  
More ample spirit then hitherto was wount,  
Heere needes me, whiles the famous auncestries  
Of my most dreaded Soueraigne I recount,  
By which all earthly Princes the doth farre furmount.

Ne vnder Sunne, that shines so wide and faire,  
Whence all that liues, does borrow life and light,  
Liues ought, that to her lineage may compare,  
Which though from earth it be deriued right,  
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heauens light;  
And all the world with wonder ouerspred;  
A labour huge, exceeding farre my might:  
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,  
Conceiue such foueraigne glory, and great bountied?

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,  
Or rather worthy of great *Phæbus* rote,  
VWhereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,  
And triumphes of *Phlegrean Ioue* he wrote,  
That all the Gods admir'd his loftie note.  
But if some relict of that heauenly lay  
His learned daughters would to me report,  
To decke my song withall, I would assay,  
Thy name, ô soueraigne Queene, to blazon farre away.

Thy name, ô soueraigne Queene, thy realme and race,  
From this renowned Prince deriued are,  
Who mightily vpheld that royall race,  
Which now thou bearest, to thee descended farre  
From mighty Kings, and Conquerours in warre,  
Thy Fathers and great Grand-fathers of old,  
Whose noble deeds about the Northerne starre  
Immortall fame for euer hath enrold;  
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

The land, which warlike Britons now possesse,  
And therein haue their mightie Empire rayd,  
In antique times was saluage wildernesse,  
Vnpeopled, vnmanur'd, vnpro'd, vnprayd;  
Ne was it Island then, ne was it payd  
Amid the *Ocean* waues, ne was it fought  
Of Marchants farre, for profits therein prayd,  
But was all desolate, and of some thought  
By sea to haue been from the *Celticke* main-land brought.

Ne did it then deserue a name to haue,  
Till that the venturous Mariner that way  
Learning his ship from those white rocks to saue,  
VVhich all along the Southerne sea-coast lay,  
Threatning vnhedie wreck and rash decay,  
For safeties sake that same his sea-marke made,  
And nam'd it *Albion*. But later day  
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,  
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

But farre in land a saluage nation dwelt,  
Of hideous Giants, and halfe beastly men,  
That neuer tasted grace, nor goodnesse felt,  
But like wild beasts lurking in loathsome den,  
And flying fast as Roebuck through the fen,  
All naked without shame, or care of cold,  
By hunting and by spoyling liued then;  
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,  
That sounes of men amaz'd their sternnesse to behold.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begot,  
Vneath is to assure; vneath to weene  
That monstrous error which doth some assort,  
That *Dioclesians* fittie daughters thence  
Into this land by chauce haue driuen beene,  
Where, companing with fiends and filthy Sprights,  
Through vaine illusion of their lust vncleene,  
They brought forth Giants and such dreadfull wights,  
As farre exceeded men in their immeasur'd might.

They

9

They held this Land, and with their filthinesse  
Polluted this same gentle soyle long time:  
That their owne mother loath'd their beastlinesse,  
And gan abhorre her broods vnkindly crime,  
All were they borne of her owne native slime;  
Vntill that *Brutus* anciently denu'd  
From royall stock of old *Assarac* line,  
Driuen by fatall error, heere arriu'd,  
And them of their vniust possession depriu'd.

10

But ere he had established his throne,  
And spred his Empire to the vtmost shore,  
He fought great battailes with his saluage fone;  
In which he them defeated eacmore,  
And many Giants left on groning flore;  
That well can witnesse yet vnto this day  
The westerne Hogh, besprinkled with the gore  
Of mighty *Goemot*, whom in stout fray  
*Corineus* conquered, and cruelly did slay.

11

And eke that ample Pit, yet farre renownd,  
For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell  
*Coulin* to make, beeing eight lugs of ground;  
Into the which returning back, he fell:  
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,  
Which that huge soune of hideous *Albion*,  
Whose father, *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,  
Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,  
At bold *Canutus*; but of him was slaine anon.

12

In meed of these great conquests by them got,  
*Corineus* had the Prouince vtmost west,  
To him assign'd for his worthy lot,  
Which of his name and memorable gest  
He called *Cornewale*, yet so called bett:  
And *Debons* thaire was, that is *Denonsire*:  
But *Canute* had his portion from the rest,  
The which he call'd *Canutium*, for his hire;  
Now *Canutium*, which Kent we commonly inquire.

13

Thus *Brute* this Realme vnto his rule subdewd,  
And raigned long in great felicitie,  
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschewd,  
He left three sonnes (his famous progeny)  
Borne of faire *Inogene of Italy*;  
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,  
And *Lochrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.  
At last, ripe age bad him surrender late  
His life, and long good fortune, vnto finall fate.

14

*Lochrine* was left the soueraigne Lord of all;  
But *Albanact* had all the Northrene part,  
Which of himselfe *Albania* he did call;  
And *Camber* did possesse the Westerne quart,  
Which *Senerne* now from *Logris* doth depart:  
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,  
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,  
That once their quiet government annoyd,  
But each his paines to others profit still employd.

15

Vntill a Nation strange, with visage swart,  
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,  
Which through the world then swarm'd in euery part,  
And overflow'd all countries farre away,  
Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune sway,  
This Land invaded with like violence,  
And did themselues through all the North display:  
Vntill that *Lochrine* for his Realmes defence,  
Did head againt them make, and strong munificence.

16

Hee them encountred (a confused rout)  
Foreby the Riuer, that whilome was hight  
The auncient *Abus*, where with courage stout  
He them defeated in victorious fight,  
And chac't so fiercely after fearefull flight,  
That for't their Chieftaine, for his safeties sake  
(Their Chieftaine *Humber* named was aight)  
Vnto the mightie streame him to betake,  
Where he an end of battell, and of life did make.

17

The King returned proud of victorie,  
And insolent wox through vnwonted ease,  
That shordy he forgot the iopardie,  
Which in his land he lately did appeale,  
And fell to vaine voluptuous discaie:  
He lov'd faire Ladie *Efrild*, lewdly lov'd,  
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,  
That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remov'd,  
From *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithful prov'd.

18

The noble daughter of *Corineus*,  
Would not endure to be so vile disdaind;  
But gathering force, and courage valorous,  
Encountred him in battaile well ordaind,  
In which him vanquish't she to fly constraind:  
But she so fast furlwd, that him she tooke,  
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;  
Als his faire Leman, flying through a brooke,  
She overhent, nought moued with her pittious looke.

19

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,  
Begotten by her kingly Paramour,  
The faire *Sabrina* almost dead with feare,  
She there attached, farre from all succoure;  
The one she slew in that impatient floure:  
But the sad virgin innocent of all,  
Adowne the rolling riuier she did poure,  
Whiche of her name now *Senerne* men do call:  
Such was the end that to disloyall loue did fall.

20

Then for her sonne, which she to *Lochrine* bore  
(*Madan* was young, vnmeet the rule of sway)  
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,  
Till ripe yeeres he raught, and stronger stay:  
During which time, her powre she did display  
Through all this Realme (the glory of her sex)  
And first taught men a woman to obey:  
But when her sonne to mans estate did wax,  
Shee it surcedred, ne herselfe would lenger wax.

21  
 Tho *Madan* raign'd, vnworthy of his race :  
 For, with all ihame that sacred throne he filld :  
 Next, *Memprise*, as vnworthy of that place,  
 In which beeing comforted with *Manild*,  
 For thirst of single kingdome him he killd.  
 But *Ebranch* salued both their infamies  
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on *Erunchild*  
 In *Henaule*, where yet of his victories  
 Brauc monuments remaine, which yet that land enyies.

22  
 An happy man in his first dayes he was,  
 And happy father of faire progeny :  
 For, all so many weekes as the yere has,  
 So many children he did multiply ;  
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply  
 Their minds to praise, and chevalrous desire :  
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,  
 Of whom it hight ; but in the end their Sire,  
 With foule repulſe, from Fraunce was forced to retire.

23  
 Which blot, his sonne succeeding in his seat,  
 The second *Brute* (the second both in name  
 And eke in semblance of his puissance great)  
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame  
 With recompence of euerlasting fame.  
 Hee with his victour sword first opened  
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlome Dame,  
 And taught her first how to be conquered :  
 Since which, with sundry spoiles she hath been rauſacked.

24  
 Let *Scaldin* tell, and let tell *Hania*,  
 And let the marsh of *Esſham bruyes* tell,  
 What colour were their waters that same day,  
 And all the moore twixt *Elverſham* and *Dell*,  
 With blood of *Henalois*, which therein fell.  
 How oft that day did sad *Brunchildis* lee  
 The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermill ?  
 That not *Scuth quirds* it mote seeme to bee ;  
 But rather *y Scuth gogh*, signe of sad crueltee.

25  
 His sonne king *Leill*, by fathers labour long,  
 Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace,  
 And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* strong,  
 Next, *Huddibras* his realme did not encrease,  
 But taught the land from wearie warres to cease.  
 Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in arts  
 Excelld at *Athens* all the learned peace,  
 From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,  
 And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

26  
 Ensamble of his wondrous faculty,  
 Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,  
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,  
 And in their entrails, full of quick Brimston,  
 Nourish the flames, which they are warm'd vpon,  
 That to her people wealth they forth doe well,  
 And health to euery forraine nation :  
 Yet he at last, contending to excell  
 The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

27  
 Next him, king *Leyr* in happy peace long raignd,  
 But had no illue male him to succeed,  
 But three faire daughters, which were well vpraind,  
 In all that seemed fit for kingly seed :  
 Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed  
 To haue diuided. Tho, when feeble age  
 Nigh to his vtmost date he saw proceed,  
 Hee cald his daughters ; and with speeches sage  
 Inquir'd, which of them most did loue her parentage.

28  
 The eldest, *Gonorill*, gan to protest,  
 That the much more then her owne life him lov'd :  
 And *Regan* greater loue to him profest,  
 Then all the world, when euer it were proou'd ;  
 But *Cordell* laid the lov'd him, as behoou'd :  
 Whose simple answere, wanting colours faire  
 To paint it forth, him to displeasance mou'd,  
 That in his crowne he counted her no heire,  
 But twixt the other twaine his kingdome whole did shaire.

29  
 So, wedded th' one to *Maglau* king of Scots,  
 And th' other to the king of *Cambria*,  
 And twixt them shaird his realme by equall lots :  
 But without dowre the wise *Cordelia*  
 Was sent to *Agamp* of *Celtica*.  
 Their aged Syre, thus cald of his crowne,  
 A private life led in *Albania*,  
 With *Gonorill*, long had in great renowne,  
 That nought him grieu'd to been frō rule deposed downe.

30  
 But true it is, that when the oyle is spent,  
 The light goes out, and wike is throwne away ;  
 So, when he had resign'd his regiment,  
 His daughter gan despise his drooping day,  
 And wearie wox of his continuall stay,  
 Tho to his daughter *Rigan* he repaired,  
 VVho him at first well viced euery way ;  
 But when of his departure she despair'd,  
 Her bounty she abated, and his cheare empair'd.

31  
 The wretched man gan then aſiſe too late,  
 That loue is not, when most it is profest ;  
 Too truly tryde in his extreameſt ſtate :  
 At laſt, reſol' d likewise to proue the reſt,  
 He to *Cordelia* himſelfe addreſt,  
 Who with entere affection him receau' d,  
 As for her Syre and king her ſeemed beſt ;  
 And after all, an army ſtrong ſhee leau' d,  
 To war on thoſe, which him had of his realme becau' d.

32  
 So to his crowne ſhe him reſtor' d againe,  
 In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,  
 And after will' d it ſhould to her remaine :  
 Who peaceably the ſame long time did weld :  
 And all mens harts in dew obedience held :  
 Till that her ſiſters children, woxen ſtrong,  
 Through proud ambition againſt her rebeld,  
 And ouercommen kept in priſon long,  
 Till wearie of that wretched life, her ſelfe ſhe hong.

Then

33  
Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raigne :  
But fierce *Cundab* gan shortly to envie  
His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdain  
To haue a Peere in part of foueraintie,  
And kindling coales of cruell enmitie,  
Rais'd warre, and him in battaile overthrew :  
Whence as he to those wooddie hills did flie,  
Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him flew :  
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

34  
His sonne *Riyall* his dead roome did supply,  
In whose sad time bloud did from heauen raine :  
Next, great *Gurgufus*, then faire *Cecily*  
In constant peace their kingdomes did containe ;  
After whom, *Lago*, and *Kimmarke* did raigne,  
And *Gorbogud*, till farr in yecres he grew ;  
When his ambitious sonnes vnto them twaine,  
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew ;  
Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prison threw.

35  
But ô! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,  
That knowes no kinred, nor regards no right,  
Stird *Porrex* vp to put his brother downe ;  
Who, vnto him assembling forraine might,  
Made warre on him, and fell himselfe iu fight :  
Whose death t' avenge, his mother mercilesse  
(Most mercilesse of women, *Wyden* hight)  
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,  
And with most cruell hand him murdered pittilesse.

36  
Here ended *Brutus* sacred progenie,  
Which had seauen hundred yecres this scepter borne,  
With high renowme, and great felicitie.  
The noble branch from th' antique stock was borne  
Through discord, and the royall throne forlorne :  
Thence-forth this Realme was into factions rent,  
Whil'ft each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,  
That in the end was left no monument  
Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient.

37  
Then vp arose a man of matchlesse might,  
And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,  
Who stird with pity of the fressed plight  
Of this sad Realme, cut into sundry shaires  
By such, as claimd themselues *Brutes* rightfull heires,  
Gathered the Princes of the people loofe,  
To taken counsell of their common cares ;  
Who, with his wisdomes won, him straight did choofe  
Their King, and swore him fealty to win or loofe.

38  
Then made he head against his enemies,  
And *Ymmer* slew, or *Logris* miscreate ;  
Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allies,  
This of *Albanie* newly nominate,  
And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,  
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce ;  
Whose countries he reduc't to quiet state,  
And shortly brought to ciuill gouernaunce,  
Now one, which earst were many made through variaunce.

39  
Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say  
Were vnto him reveal'd in vision,  
By which he freed the Trauailer's high way,  
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,  
Restraining stealth, and strong extortion ;  
The gracious *Nyma* of great *Britannie* :  
For, till his dayes, the chiefe dominion  
By strength was wielded without policie ;  
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignitie.

40  
*Donwallo* dide (for, what may liue for ay ? )  
And left two sonnes, of peerelesse prowesse both ;  
That sacked *Rome* too dearly did assay,  
The recompence of their periured oth,  
And ranackt *Greece* well tryde, when they were wroth ;  
Besides subiected *Fraunce*, and *Germany*,  
Which yet their prayses speake, all be they loth,  
And inly tremble at the memory  
Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus*, Kings of Britannie.

41  
Next them, did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* sonne,  
In rule succeed, and eke in fathers praise ;  
He Easterland subdewd, and Danmarke wonne,  
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,  
The which was due in his dead fathers dayes :  
He also gaue to fugitives of *Spayne*  
(Whom he at sea found wandering from their wayes,  
A seate in *Ireland* safely to remaie,  
Which they should hold of him, as subiect to *Britaine*.)

42  
After him raigned *Guthiline* his heyre  
(The iustest man and truest in his dayes)  
Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,  
A woman worthy of immortal prayse,  
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,  
And wholesome Statutes to her husband brought ;  
Her many deem'd to haue bene of the *Fayes*,  
As was *Agerie*, that *Nyma* taught ;  
Those yet of her be *Mertian* lawes both nam'd & thought.

43  
Her sonnes *Sifillus* after her did raigne,  
And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius* ;  
Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne sustaine :  
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,  
And cruell rancour dimm'd his valourous  
And mighty deeds, should matched haue the best :  
As well in that same field victorions  
Against the forraue *Morands* he exprest ;  
Yet liues his memory, though carcasse sleepe in rest.

44  
Foue sonnes he left begotten of one wife,  
All which successiuelly by turnes did raigne ;  
First, *Gorboman*, a man of vertuous life ;  
Next, *Archigald*, who for his proud disdain,  
Deposed was from Princesome foueraine,  
And pitious *Elidure* put in his sted ;  
Who shortly it to him restor'd againe,  
Till by his death he it recovered ;  
But *Peridure* and *Pigent* him dithronized.

In wretched prison long he did remaine,  
Till they outraign'd had their vtmost date,  
And then therein re seiz'd was againe,  
And ruled long with honorable state,  
Till he surrendred realme and life to fate.  
Then all the sonnes of these iue brethren raignd  
By due successe, and all their Nephewes late,  
Euen thise eleuen descents the crowne retaynd,  
Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd.

46  
He had two sonnes, whose eldest called *Lud*  
Left of his life most famous memory,  
And endlesse moniments of his great good:  
The ruin'd wals he did reædifie  
Of *Troy nouant*, gainst force of enemy,  
And built that gate, which of his name isight,  
By which he lyes entomb'd solemnly.  
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,  
*Androgeus* and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

47  
Whilst they were young, *Cassibalane* their Eme  
Was by the people chosen in their sted,  
Who on him tooke the royall Diademe,  
And goodly well long time it gouerned,  
Till the proude *Romanes* him disquieted,  
And warlike *Cesar*, tempt'd with the name  
Of this sweet Island, neuer conquered,  
And enuying the Britons blazed fame,  
(Ohideous hungert of dominion!) hither came.

48  
Yet twice they were repulsd backe againe,  
And twice r'enforc't, backe to their ships to fly,  
The whiles with blond they all the shore did staine.  
And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy:  
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,  
Had not *Androgeus*, false to natue foyle,  
And enuious of Vncles fourraintie,  
Betraid his countrey vnto forraine spoile:  
Nought else, but treason, from the first this land did foile.

49  
So by him *Cesar* got the victory,  
Through great blouished, and many a sad assay,  
In which himselfe was charged heauily  
Of hardy *Nemius*, whom he yet did slay,  
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.  
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made  
T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obey,  
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning did defray;  
Yet oft the Briton kings agamst them strongly swayd.

50  
Nexthim *Tenantius* raignd, then *Kimbeline*,  
What time th'eternall Lord in fleshy stume  
Entomb'd was, from wretched *Adams* line  
To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime:  
O ioyous memory of happy time,  
That heavenly grace to plentifully displaid!  
O too high dirty for my simplisme!  
Soone after this, the *Romanes* him warrayd;  
For that their tribute he refus'd to let be payd.

51  
Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,  
An army brought, and with him battell fought,  
In which the king was by a Treachetour  
Disguis'd slaine, ere any thereof thought:  
Yet ceas'd not the bloudie fight for ought;  
For *Aurige* his brothers place supplide,  
In armes, and eke in crowne; and by that draught  
Did driue the *Romanes* to the weaker side,  
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

52  
Was neuer king more highly magnifide,  
Nor drad of *Romanes*, then was *Auriges*;  
For which the Emperour to him allide  
His daughter *Genuifs*' in marriage:  
Yet shortly he renounc't the vassallage  
Of *Rome* againe, who hither hast'ly sent  
*Vespasian*, that with great spoyle and rage  
Forwasted all, till *Genuissa* gent  
Perswaded him to cease, and her Lord to relent.

53  
He dyde; and him succeeded *Marinus*,  
Who ioy'd his dayes with great tranquillity:  
Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,  
That first receiued Christianitie,  
The sacred pledge of Christs Euangely:  
Yet true it is, that long before that daie  
Hither came *Ioseph of Arimathy*,  
Who brought with him the holy grayle (they say)  
And preach't the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

54  
This good king shortly without issew dide,  
Whereof great trouble in the kingdomo grew,  
That did her selfe in sundry parts diuide,  
And with her powre her owne selfe ouerthrew,  
Whil't *Romanes* daily did the weeke subdew:  
Which seeing stout *Eunduca*, vp arose,  
And taking armes, the Britons to her drew;  
With whom she march'd straight againt her foes;  
And them vnwares besides the *Sewerne* did enclose.

55  
There she with them a tuell battell tride,  
Not with so good successe, as she deseru'd;  
By reason that the Captaines, on her side,  
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her sweru'd;  
Yet such, as were through former sight preferu'd,  
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,  
And with fresh courage on the victour seru'd:  
But being all defeated saue a few,  
Rather then fly, or be captiu'd, her selfe she slew.

56  
Of famous monument of womens praife,  
Matchable either to *Semiramis*,  
Whom antique history so high doth raise,  
Or to *Hysiphil*' or to *Thomiris*:  
Her Host two hundred thousand number'd is;  
Who, whiles good fortune faouored her might,  
Triumphed oft againt her enimis;  
And yet though ouercome in hapless fight,  
She triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

57  
 Her reliques *Fulgent* hauing gathered,  
 Fought with *Seuerus* and him ouerdrew ;  
 Yet in the chace was flaine of them, that fled ;  
 So made them victours, whom he did subdew.  
 Then gan *Caraculus* tyrannize anew,  
 And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,  
 But *hater Allectus* treacherously slew,  
 And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure :  
 Nath'lesse the same enioyed but short happy howre :

58  
 For *Asclepiodote* him ouercame,  
 And left inglorious on the vanquisht Playne,  
 Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.  
 Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne ;  
 But shortly was by *Coyll* in battell flaine :  
 Who after long debate, since *Lucies* time,  
 Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soueraigne :  
 Then gan in this Realme renew her passed prime :  
 He of his name *Coylchefer* built of stone and lime.

59  
 Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither sent  
*Constantius*, a man of mickle might,  
 With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,  
 And to him gaue for wife his daughter bright,  
 Faire *Helena*, the fairest liuing wight ;  
 Who in all godly thewes, and goodly praife  
 Did far excell, but was most famous hight  
 For skill in Musicke of all in her dayes,  
 Aswell in curious instruments, as cunning layes.

60  
 Of whom he did great *Constantine* beget,  
 Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome* ;  
 To which whiles absent he his mind did set,  
*Octavianus* here lepr into his roome,  
 And it vsurped by vnrighteous doome :  
 But he his title iustifide by might,  
 Slaying *Traberne*, and hauing ouercome  
 The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight :  
 So settled he his kingdome, and confirm'd his right.

61  
 But wanting isfew male, his daughter deare  
 He gaue in wedlocke to *Maximian*,  
 And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,  
 Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,  
 Till murdred by the friends of *Gratian* ;  
 Then gan the *Hunnes* and *Picts* inuade this land,  
 During the raigne of *Maximinian* ;  
 Who dying left none heire them to withstand,  
 But that they ouerran all parts with ease hand.

62  
 The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth  
 Was by *Maximian* lately led away,  
 With wretched miseries, and woeful ruth,  
 Wre to those Pagans made an open pray,  
 And dayly spectacle of sad decay : (yeares,  
 Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure hundred  
 And more had wasted, could no whit difmay ;  
 Till by consent of Commons and of Peares,  
 They crownd the second *Constantine* with ioyous teares :

63  
 Who hauing oft in battell vanquished  
 Those spoylefull *Picts*, and swarming *Easterlings*,  
 Long time in peace his Realme established,  
 Yet oft annoyd with tundry bordragings  
 Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings,  
 With which the world did in those dayes abound ;  
 Which to outbarre, with painefull poyonings  
 From sea to sea he heapt a mightie mound,  
 Which from *Alcluid* to *Panwels* did that border bound.

64  
 Three sonnes he dying left, all vnder age ;  
 By meanes whereof, their vncle *Vortigere*  
 Vsurpt the crowne, during their pupillage ;  
 Which th' Infants tutors gathering to feare,  
 Them closely into *Armorick* did beare :  
 For dread of whom, and for those *Picts* annoyes,  
 He sent to *Germanie*, strange aide to reare,  
 From whence eftsoues arriued here three hoyes  
 Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safetie employes.

65  
 Two brethren were their Capitaines, which hight  
*Hengist* and *Horsus*, well approov'd in warre,  
 And both of them men of renowned might ;  
 Who making vantage of their civill iarre,  
 And of those forreiners, which came from farre,  
 Grew great, and got large portions of land,  
 That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre,  
 Then they which fought at first their helping hand,  
 And *Vortiger* enforc't the kingdome to aband.

66  
 But by the helpe of *Vortimer* his sonne,  
 He is againe vnto his rule restor'd,  
 And *Hengist* seeming sad, for that was donne,  
 Receiu'd is to grace and new accord,  
 Though his faire daughters face, & flattering word ;  
 Soone after which, three hundred Lords he flew  
 Of British blood, all sitting at his bord ;  
 Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,  
 Th' eternall marks of treason may at *Stonheng* view.

67  
 By this, the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,  
*Ambriſe* and *Vther* did ripe yeares attaine,  
 And here arriuing, strongly challenged  
 The crowne, which *Vortiger* did long detain :  
 Who, flying from his guilt, by them was flaine,  
 And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamefull death.  
 Thenceforth *Auelinus* peaceably did raigne,  
 Till that through poyson stopp'd was his breath ;  
 So now entomb'd lyes at *Stonheng* by the heath.

68  
 After him *Vther*, which *Pendragon* hight,  
 Succeeding There abruptly it did end,  
 Without full point, or other Censure right,  
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,  
 Or th' Authour selfe could not at least attend  
 To finish it : that so vntimely breach  
 The Prince himselfe halfe seemeth to offend,  
 Yet secret pleasure did offence impeach,  
 And wonder of antiquitie long stopt his speech.

69  
At last, quite rauisht with delight, to heare  
The royall Offspring of his natiue land,  
Cride out, Deare country, & how dearely deare  
Ought thy remembrance, and perpetuall band  
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand  
Did common breath and nouriture receaue!  
How brutish is it, not to vnderstand  
How much to her we owe, that all vs gaue,  
That gaue vnto vs all, what euer good we haue!

70  
But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,  
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great  
And ample volume, that doth far exceed  
My leasure, so long leaues here to repeat:  
It told, how first *Promethues* did create  
A man, of many parts from beasts deriu'd,  
And then stole fire from heauen, to animate  
His worke, for which he was by *Ioue* depriv'd  
Of life himselfe, and hart-strings of an *Ægle* riu'd.

71  
That man so made, he called *Elfe*, to wect,  
Quick, the first authour of all Elfin kind:  
Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,  
Did in the gardins of *Adonis* find  
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind  
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,  
Or Angell, th' authour of all woman-kind;  
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,  
Of whom all *Fayeries* spring, and fetch their lignage right.

72  
Of these a mighty people shortly grew,  
And puissant kings, which all the world warrayd,  
And to themselves all Nations did subdew:  
The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,  
Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obayd,  
And all that now *America* men call:  
Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who layd  
*Cieópolis* foundation first of all:  
But *Elfsine* enclos'd it with a golden wall.

73  
His sonne was *Elfsinel*, who ouercame  
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloudy field:  
But *Elfant* was of most renowned fame,  
Who all of *Cryftall* did *Panthea* build:

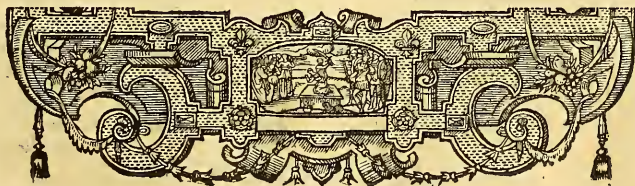
Then *Elfar*, who two brethren gyants kild,  
The one of which had two heads, th' other three:  
Then *Elfmor*, who was in Magick skild;  
He built by art vpon the glassy See (bec.  
A bridge of brás, whose found heauens thunder seem'd to

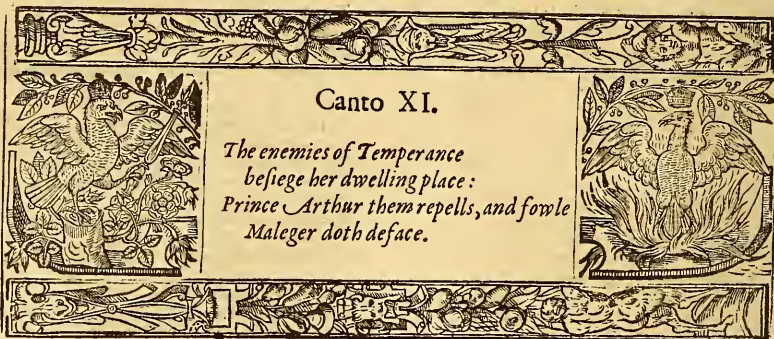
74  
He left three sonnes, the which in order raignd,  
And all their Offspring, in their dew descents,  
Euen seuen hundred Princes, which maintaynd  
With mightie deeds their sundry gouernments;  
That were too long their in finite contents  
Here to record, ne much materiell:  
Yet should they be most famous monuments,  
And braue ensample, both of Martiall  
And ciuill rule to Kings and States imperiall.

75  
After all these *Elfsleos* did raigne,  
The wise *Elfsleos* in great Maiestie,  
Who mightily that scepter did sustaine,  
And with rich spoiles and famous victory,  
Did high aduance the crowne of *Faery*:  
He left two sonnes, of which faire *Elferon*  
The eldest brother did vntimely die;  
Whose empty place the mightie *Oberon*  
Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion.

76  
Great was his power and glorie, ouer all  
Which him before that sacred seate did fill,  
That yet remaines his wide memoriall:  
He dying left the fairest *Tanaquil*,  
Him to succede therein, by his last will:  
Fairer and nobler lueth none this howre.  
Nelike in grace, ne like in learned skill;  
Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre.  
Long maist thou *Glorian* liue, in glory and great powre!

77  
Beguil'd thus with delight of nouelties,  
And naturall desire of countries state,  
So long they read in those antiquities,  
That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,  
Till gentle *Alma* seeing it so late,  
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought  
To thinke, how supper did them long awate:  
So, halfe vnwilling from their bookes them brought,  
And fairely feasted, as so noble knights the ought.





## Canto XI.

*The enemies of Temperance  
besiege her dwelling place:  
Prince Arthur them repells, and fowle  
Maleger doth deface.*

**W** Hit warre so cruell, or what siegē so fore,  
As that, which strong affections do apply,  
Against the fort of reason euermore  
To bring the soule into captiuitie!  
Their force is fiercer through infirmitie  
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,  
And exercise most bitter tyranny  
Vpon the parts, brought into their bondage:  
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull villenage.

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld  
His parts to reasons rule obedient,  
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,  
All happy peace and goodly gouernment  
Is fetted there in sure establishment;  
There *Alma*, like a virgin Queen most bright,  
Doth flourish in all beauietic excellent;  
And to her guesstes doth bountious banquet dight,  
Attēpted goodly well for health and for delight.

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray,  
The windowes of bright heauen opened had,  
Through which into the world the dawning day  
Might look, that maketh euery creature glad,  
Vpofe Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,  
And to his purposed iourney him prepar'd:  
With him the Palmer eke in habite sad,  
Himselfe address to that aduenture hard:  
So to the riuers side they both together far'd;

Where they awaited readie at the ford  
The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,  
With his well rigged boate: They goe aboard,  
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.  
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,  
And fast the land behind them fled away.  
But let them pass, whiles wind and weather right  
Do serue their turnes: here I awhile must stay,  
To see a cruell fight doen by the Prince this day.

For, all so soone as *Guyon* thence was gon  
Vpon his voyagē with his trustie guide,  
That wicked band of villcins fresh begon  
That castle to assaile on enery side,  
And lay strong siegē about it far and wide,  
So huge and infinite their numbers were,  
That all the land they vnder them did hide;  
So fowle and vgly, that exceeding feare  
Their visages imprest, when they approached neare.

Them in twelue troupes their Ciptain did dispart  
And round about in fittest steads did place,  
Where each might best offend his proper part,  
And his contrary obiect most deface,  
As euery one seem'd meetest in that case.  
Seuen of the same against the Castle gate,  
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,  
Which with incessant force and endlesse hate,  
They battered day and night, and entrance did awate.

The other fīue, fīue sundry wayes he set,  
Against the fīue great Bulwarke of that pile.  
And vnto each a Bulwarke did arer,  
T'assaile with open force or hidden guile,  
In hope therof to win victorious spoyle,  
They all that charge did feruently apply,  
With greedy malice and importune toyle,  
And planted there their huge artillery,  
With which they daily made most dreadful battery.

The first troupe was a monstrous rabblement  
Of fowle mishapen wights, of which some were  
Headed like Owles, with beakes vncomely bent,  
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,  
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,  
And euery one of them had Lynces eyes,  
And euery one did boawe and arrowes beare  
All thofe were lawlesse lusts, corrupt enuiies,  
And couctous aspectes, all cruell enemies.



9

Those same against the Bulwarke of the *Sight*  
 Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,  
 Ne once did yield it respite day nor night,  
 But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault.  
 And soone againe as he his light withault,  
 Their wicked engins they against it bent:  
 That is, each thing, by which the eyes may fault;  
 But two then all more huge and violent,  
 Beautie, and money, they that Bulwarke sorely rent.

10

The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing* sense,  
 Gainst which the second troupe desfligment makes;  
 Deformed creatures, in strange difference,  
 Some hauing heads like *Harts*, some like to *Snakes*;  
 Some like wild *Bores* late rous'd out of the brakes;  
 Slaunders reproches, and foule infamies,  
 Leafings, backbitings, and vaine-glorious crakes,  
 Bad counsels, prayes, and false flatteries,  
 All those against that Fort did bend their batteries.

11

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the *Smell*,  
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd;  
 Whose hideous shapes were like to feeds of hell,  
 Some like to *Hounds*, some like to *Apes* dismayd,  
 Some like to *Puttockes*, all in plumes arrayd:  
 All shap't according their conditions,  
 For, by thole vgly formes wren pourtraid  
 Foolish delights and fond abusions,  
 Which do that sense besiege with light illusions.

12

And that fourth band, which cruell battery bent,  
 Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Tast*,  
 Was as the rest, a gryffe rablement,  
 Some mouth'd like greedy *Oystriges*, some fac't  
 Like loathly *Toades*, some fashioned in the waste  
 Like swine; for, so deformed is luxury,  
 Surfat, mildiet, and vnrhristie waste,  
 Vaine feasts, and idle superfluitie:  
 All those this senses Fort assaile incessantly.

13

But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,  
 And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report:  
 For, some like *snayles*, some did like *spiders* shew,  
 And some like vgly *Vrchins* thicke and short:  
 They cruelly assayled that fift Fort,  
 Armed with darts of sensuall delight,  
 With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort  
 Of feling pleasures, with which day and night  
 Against that same fift Bulwarke they continued fight.

14

Thus these twelue troupes with dreadfull puissance  
 Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,  
 And euermore their hideous Ordinance  
 Vpon the Bulwarks cruelly did play;  
 That now it gan to threaten neere decay:  
 And euermore their wicked Capitaine  
 Prouoked them the breaches to assay,  
 Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of gaie,  
 Which by the ransack of that peece they should attaine.

15

On th'other side, th'assieged Castles ward  
 Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,  
 And many bold repulse, and manie hard  
 Atchivement wrought with perill and with paine,  
 That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:  
 And those two brethren *Giants* did defend  
 The walles so stoutly with their sturdy maine,  
 That neuer entrance any durst pretend,  
 But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did fend.

16

The noble *Virgin*, Lady of that place,  
 Was much dismayd with that dreadfull sight  
 (For, neuer was she in so euill case)  
 Till that the Prince seeing her wofull plight,  
 Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,  
 Offering his seruice, and his dearest life  
 For her defence, against that *Carle* to fight,  
 Which was their chiefe and th'author of that strife:  
 She him remerci'd as the *Patrone* of her life.

17

Estfoones himselve in glitter and arms he dight,  
 And his well proued weapons to him hent;  
 So taking courteous conge he beight,  
 Those gates to be vnbar'd, and forth he went:  
 Faire mote he thee, the prouest and most gent,  
 That euer brandish'd bright steele on hie:  
 Whom soone as that vnruly rablement,  
 With his gay *Squire* issuing did espy,  
 They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

18

And therewith all attonce at him let fly  
 Their fluttering arrowes, thicke as flakes of shoue,  
 And round about him flocke impetuouly,  
 Like a great water flood, that tumbling lowe  
 From the high mountains, threats to ouerflowe  
 With suddain fury all the fertile Plaine,  
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throwe  
 Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make vaine,  
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustaine.

19

Vpon his shield their heaped haile he bore,  
 And with his sword disperst th' rascall stockes,  
 Which fled asunder, and him fell before,  
 As withered leaues drop from their dried stockes,  
 When the wroth Western wind does reare their locks;  
 And vnderneath him his courageous steed,  
 The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks,  
 The fierce *Spumador* borne of heauenly feed:  
 Such as *Laomedon* of *Phæbus* race did breed.

20

Which suddaine horrou and confused cry,  
 When as their Capitaine heard, in haste he yode  
 The cause to weet, and fault to remedy;  
 Vpon a *Tigre* swift and fierce he rode,  
 That as the winde ran vnderneath his lode,  
 While his long legs nigh rought vnto the ground;  
 Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,  
 But of such subtile substance and vnfound, (bound.  
 That like a ghost he seem'd, whose Graue-clothes were vn-

21  
And in his hand a bended boaw was seene,  
And many arrowes vnder his right side,  
All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,  
Headed with flint, and feathers bloody dide,  
Such as the *Indians* in their quyuers hide;  
Thofe could he well direct and streight as line,  
And bid them strike the marke, which he had eydes;  
Ne was there falue, ne was there medicine,  
That more recure their woundes: fo inly they did tine.

22  
As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,<sup>1</sup>  
His body leane and meagre as a rake,  
And skin all withered like a dried rooke,  
Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,  
That seem'd to tremble euermore, and quake:  
All in a canuas thin he was bedight,  
And girded with a belt of twisted baake,  
Vpon his head he wore an Helmet light,  
Made of a dead mans scull, that seem'd a gastly sight.

23  
*Maleger* was his name, and after him  
There follow'd fast at hand two-wicked *Hags*;  
With hoarie lockes all loofe, and visage grim;  
Their feet vnshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,  
And both as swift on foot, as chafed Stags;  
And yet the one her other leg had lame,  
Which with a staffe, all full of little snaags  
She did difport, and *Impotence* her name:  
But th' other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

24  
Soone as the Carle from farr the Prince espide,  
Glistering in armes and warlike ornament,  
His beast he felly prickt on either side,  
And his mischienous boaw full readie bent,  
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:  
But he was warie, and it warded well  
Vpon his shield, that it no further went,  
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:  
Then he another and another did expell.

25  
Which to prevent, the Prince his mortall speare  
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,  
To be auenged of that shot whylereare:  
But he was not so hardy to abide  
That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside  
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:  
Whom to pursue, the Infant after hiede,  
So fast as his good Courser could him beare,  
But labour lost it was, to weene approche him neare.

26  
For, as the winged wind his Tigre fled,  
That view of eye could scarce him ouertake,  
Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tread;  
Through hills and dales he speedie way did make,  
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,  
And in his flight the villen turn'd his face  
(As wons the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,  
When as the *Russian* him in fight does chace)  
Vnto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

27  
Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,  
Still as the greedie knight nigh to him drew,  
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,  
That him his foe more fiercely should pursue:  
Who when his vnconth manner he did view  
He gan auize to follow him no more,  
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,  
Vntill he quite had spent his perious store,  
And then assaile him fresh, ere he could shaft for more.

28  
But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew  
His wicked arrowes gathered them againe;  
And to him brought, fresh battell to renew:  
Which he espying, cast her to restraine  
From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,  
And her attaching thought her hands to tie;  
But soone as him dismounted on the Plaine,  
That other Hag did far away espy  
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily.

29  
And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,  
Him backward ouerthrew, and downe him stayd  
With their rude hands and griesly grapplement,  
Till that the villen comming to their ayd,  
Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd;  
Full little wanted, but he had him flaine,  
And of the battell balefull end had made,  
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,  
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter name.

30  
So, greatest and most glorious thing on ground  
May often need the help of weaker hand;  
So feeble is mans state, and life vnfound,  
That in assurance it may neuer stand,  
Till it dissolued be from earthly band.  
Prooue be thou Prince, the prowest man aliuie,  
And noblest borne of all in *Briton* land;  
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so neerely drie,  
That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not reuiuie.

31  
The Squire arriuing, fiercely in his armes  
Snatcht first the one, and then the other Iade,  
His chiefeft lets and authors of his harmes,  
And them perforce withheld with treated blade,  
Least that his Lord they should behind inuade;  
The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochfull shame,  
As one awak't out of long slombing shade,  
Reuiuing thought of glorie and of fame,  
Vnited all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

32  
Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue  
Hath long been vnder-kept, and downe supprest,  
With murmurous disdaine doth inly raue,  
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,  
At last breakes forth with furious vnrest,  
And strues to mount vnto his natuie seat;  
All that did earst it hinder and molest,  
It now deuoures with flames and scorching heat,  
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great:

33  
So mightily the Briton Prince him rous'd  
Out of his hold, and broke his cattine bands,  
And as a Beare whom angry cures haue touz'd,  
Hauing off-shak't them, and escap't their hands,  
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands  
Treads downe and ouerthrowes. Now had the Carle  
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands  
Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,  
To seize vpon his foe flat lying on the marle.

34  
Which now him turnd to disadvantage deare;  
For, neither can he fly, nor other harme,  
But trust vnto his strength and manhood meare,  
Sith now he is farre from his monstrous swarme,  
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.  
The knight yet wrothfull for his late digrace,  
Fiercely aduauht his valorous right arme,  
And him so fore smote with his iron mace,  
That groueling to the ground he fell, and filld his place.

35  
Well weened he, that field was then his owne,  
And all his labour brought to happy end,  
When suddain vpon the villcin ouerthrowne,  
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,  
And gan himselfe to second battell bend,  
As hurt he had not been. Thereby there lay  
An huge great stone, which stood vpon one end,  
And had not been remoued many a day,  
Some land-marke seem'd to be, or signe of fundry waie.

36  
The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway  
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware  
To shunne the engin of his meanc decay;  
It booted not to think that throwe to beare,  
But ground he gaue, and lightly leapt areare:  
Eft hiece returning, as a Faulcon sure,  
That once hath failed of her soufe full neare,  
Remounts againe into the open aire,  
And vnto better fortune doth herselfe prepare:

37  
So braue returning, with his brandisht blade,  
He to the Carle himselfe againe address't,  
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made  
An open passage through his riuen brest,  
That halfe the Steele behind his backe did rest;  
Which drawing backe, he looked euermore  
When the heart bloud should gush out of his chest,  
Or his dead corse should fall vpon the flore;  
But his dead corse vpon the flore fell nathemore:

38  
Nedrop of bloud appeared shed to bee,  
All were the wounde so wide and wonderous,  
That through his carcasse one might plainly see:  
Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,  
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,  
Againc through both the sides he strooke him quight,  
That made his spright to groue full pitious:  
Yet nathemore forth fled his growing spright;  
But freshly, as at first, prepar'd himselfe to fight.

39  
Thereat he smitten was with great affright,  
And trembling terror did his heart appall:  
Ne wist he, what to thinke of that same sight,  
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;  
He doubted, least it were some magicall  
Illusion, that did beguile his sense,  
Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerals,  
Or aerie spirit vnder false pretence,  
Or hellishi seend rays'd vpon through diuelish science.

40  
His wonder farre exceeded reasons reach,  
That he began to doubt his dazled sight,  
And out of error did himselfe appeach:  
Flesh without bloud, a person without spright,  
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,  
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,  
That could not die, yet seem'd a mortall wight,  
That was most strong in most infirmitee;  
Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see.

41  
Awhile he stood in this astonishment;  
Yet wot he not for all his great diffmay  
Giue ouer to effect his first intent,  
And th'vntmost meanes of victorie assay,  
Or th'vntmost isleue of his owne decay.  
His owne good sword *Morddure*, that neuer fayld  
At need, till now, he lightly threw away,  
And his bright shield, that nought him now auaild,  
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

42  
Twixt his two mightie armes him vp he snatcht,  
And crusht his carcasse so against his brest,  
That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,  
And th'idle breath all vtterly exprest:  
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest  
The lumpish corse vnto the senselesse ground;  
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrec't,  
That backe againe it did aloft rebound,  
And gaue against his mother Earth a gronefull sound;

43  
As when *Ioues* harnesse-bearing Bird from hie  
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdainc,  
The stone-dead quarry falls so forcibly,  
That it rebounds against the lowlie Plaine,  
A second fall redoubling backe againe.  
Then thought the Prince all perill sure was past,  
And that he victor onely did remaine;  
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast  
Gan heape huge strokes on him, as ere he downe was cast.

44  
Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,  
And thought his labour lost and trauell vaine,  
Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:  
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty maine,  
That whiles he marueild still, did still him paine:  
For thy he gan some other wayes aduize,  
How to take life from that dead-liuing swaine,  
Whom still he marked freshly to arize  
From th'earth, and from her wombe new spirits to teprize.

He then remembered well, that had been sayd,  
 How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore;  
 She eke, so often as his life decayd,  
 Did life with vsury to him restore,  
 And sayd him vp much stronger then before,  
 So soone as he vnto her wombe did fall;  
 Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,  
 Ne him commit to Graue terrestriall,  
 But beare him farre from hope of succour vsuall.

46

Tho, vp he caught him twixt his puissant hands,  
 And hauing scruzd out of his carrion corse  
 The lothfull life, now loofd from sinfull bands,  
 Vpon his shoulders carried him perforce  
 Above three furlongs, taking his full course,  
 Vntill he came vnto a standing lake;  
 Him thereinto he threw without remorse,  
 Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake; (make.  
 So, end of that Charles dayes, and his owne paines did

47

Which when those wicked Hags from farre did spie,  
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,  
 And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,  
 Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,

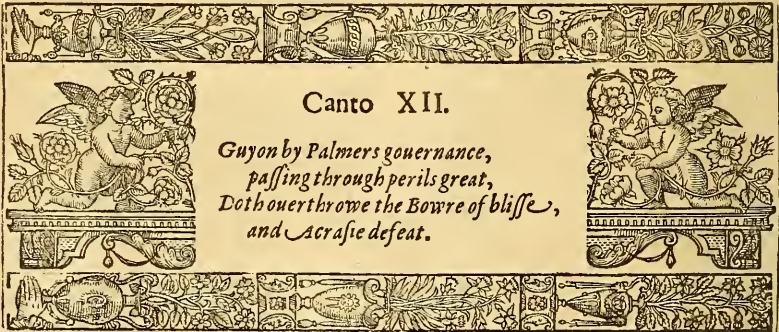
And hauing quencht her burning fier brands,  
 Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake;  
 But *Impotence*, with her owne wilfull hands,  
 One of *Maleveys* cursed darts did take,  
 So riu'd her trembling heart, and wicked end did make.

48

Thus now alone he conquerour remains;  
 Tho, comming to his Squire, that kept his steed,  
 Thought to haue mounted: but his feeble vaines  
 Him faild thereto, and serued not his need, (bleed,  
 Through los of blood, which from his wounds did  
 That he began to faint, and life decay:  
 But his good Squire him helping vp with speed,  
 With stedfast hand vpon his horse did staie,  
 And led him to the Castle by the beaten waie;

49

Where many Groomes and Squiers readie were,  
 To take him from his steed full tenderly,  
 And eke the fairest *Alma* met him there  
 With balme and wine and costly spicerie,  
 To comfort him in his infirmity;  
 Etsfoones the caus'd him vp to be conuaid.  
 And of his armes depoyled easily,  
 In sumptuous bed the made him to be laid,  
 And all the while his wounds were dressing, by him stayd.



## Canto XII.

*Guyon by Palmers gouernance,  
 passing through perils great,  
 Doth ouerthrowe the Bowre of blisse,  
 and Acrasie defeat.*

1

**N**ow gins this goodly frame of Temperance  
 Fairly to rise, and her adorned hed  
 To prick of highest praise forth to aduance,  
 Formerly grounded, and fast etteled  
 On firme foundation of true bountied;  
 And this brave knight, that for this vertue  
 Now comes to point of that same perilous sted, (ights,  
 Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,  
 Mōgst thousand dangers, & ten thousand magick mights.

2

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,  
 Ne euer land beheld, ne liuing wight,  
 Ne ought saue perill, still as he did pass:  
 Tho, when appeared the third *Morrow* bright

Vpon the waues to spred her trembling light,  
 An hideous roaring farre away they heard,  
 That all their senses filled with affright,  
 And straight they law the raging furies reard  
 Vp to the skies, that them of drowning made affeard:

3

Sayd then the *Boateman*, *Palmer* steere aright,  
 And keep an euen course; for yonder way  
 We needs must pass (God do vs well acquaint):  
 That is the *Gulfe of Greedinesse*, they say,  
 That deepe engorgeth all this worlds pray:  
 Which hauing swallowed vp exceffiue,  
 He soone in vomit vp againe doth lay,  
 And belcheth forth his superfluite,  
 That all the seas for feare do seeme away to fly.

4  
On th' other side an hideous Rock is pight,  
Of mightie *Magnes* stone, whose craggy cliff  
Depending from on high, dreadful to sight,  
Ouer the waues his rugged armes doth lift,  
And threatneth down to throwe his ragged rift  
On who so commeth nigh; yet nigh it drawes  
All passengers, that none from it can shift:  
For whiles they fly that Gulfes deuouring rawes,  
They on this rock are rent, and sunk in helples waues.

5  
Forward they passe, and strongly lie them rowes,  
Vntill they nigh vnto that Gulfe arriue,  
Where streame more violent and greedy growes:  
Then he with all his puissance doth striue  
To strike his owres, and mightily doth driue  
The hollow vessell through the threatfull waues  
Which gaping wide, to swallow them aliuie  
In th' huge abyffe of his engulging Graue,  
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror raue.

6  
They passing by, that grisly mouth did see,  
Sucking the Seas into his entralles deepe,  
That seem'd more horrible then hell to bee,  
Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* steepe,  
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creepe  
Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment:  
But nought that fallies into this dreffull deepe,  
Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,  
May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

7  
On th' other side, they saw that perillous Rocke,  
Threatning it selfe on them to runate,  
On whose sharpe cliffs the ribs of vessels broke,  
And shiuered ships, which had been wrecked late,  
Yet stuck, with carcasses exanimate  
Of fish, as hauing all their substance spent  
In wanton roies, and lustes intemperate,  
Did afterwards make shipwracke violent  
Both of their life, and fame for cuer fowly blent.

8  
For thy, this hight *The Rocke of vile Reproche*,  
A dangerous and detestable place,  
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approche,  
But yelling Meawes, with Seagullies hoarse and base,  
And Cormorants, with birds of rauinous race,  
Which still late wait on that wastfull cliff,  
For spoile of wretches, whose vnhappy case,  
After lost credite and consumed thrift,  
At last them driuen hath to this despairefull drift.

9  
The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,  
Thus said; Behold th' ensamples in our sights  
Of lustfull luxury and thriftlesse waite:  
What now is left of miserable wights,  
Which spent their looser daies in lewd delights,  
But shame and sad reproche, here to be red,  
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?  
Let all that liue, hereby be counselled,  
To shunne *Rocke of Reproche*; and it as death to dred.

10  
So forth they rowed, and that *Ferryman*  
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,  
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,  
And the light bubbles daunced all along,  
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.  
At last, far off they many Islands spie,  
On euery side floating the floods among:  
Then said the knight, Lo, I the land descrie;  
Therefore old Syre thy course do thereunto apply.

11  
That may nor be, said then the *Ferryman*,  
Least we vnweeting hap to be fordonne:  
For those same Islands, seeming now and than,  
Are not firme land, nor any certain wonne,  
But straggling plots; which to and fro do ronne  
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight  
*The wandering Islands*. Therefore do them shonne;  
For they haue oft drawne many a wandering wight  
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

12  
Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,  
Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground dispreed  
With grassie green of delectable hew,  
And the tall trees with leaues appalled,  
Are deckt with blossomes dyed in white and red,  
That mote the passengers thereto allure;  
But whofoer once hath fastened  
His foot thereon, may neuer it recure,  
But wandreth euer more vncertain and vnure.

13  
As th' Isle of *Delos* whilome men report  
Amid th' *Aegean* sea long time did stray,  
Ne made for shipping any certaine port,  
Till that *Latona* traucelling that way,  
Flying from *Iuno*s wrath and hard assay,  
Of her faire twins was there deliuered,  
Which afterwards did rule the night and day:  
Thenceforth it firmly was established,  
And for *Apollo*s honour highly herried.

14  
They to him hearken, as besecmeth meeete,  
And passe on forward: so their way does ly,  
That one of those same Islands which doe fleet  
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,  
Which seem'd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,  
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:  
Vpon the bank they sitting did espy  
A dantie damzell, dressing of her heare,  
By whom a litle skipper floating did appeare.

15  
She, them espying, loud to them gan call,  
Bidding them nigher drawe vnto the shore;  
For she had cause to buse them withall;  
And therewith loudly laugh: But nathemore,  
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:  
Which when she saw, she left her locks vnlight,  
And running to her boat withouten ore,  
From the departing land it launched light,  
And after them did drue with all her power and might.

Whom

16

Whom ouertaking, she in merry sort  
 Them gan to bord, and purpose diuersly,  
 Now faining dalliance and wanton sport,  
 Now throwing forth lewd words immodestly;  
 Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly  
 Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:  
 Which not abiding, but more scornfully  
 Scoffing at him, that did her iustly wite,  
 She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

17

That was the wanton *Phædra*, which late  
 Did ferry him, ouer the *Ydle lake*:  
 Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,  
 And all her vaine allurements did forsake,  
 When them the wary Boate-man thus bespake;  
 Here now behouoeth vs well to auyse,  
 And of our safetie good heed to take;  
 For here before a perloous passage lyes,  
 Where many Mermaids haunt, making false melodies.

18

But by the way, there is a great Quicksand,  
 And a whirlepoole of hidden ieopardie:  
 Therefore, Sir Palmer, keep an euen hand;  
 For twixt them both the narrow way doth lie.  
 Scarfe had he said, when hard at hand they spy  
 That quicksand nigh, with water couered;  
 But by the checked waue they did descrie  
 It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:  
 It called was the quicksand of *Vnchristified*.

19

They, passing by, a goodly Ship did see,  
 Laden from far with precious merchandize,  
 And brauely furnished, as ship might be,  
 Which through great disaunture, or misprize,  
 Her selfe had runne into that hazardize;  
 Whose Mariners and Merchants with much toyle,  
 Labour'd in vaine to haue recur'd their prize,  
 And the rich wares to saue from pitious spoyle:  
 But neither toyle nor trauell might her backe recoyle.

20

On th'other side they see that perilous Poole,  
 That called was the *Whirlepoole of decay*,  
 In which full many had with haples doole  
 Beene funke, of whom no memory did stay:  
 Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,  
 Like ro a restlesse wheele, still running round,  
 Did conet, as they passed by that waie,  
 To draw the boat within the vtmost bound  
 Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to haue them dround.

21

But th'heedfull Boate-man strongly forth did stretch  
 His brawnie armes, and all his body straine,  
 That th'vtmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,  
 Whiles the drad danger does behind remaine.  
 Suddaine they see, from midst of all the Maine,  
 The surging waters like a Mountaine rise,  
 And the great sea pufte with proud disdain,  
 To swell about the measure of his guise,  
 As threatening to deuoure all, that his powre despise.

22

The waues come rolling, and the billowes rore  
 Outragiously, as they enraged were;  
 Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them driue before  
 His whirling charer, for exceeding feare:  
 For, not one puffle of wind there did appeare,  
 That all the three therat woxe much affrayd,  
 Vnweeting what such horrou strange did reare.  
 Eftoones they saw an hydeous host arrayd  
 Of huge Sea monsters, such as liuing sense dismayd.

23

Moft vgly shapes, and horrible aspects,  
 Such as Dame Nature selfe more feare to see,  
 Or shame, that euer should so fowle defects  
 From her most cunning hand escaped be;  
 All dreadfull portraits of deformitee:  
 Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and sea-shouldring Whales,  
 Great whirlepooles, which all fishes make to flee,  
 Bright *Scolopendras*, arm'd with siluer scales,  
 Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeasured tayles.

24

The dreadfull Fish, that hath deserv'd the name  
 Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew,  
 The griefty *Wasserman*, that makes his game  
 The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursue,  
 The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth fiew  
 His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,  
 Huge *Ziffus*, whom Mariners eschew  
 No lesse then rockes (as trauellers informe)  
 And greedy *Rosmarines* with vilages deforme;

25

All these, and thousand thousands many more,  
 And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,  
 With dreadfull noise, and hollow rombling rore,  
 Came rushing in the fomy waues enroll,  
 Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:  
 Ne wonder, if these did the Knight appall;  
 For, all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,  
 Be but as bugs to fearene babes withall,  
 Compared to the Creatures in the seas entrall.

26

Feare nought, then said the Palmer well anz'd;  
 For, these same Monsters are not these in deed,  
 But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd  
 By that same wicked witch, to worke vs deed,  
 And drawe from on this journey to proceed.  
 Tho, lifting vp his vertuous staffe on hyc,  
 He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,  
 And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye  
 Into great *Tethys* bosome, where they hidden lye.

27

Quit from that danger, forth their course they kept:  
 And as they went they heard a ruefull crie  
 Of one, that wayld and pittifully wept,  
 That through the sea relounding plaints did fy:  
 At last they in an Island did espy  
 A feemly Maiden, sitting by the shore,  
 That with great sorrow, and sad agony,  
 Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,  
 And lowd to them for succour called euermore.

Which

28

Which *Guyon* hearing, freight his *Palmer* bade  
 To sterre the boate towards that dolefull *Mayd*,  
 That he might knowe, and ease her sorrow sad:  
 Who him auizing better, to him sayd;  
 Faire Sir, be not displeas'd, if disobayd:  
 For ill it were to hearken to her cry;  
 For she is inly nothing ill appoyd,  
 But onely womanish fine forgerie,  
 Your stubborne heart t' affect with fraile infirmitie.

29

To which when she your courage hath inclin'd  
 Through foolish pittie, then her guilefull bayt  
 She will embosome deeper in your mind,  
 And for your ruine at the last aynt.  
 The knight was ruled, and the *Boateman* strayt  
 Held on his course with stayd stedfastnesse,  
 Ne euer shrunke, ne euer fought to bayt  
 His tired armes for toylsome wearinesse,  
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

30

And now they nigh approched to the sted,  
 Whereas those *Mermaids* dwelt: it was a still  
 And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered  
 With the broad shadow of an hoarie hill,  
 On th' other side an high rocke roured fill,  
 That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,  
 And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:  
 There those five sisters had continuall trade,  
 And vs'd to bathe themselves in that deceitfull shade.

31

They were faire Ladies till they fondly striv'd  
 With th' *Heliconian* maides for maistry;  
 Of whom they ouercommen were depriv'd  
 Of their proud beautie, and th' one moity  
 Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry:  
 But th' ypper halfe their hew retained still,  
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody;  
 Which euer after they abus'd to ill,  
 T' allure weake *Trauellers*, whom gotten they did kill.

32

So now to *Guyon*, as he pass'd by,  
 Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus applide;  
 O thou faire sonne of gentle *Facy*,  
 That art in mighty armes most magnifide  
 Above all knights, thar euer battell tride,  
 O turne thy rudder hitherward awhile:  
 Here may thy storme-bet vessell safely ride;  
 This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,  
 The worlds sweet In, from paine & wearisome turmoyle.

33

With that, the rolling sea resounding soft,  
 In his big bafe them fitly answered,  
 And on the rocke the waues breaking aloft,  
 A solemn Meane vnto them measured,  
 The whiles sweet *Zephyrus* lowd whited  
 His trebble, a strange kind of harmonie;  
 Which *Guyons* senses softly tickled,  
 That he the *Boateman* bad rowe easly,  
 And let him heare some part of their rare melodie.

34

But him that *Palmer* from that vanitie,  
 With temperate aduise discourfelled,  
 That they it past, and shortly gan desery  
 The land, to which their courte they leuc'd;  
 When suddenly a grosse fog ouer-spre'd  
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,  
 And heauens chearefull face enuelped,  
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,  
 And this great *Vniuers*e seem'd one confus'd mass.

35

Ther at they greatly were dismayd, ne wist  
 How to direct their way in darknesse wide,  
 But feard to wander in that wastfull mist,  
 For tomling into mischiefe vnepide.  
 Worfe is the danger hidden, then descride.  
 Suddenely an innumerable sight  
 Of harmefull fowles, about them fluttering, cride,  
 And with their wicked wings them oft did imight,  
 And fore annoyed, groping in that grisly night.

36

Euen all the nation of vnfortunate  
 And fatall birds about them flocked were,  
 Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,  
 The ill-fac't *Owle*, deaths dreadfull messenger,  
 The hoarse *Night-rauen*, trump of dolefull dreere,  
 The lether-winged *Bat*, dayes enemy,  
 The ruefull *Strich*, still waiting on the bere,  
 The *Whistler* shrill, that whofo heares, doth dy;  
 The hellish *Harpies*, *Prophets* of sad destinie.

37

All those, and all that else does horroure breed,  
 About them flew, and filld their sayles with feare:  
 Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,  
 Whiles th' one did rowe, and th' other stilly steare;  
 Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,  
 And the faire land it selfe did plainely shoue.  
 Said then the *Palmer*, Lo where does appeare  
 The sacred soile, where all our penls growe;  
 Therfore, Sir knight, your ready armes about you throwe.

38

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,  
 The whiles the nimble boate so well hersped,  
 That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,  
 Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,  
 And his sage *Palmer*, that him gouerned;  
 But th' other by his boate behind did stay.  
 They marched fairely forth, of nought ydred,  
 Both firmly armd for euery hard assay,  
 With constancie and care, g'ainst danger and dismay.

39

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing  
 Of many beasts, that roarde outrageously,  
 As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sitting  
 Had them engaged with fell surquedry;  
 Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,  
 Vntill they came in view of those wilde beasts:  
 Who all at once, gaping full greedily,  
 And rearing fiercely their vpstarting crests,  
 Ran towards, to deuoure those vnexpected guests.

40  
But soone as they approacht, with deadly threat  
The Palmer over them his staffe vpheld,  
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:  
Ettfoones their stubborne courages were queld,  
And high aduanced crefts downe meekely feld:  
In stead of fraying, they themselues did feare,  
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:  
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,  
All monsters to subdue to him that did it beare.

41  
Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly  
Of which *Caduceus* wholome was made;  
*Caduceus*, the rod of *Mercury*,  
With which he wouets the *Stygian* realmes invade,  
Through gastly horrour, and eternall shade;  
Th' infernall fiends with it he can asswage,  
And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can perswade,  
And rule the *Furies*, when they most doe rage:  
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

42  
Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arriue,  
Whereas the *Bowre of Blisse* was situate;  
A place pickt out by choice of best aliue,  
That Natures worke by art can imitate:  
In which what-euer in this worldly state  
Is sweet, and pleasing vnto liuing sense,  
Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,  
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,  
And made there to abound with lauish affluence.

43  
Goodly it was enclosed round about,  
Aswell their entred guests to keepe within,  
As those vnruely beasts to hold without;  
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin:  
Nought feard their force, that fortilage to win,  
But wiledoms powre, and temperances might,  
By which the mightiest things efferced bin:  
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,  
Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

44  
It framed was of precious yuory,  
That seem'd a worke of admirable wit;  
And therein all the famous history  
Of *Iason* and *Medea* was ywrit;  
Her mighty charmes, her furious louing fit,  
His goodly conquest of the golden fleecce,  
His falsed faith, and loue too lightly fit,  
The wondrous *Argo*, which in vent'rous peecce  
First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr of *Greece*.

45  
Ye might haue seene the frothy billowes fry  
Vnder the ship as thorough them she went,  
That seem'd the waues were into yuory,  
Or yuory into the waues were sent;  
And other where the snowy substance spent,  
With vermill like the boyes bloud therein shed,  
A pitious spectacle did present,  
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled;  
It seem'd th' enchanted flaine, which did *Creisus* wed.

46  
All this, and more might in that goodly gate  
Be read; that euer open stood to all,  
Which thither came: but in the *Porch* there fate  
A comely personage of stature tall,  
And semblance pleasing, more then naturall,  
That *Trauellers* to him seem'd to entife;  
His looser garment to the ground did fall,  
And flew about his heeles in wanton wise,  
Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercise.

47  
They in that place him *Genius* did call:  
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care  
Of life, and generation of all  
That liues, pertaines, in charge particular,  
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,  
And strange phantomes doth let vs oft foresee,  
And oft of secret bids vs beware:  
That is our Selfe; whom though we doe not see,  
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceiue to bee.

48  
Therefore a God him sage *Antiquity*  
Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:  
But this same was to that quite contrary,  
The foe of life, that good enuyes to all,  
That secretly doth vs procure to fall,  
Through guilefull semblants, which he makes vs see.  
He of this *Gardin* had the gouernall,  
And Pleasures porter was deuiz'd to be,  
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

49  
With diuerse flowres he daintily was deckt,  
And strowed round about, and by his side  
A mighty *Mazer* bowle of wine was fet,  
As if it had to him been sacrifice;  
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratified:  
So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:  
But he his idle curtesie deside,  
And ouerthrew his bowle disdainfully;  
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants fly.

50  
Thus being entred, they behold around  
A large and spacious plaine, on euery side  
Strowed with pleasure, whose faire grassie ground  
Mantled with Greene, and goodly beautifide  
With all the Ornaments of *Floraes* pride,  
Wherewith her mother *Art*, as halfe in scorne  
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous *Ride*  
Did decke her, and too lauishly adorne, (morne.  
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early

51  
Thereto the Heauens alwaies Iouiall,  
Lookt on them louely, still in stedfast state,  
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,  
Their tender buds or leaues to violate,  
Nor seorching heat, nor cold intemperate  
T' afflic't the creatures, which therein did dwell,  
But the milde aere with season moderate  
Gently attemptred, and dispos'd so well,  
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit & holome smell.



52  
 More sweet and wholsome, then the pleasant hill  
 Of *Rhodopé*, on which the Nymph that bore  
 A giant babe, her selfe for grieffe did kill;  
 Or the Theſſalian *Tempé*, where of yore  
 Faire *Daphne*, *Phæbus* hart with loue did gore;  
 Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,  
 When-cuer they their heavenly bowes forlore;  
 Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses faire;  
 Or *Eden*, if that ought with *Eden* mote compare.

53  
 Much wonderd *Guyon* at the faire aspect  
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight  
 To sinke into his sense, nor mind affect,  
 But passed forth, and lookt full forward right,  
 Bridling his will, and maistering his might:  
 Till that he came vnto another gate,  
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight  
 With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate  
 Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

54  
 So fashioned a Porch with rare deuisse,  
 Archt over head with an embracing Vine,  
 Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to entice  
 All passers by, to taste their luscious wine,  
 And did themselues into their hands incline,  
 As freelic offering to be gathered:  
 Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacinth*,  
 Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,  
 Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

55  
 And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,  
 So made by art, to beautifie the rest,  
 Which did themselues amongst the leaues enfold,  
 As lurking from the view of couetous quest,  
 That the weake boughes, with so rich load opprest,  
 Did bow adowne, as over-burdened.  
 Vnder that Porch a comely Dame did rest,  
 Clad in faire weedes, but foule disordered;  
 And garments loose, that seem'd vnmeet for womanhed.

56  
 In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,  
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,  
 Whose sappy liquor that with fulnesse sweld,  
 Into her cup she feruz'd, with dainy breach  
 Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach,  
 That so fayre wine-presse made the wine mote sweet:  
 Thereof she vs'd to giue to drinke to each,  
 Whom passing by she happened to meet:  
 It was her guise, all Strangers goodly so to greet.

57  
 So shee to *Guyon* offered it to taste;  
 VVho taking it out of her tender hond,  
 The cup to ground did violently cast,  
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,  
 And with the liquor stained all the lond:  
 VVhereat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth,  
 Yer no'te the same amend, ne yet withfond,  
 But suffred him to passe, all were she loth;  
 Who, not regarding her displeasure, forward go'th.

58  
 There the most dainy Paradise on ground,  
 It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,  
 In which all pleasures plentifully abound,  
 And none does others happinesse envy:  
 The painted flowres, the trees vphooting hie,  
 The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,  
 The trembling groues, the Crystall running by;  
 And that, which all faire works doth most aggrace,  
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

59  
 One would haue thought (so cunningly the rude  
 And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)  
 That Nature had for wantonnesse enlud  
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;  
 So struing each th'other to vndermine,  
 Each did the others worke more beautifick;  
 So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:  
 So all agreed through sweet diuersitie,  
 This Garden to adorne with all varietie.

60  
 And in the midst of all, a Fountaine stood,  
 Of richest substance that on earth might bee,  
 So pure and shyny, that the silver flood  
 Through euery channell running one might see;  
 Most goodly it with pure imageree  
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,  
 Of which some seem'd with luely iollitice  
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,  
 Whil't others did themselues embay in liquid ioyes.

61  
 And over all, of purest gold was spred  
 A trayle of Iuic in his natue hew:  
 For, the rich metall was so coloured,  
 That wight, who did not well vsis'd it view,  
 Would surly deeme it to be Iuic true:  
 Lowe his lasciuious armes adowne did creepe,  
 That themselues dipping in the silver dew,  
 Their steecic flowres they tenderly did steepe,  
 Which drops of Crystall seem'd for wantonnesse to weepe.

62  
 Infinite streames continually did well  
 Out of this Fountaine, sweet and faire to see,  
 The which into an ample Laver fell,  
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
 That like a little lake it seem'd to bee;  
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,  
 That through the waues one might the bottom see,  
 All pay'd beneath with Laspur shining bright,  
 That seem'd the Fountaine in that Sea did fayle vpnight.

63  
 And all the margent round about was set,  
 With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend  
 The sunny beames, which on the billowes bet,  
 And those which therein bathed, mote offend.  
 As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,  
 Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,  
 Which therein bathing, seemed to contend,  
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide  
 Their dainy parts from view of any which them eyde.

64

Some-times, the one would lift the other quight  
 About the waters, and then downe againe  
 Her plonge, as over-maistered by might,  
 Where both awhile would couered remaine,  
 And each the other from to rise reſtraîne:  
 The whiles their ſnowy limbes, as through a vele,  
 So through the Cryſtall waues appeared plaine:  
 Then ſuddainly both would themſelues vnhcle,  
 And th'amarous ſweet ſpoyles to greedy eyes reuele.

65

As that faire Starre, the meſſenger of morne,  
 His deawy face out of the ſea doth reare:  
 Or as the *Cyprian* Goddeſſe, newly borne  
 Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did firſt appeare:  
 Such ſeemed they, and fo their yellow heare  
 Cryſtalline humour dropped downe apace.  
 Whom ſuch when *Guyon* ſaw, he drew him neare,  
 And ſome-what gan relent his earneſt paſe,  
 His ſtubborne breaſt gan ſecreſt pleaſance to embrace.

66

The wanton Maidens him eſpying, ſtood  
 Gazing awhile at his vnwonted guiſe;  
 Then th'one her ſelfe lowe ducked in the flood,  
 Abaſht, that her a ſtranger did auiſe:  
 But th'other, rather higher did ariſe,  
 And her two lilly paps aloft diſplayd,  
 And all that might his melting hart entife  
 To her delights, ſhe vnto him bewrayd:  
 Therewith hid vnderneath, him more deſirous made.

67

With that, the other likewiſe vp aroſe,  
 And her faire locks, which formerly were bound  
 Vp in one knot, ſhe lowe adowne did loſe:  
 Which, flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,  
 And th'Iuorie in golden mantle gownd:  
 So that faire ſpectacle from him was reſt,  
 Yet that which reſt it, no leſſe faire was found:  
 So hid in locks and waues from lookers theſt,  
 Nought but her lonely face ſhe for his looking left.

68

Withall ſhe laughed, and ſhee bluſht withall,  
 That bluſhing to her laughter gaue more grace,  
 And laughter to her bluſhing, as did fall:  
 Now when they ſpyde the knight to ſlack his paſe,  
 Them to behold, and in his ſparkling face  
 The ſecreſt ſignes of kindled luſt appeare,  
 Their wanton meriments they did increaſe,  
 And to him beckned, to approche more neare,  
 And ſhewd him many ſights, that courage cold could reare.

69

On which when gazing him the *Palmer* ſaw,  
 He much rebuk't thoſe wandring eyes of his,  
 And (counſeld well) him forward thence did draw.  
 Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of bliſſe*  
 Of her ſond favorites to nam'd amiſs:  
 When thus the *Palmer*; Now Sir, well auiſe;  
 For, heere the end of all our traueil is:  
 Heere wonnes *Acraſta*, whom we muſt ſurpriſe,  
 Elſe ſhe will ſlip away, and all our drift deſiſe.

70

Effſoones they heard a moſt melodious ſound,  
 Of all that mote delight a dainty care,  
 Such as attonce might not on luing ground,  
 Saue in this *Paradiſe*, be heard elſwhere:  
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
 To read what manner muſick that mote bee:  
 For, all that pleaſing is to luing care,  
 Was there conſorted in one harmonce,  
 Birds, voyces, inſtruments, windes, waters, all agree.

71

The ioyous birds, ſhrouded in cheareful ſhade,  
 Their notes vnto the voyce attempted ſweet;  
 Th'Angelcall ſoft trembling voyces made  
 To th'inſtruments diuine reſpondence meet:  
 The ſiluer ſounding inſtruments did meet  
 With the baſe murmur of the waters fall:  
 The waters fall with difference diſcreet,  
 Now ſoft, now loud, vnto the wind did call:  
 The gentle warbling wind lowe answered to all.

72

There, whence that Muſick ſeemed heard to bee,  
 Was the faire Witch, her ſelfe now ſolacing  
 With a new Louer, whom through forcere  
 And witchcraft, ſhe from farre did thither bring:  
 There ſhe had him now layd aſlumbering,  
 In ſecreſt ſhade, after long wanton ioyes:  
 Whil'ſt round about them pleaſantly did ſing  
 Many faire Ladies, and laſciuious boyes,  
 That euer mixt their ſong with light licentious toyes.

73

And all the while, right over him ſhe hong,  
 With her falſe eyes faſt fixed in his ſight,  
 As ſeeking medicine, whence ſhe was ſong,  
 Or greedily deſtauring delight:  
 And oft inclining downe with kiſſes light,  
 For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,  
 And through his humid eyes did ſuek his ſpright,  
 Quite molten into luſt and pleaſure lewd;  
 Where-with ſhe ſighed ſoft, as if his caſe ſhe rew'd.

74

The whiles, ſome one did chaunt this lovely lay;  
 Ah ſee, whoſo faire thing dooſt faire to ſee,  
 In ſpringing ſlowe the image of thy day;  
 Ah ſee the *Virgin Roſe*, how ſweetly ſhee  
 Doth firſt peepe foorth with baſhfull modeſtee,  
 That fayrer ſeemes, the leſſe yee ſee her may;  
 Lo, ſee ſoone after, how more bold and free  
 Her bared boſome ſhe doth broad diſplay;  
 Lo, ſee ſoone after, how ſhe fades and fallſe away.

75

So paſſeth, in the paſſing of a day,  
 Of mortall life the leaſe, the bud, the flowre,  
 Ne more doth flouriſh after firſt decay,  
 That earſt was ſought to deck both bed and bowre  
 Of many a Lady, and many a Paramoure:  
 Gather therefore the *Roſe*, whil'ſt yet is prime,  
 For, ſoone comes age, that will her pride deſlowre:  
 Gather the *Roſe* of loue, whil'ſt yet is time,  
 Whil'ſt louing thou mayſt loued be with equall crime.

76

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birds  
 Their diuerse notes t'attune vnto his lay,  
 As in approuance of his pleasing words,  
 The constant pure heard all that he did say,  
 Yet swarued nor, but kept their forward way,  
 Through many couert groues, and thicketts close,  
 In which they creeping did at last display  
 That wanton Ladie, with her Louer lose,  
 VV whose sleepey head he in her lap did soft dispose.

77

Vpon a bed of Roses she was layd,  
 As faint through heat, or dight to pleafant sin,  
 And was arrayd, or rather difarrayd,  
 All in a veile of filke and siluer thin,  
 That hid no whit her ablaister skin,  
 But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:  
 More subtile web *Arachne* cannot spin,  
 Nor the fine nets, which oft we wouen see  
 Of scorched deaw, doe not in th'aire more lightly flee.

78

Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoyle  
 Of hungry eyes, which n'ote there-with beild;  
 And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,  
 Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,  
 That like pure Orient pearles adowne it trild:  
 And her fayre eyes sweet smyling in delight,  
 Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild  
 Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like stary light  
 Which sparkling on the silent waues, does seeme more

79

The young man sleepey by her, seem'd to bee  
 Some goodly swayne of honourable place,  
 That certes it great pity was to see  
 Him his nobilitie so foule deface;  
 A sweet regard, and amiable grace,  
 Mixed with manly sternesse did appeare  
 Yet sleepey, in his well proportioned face,  
 And on his tender lips the downy haire  
 Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

80

His warlike armes (the idle instruments  
 Of sleepey praise) were hong vpon a tree,  
 And his braue shield (full of old monuments)  
 Was foully ras't, that none the signes might see;  
 Ne for them, ne for honour cared he,  
 Ne ought that did to his aduancement tend,  
 But in lewd loues, and wastefull luxuree,  
 His dayes, his goods, his body he did spend:  
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

81

The noble Elf, and carefull Palmer drew  
 So nigh them (minding nought but lustfull game)  
 That suddaine forth they on them rusht, and threw  
 A subtile net, which onely for the same  
 The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.  
 So held them vnder fast, the whiles the rest  
 Fled all away for feare of fouler shame.  
 The faire Enchauntresse, so vnwares opprest,  
 Tryde all her arts, and all her flights, thence out to wrest.

82

And eke her Louer stroue: but all in vaine;  
 For, that same net so cunningly was wound,  
 That neither guile nor force might it distraine.  
 They tooke them both, & both them strongly bound  
 In captiue bands, which there they ready found:  
 But her in chaines of Adamant he tyde;  
 For nothing else might keepe her safe and found;  
 But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soone vntyde,  
 And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applide.

83

But all those pleafant bowres, and Palace braue,  
*Guyon* broke downe, with rigour pittiless;  
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might saue  
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,  
 But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:  
 Their Groues he feld, their Gardens did deface,  
 Their Arbers spoyld, their Cabinets suppress,  
 Their Banket-houses burne, their buildings race,  
 And of the fayrest late, now made the foulest place.

84

Then led they her away, and eke that knight  
 They with them led, both forrowfull and sad:  
 The way they came, the same returnd they right,  
 Till they arriued where they lately had  
 Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with fury mad.  
 VVhich now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,  
 As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;  
 But them the Palmer soone did pacifie. (did lie.  
 Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beastes vvhich there

85

Said hee, These seeming beastes are men indeed,  
 Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,  
 Whylome her Louers, which her lusts did feed,  
 Now turned into figures hideous,  
 According to their mindes like monstrous.  
 Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,  
 And mournfull meede of ioyes delicious:  
 But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,  
 Let them returned be vnto their former state.

86

Straight-way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,  
 And straight of beasts they comely men became;  
 Yet beeing men, they did vnmanly looke,  
 And stared gawty, some for inward shame,  
 And some for wrath, to see their captiue Dame:  
 But one about the rest in speciall,  
 That had an hog been late (*hight Grille* by name)  
 Repined greatly, and did him miscall,  
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

87

Said *Guyon*, See the mind of beastly man,  
 That hath so soone forgot the excellence  
 Of his creaton, when he life began,  
 That now he chooseth with vile difference,  
 To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.  
 To whom the Palmer thus, The dunghill kind  
 Delights in filth and foule incontinence:  
 Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and haue his hoggish mind,  
 But let vs hence depart, whil't weather ferues and wind,





# THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING  
THE LEGENDE OF BRITOMARTIS.  
OR  
*Of Chastitie.*



<sup>1</sup>  
T falles me heere to write of Chastitie,  
That fairest vertue, farre about the rest;  
For which what needs me fetch from *Faery*  
Forraine enamples, it to haue exprest?  
Sith it is shined in my Soueraignes brest,

And form'd so liuely in each perfect part,  
That to all Ladies, which haue it profest,  
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart,  
If pourtrayd it might be by any liuing art.

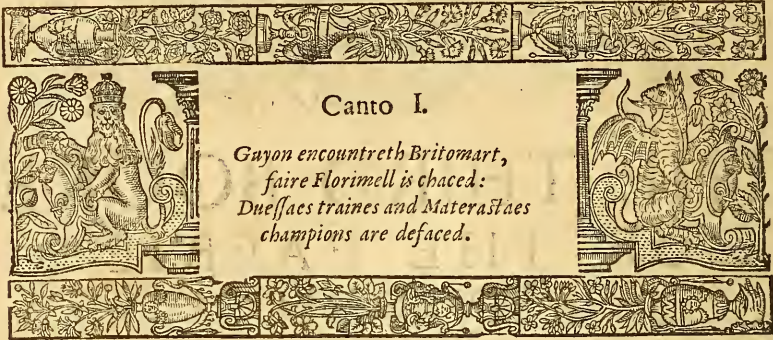
<sup>2</sup>  
But liuing art may not least part expresse,  
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paint,  
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxiteles*:  
His *dædale* hand would faile, and greatly faint,  
And her perfections with his error taint:  
Ne Poets wit, that passeth Painter farre  
In picturing the parts of beautie daint,  
So hard a workmanship adventure darre,  
For feare through want of words her excellence to marre.

<sup>3</sup>  
How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill,  
That whylome in diuine wits did raigne,  
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?  
Yet now my lucklesse lot doth me constraîne

Heere to perforce. But ô, drad Soueraigne,  
Thus farre forth pardon, sith that choicest wit  
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plaine  
That I in colourd shoves may shadow it,  
And antique prayses vnto present persons fit.

<sup>4</sup>  
But if in liuing colours, and right hew,  
Your selfe you covet to see pictured,  
Who can it doe more liuely, or more trew,  
Then that sweet verse, with *Nectar* sprinkled,  
In which a gracious seruauant pictured  
His *Cynthia*, his heauens fairest light?  
That with his melting sweetnesse rauished,  
And with the wonder of her beames bright,  
My senses lulled are in slumber of delight.

<sup>5</sup>  
But let that same delicious Poet lend  
A little leaue vnto a rusticke Muse,  
To sing his Mistresse praise; and let him mend,  
If ought amiss her liking may abuse:  
Ne let his fayrest *Cynthia* refuse,  
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see;  
But eyther *Gloriana* let her chuse,  
Or in *Belphebe* fashioned to be:  
In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitie.



## Canto I.

*Guyon encountreth Britomart,  
faire Florimell is chased:  
Duesfaes traines and Materastæes  
champions are defaced.*



<sup>1</sup>  
The famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,  
After long wayes & perillous paines endured,  
Having their weary limbes to perfect plight  
Restor'd, & fory wounds right well recured,  
Of the faire *Alma* greatly were procured  
To make there lenger sojourne and abode;  
But when thereto they might not be allured,  
From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abroad,  
They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

But the captiu'd *Acrasis* hee sent,  
Because of traucell long, a nigher way,  
With a strong gard, all restrew to prevent,  
And her to Faery-court safe to conuay,  
That her for witnesse of his hard assay,  
Vnto his Faery Queene he might present:  
But he himselfe betooke another way,  
To make more triall of his hardiment,  
And seeke adventures, as he with Prince *Arthur* went.

<sup>3</sup>  
Long so they traucell'd through wastefull wayes,  
Where dangers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,  
To hunt for glorie and renowned praise;  
Full many Countries they did over-runne,  
From the vprising to the setting Sunne,  
And many hard adventures did atchieue;  
Of all the which they honour euer wonne,  
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,  
And to recourer right for such as wrong did grieue.

<sup>4</sup>  
At last, as through an open Plaine they yode,  
They spyde a knight, that towards pricked faire,  
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,  
That seem'd to couch vnder his shield three-square,  
As if that age bade him that burden spare,  
And yield it those, that stouter could it wield:  
He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,  
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield  
That bore a Lyon passant in a golden field.

<sup>5</sup>  
Which seeing good Sir *Guyon*, deare besought  
The Prince of grace, to let him runne that turne.  
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught  
His poynant speare, and sharpely gan to spurne  
His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne  
The verdant grasse, as he therعون did tread;  
Ne did the other backe his fower returne,  
But fiercly forward came withouten dread,  
And bent his dreadfull speare against the others head.

<sup>6</sup>  
They beene ymet, and both their poynts arriued,  
But *Guyon* droue so furious and fell,  
That seem'd both shield and plate it would haue riu'd;  
Nathelless, it bose his foe not from his sell,  
But made him stagger, as he were not well:  
But *Guyon* selfe, ere well he was aware,  
Nigh a speares length behiind his crouper fell,  
Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare,  
That mischieuous mischancee his life & limbes did spare.

<sup>7</sup>  
Great shame and sorrow of that fall hee tooke;  
For neuer yet since warlike armes he bore,  
And shiuering speare in bloody field first shooke,  
He found himselfe dishonoured so sore.  
Ah gentlest knight that euer armour bore,  
Let not thee grieue dismounted to haue beene,  
And brought to ground, that neuer wast before;  
For, not thy fault, but secret power vncene,  
That speare enchanted was, which laide thee ou the Greene.

<sup>8</sup>  
But weneedst thou what wight thee overthrew,  
Much greater griefe and shamefuller regret  
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,  
That of a single Damsell thou wert met  
On equall Plaine, and there so hard beset;  
Euen the famous *Britomart* it was,  
Whom strange adventure did from *Britaine* set,  
To seeke her Louer (lowe farre fought alas)  
Whose image she had scene in *Venus* looking glafs.

9  
Full of disdainfull wrath, he fierce vp-rofe,  
For to reuenge that foule reprochefull shame,  
And snatching his bright sword, began to clofe  
With her on foote, and stoutly forward came;  
Die rather would he then endure that fame.  
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare  
His toward perill and vtoward blame,  
Which by that new r'encounter he should reare:  
For, death fate on the point of that enchanted speare.

10  
And hastning towards him, gan faire perwade,  
Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to weene  
His speares default to mend with cruell blade;  
For, by his mighty Science he had seene  
The secret vertue of that weapon keene,  
That mortall puillance mote not wishfond:  
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene.  
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,  
To lose long gotten honour with one euill hond.

11  
By such good meanes he him discourtelled,  
From prosecuting his reuenging rage;  
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,  
His wrathfull will with reason to assuage,  
And laid the blame, nor to his carriage,  
But to his starting steed, that swarud' aside,  
And to the ill purveyance of his page,  
That had his furnitures not firmly tide:  
So is his angry courage fairly pacified.

12  
Thus reconciliation was betwene them knit,  
Through goodly temperance, and affection chaste,  
And ether vow'd with all their powre and wit,  
To let not others honour be defac't  
Of friend or foe, who euer it embas't,  
Ne armes to beare against the others side:  
In which accord the Prince was also plac't,  
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.  
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

13  
O goodly v'age of those antique times!  
In which the sword was seruau't vnto right;  
When not for malice and contentious crimes,  
But all for praise, and prooffe of manly might,  
The Martiall brood accustomed to fight:  
Then honour was the meed of victorie,  
And yet the vanquished had no despight:  
Let later age that noble vse enric,  
Vile rancour to auoyd, and cruell surquedry.

14  
Long they thus trauelled in friendly wise,  
Through countrie's waste, and eke well edifyde,  
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise  
Their puillance, whylome full dernelly tryde:  
At length they came into a Forrest wide,  
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound  
Full grieisly seem'd: Therein they long did ride,  
Yet tract of liuing creatures none they found,  
Sauc Beares, Lyons, & Bulls, which romd them around.

15  
All suddenly out of the thickest brush,  
Vpon a milke-white Palfrey all alone,  
A goodly Lady did forey them rush,  
Whose face did seeme as cleare as Cry stall stone,  
And eke (through feare) as white as Whales bone:  
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,  
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,  
Which fled so fast, that nothing more him hold,  
And scarce them leasure gaue, her passing to behold.

16  
Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw,  
As fearing euill, that pursued her fast;  
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,  
Loosely disperit with puffe of heury blast:  
All as a blazing starre doth farre out-cast.  
His hairie beames, and flaming locks disspred,  
At sight whereof the people stand agast:  
But the sage Wisard telles (as he has read)  
That it importunes death, and dolefull drierhead.

17  
So, as they gazed after her avhile,  
Lo, where a grnly Foster forth did rush,  
Breathing out beastly lust her to defile:  
His tyreing iade he fiercely forth did push,  
Through thicke and thin, both over banke and bush,  
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,  
That from his gorie sides the bloud did gush:  
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,  
And in his clownish hand a sharpe bore-speare he stoock.

18  
Which outrage when those gentle knights did see;  
Full of great enrie and fell iecalousie,  
They stayd not to auise who first should bee,  
But all spurd after fast, as they mote fly,  
To reskew her from shamefull villany.  
The Prince and *Guyon* equally byliue  
Her selfe pursued, in hope to win thereby  
Most goodly meed, the fayrest Dame alie:  
But after the foule Foster *Timias* did triue.

19  
The whiles faire *Eritomart*, whose constant mind,  
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,  
Ne reekt of Ladies loue, did stay behind,  
And them awaited there a certaine space,  
To weer if they would turne backe to that place:  
But when shee saw them gone, she forward went;  
As lay her journey, through that perous Pace,  
With stedfast courage and stout hardiment;  
Ne euill thing she fear'd, ne euill thing she ment.

20  
At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,  
A stately Castle farre away she spyde,  
To which her steps directly she did frame.  
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,  
And plac't for pleasure nigh that Forrest side:  
But fare before the gate a spacious Plaine,  
Mantled with Greene, it selfe did spredden wide,  
On which the law sixe knights, that did darraie  
Fierce battaile against one, with cruell might and maine.

21

Mainely they all attonce vpon him layd,  
 And fore beset on euery side around,  
 That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought difmayd,  
 Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground  
 All had he lost much blood through many a wound,  
 But stoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way  
 To which he turned in his wrathfull found,  
 Made them recoyle, and fly from drad decay,  
 That none of all the fixe, before him durst assay :

22

Like dastard Curres, that hauing at a bay  
 The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,  
 Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,  
 Ne byte before, but come from place to place,  
 To get a snatch, when turned is his face.  
 In such distresse and doubtfull icopardy,  
 When *Britomart* him saw, shee ran apace  
 Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,  
 Bade those same fixe forbear that single enemy.

23

But to her cry they list not lenden care,  
 Ne ought the more their mighty stroakes surcease,  
 Ne gathering him round about more neare,  
 Their direfull rancour rather did encrease;  
 Till that she rushing through the thickest preace,  
 Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,  
 And soone compeld to harken vnto peace :  
 Tho gan she mildly of them to inquire  
 The cause of their diffension and outrageous ire.

24

VWhere-to that single knight did aunfere frame;  
 These fixe would me enforce by oddes of might,  
 To change my liefe, and loue another Dame,  
 That death me liefer were then such despight,  
 So vnto wrong to yield my wrefred right :  
 For, I loue one, the trueest one on ground,  
 Ne list me change ; she th' *Errant Damsell* hight,  
 For whose deare sake full many a bitter found  
 I haue endur'd, and tasted many a bloody wound.

25

Certes, said she, then been ye fixe to blame,  
 To weene your wrong by force to iustifie :  
 For, knight to leaue his Lady were great shame,  
 That faithfull is, and better were to die.  
 All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,  
 Then losse of loue, to him that loues but one ;  
 Ne may loue be compeld by maistry ;  
 For, soone as maistry comes, sweet loue alone  
 Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone.

26

Then spake one of those fixe, There dwelleth heere  
 Within this Castle wall a Lady faire,  
 Whose foueraine beautie hath no liuing peere ;  
 There-to so bointious and so debonaire,  
 That neuer any more with her compare.  
 She hath ordaind this lawe, which we approue,  
 That euery knight, which doth this way repaire,  
 In case he haue no Lady, nor no Loue,  
 Shall doe vnto her seruice neuer to remoue.

27

But, if he haue a Lady or a Loue,  
 Then must he her forgoe with foule defame,  
 Or elle with vs by dint of sword prouee,  
 That she is fairer then our fairest Dame,  
 As did this knight, before ye hither came.  
 Perdie, said *Britomart*, the choice is hard :  
 But what reward had he that overcame ?  
 He should advanced be to high regard  
 Said they, and haue our Ladies loue for his reward.

28

Therefore aread Sir, if thou haue a Loue.  
 Loue haue I sure, quoth she, but Lady none ;  
 Yet will I not from mine owne Loue remoue,  
 Ne to your Lady will I seruice done,  
 But wreake your wrongs wrought to this knight alone,  
 And proue his cause. With that, her mortall speare  
 She mightily auentred towards one,  
 And downe him smote ere well aware he were,  
 Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

29

Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd,  
 That none of them him selfe could reare againe ;  
 The fourth was by that other knight difmayd,  
 All were he wearie of his former paine,  
 That now there doe but two of fixe remaine ;  
 Which two did yield before shee did them smight.  
 Ah, said she then, now may ye all see plaine,  
 That truth is strong, and true loue most of might,  
 That for his trusty seruants doth so strongly fight.

30

Too well wee see, said they, and proue too well  
 Our faultie weakenesse, and your matchlesse might :  
 For-thy faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,  
 Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,  
 And we your liege men faith vnto you plight.  
 So vnderneath her feet their swords they shard,  
 And after, her besought, well as they might,  
 To enter in, and reape the due reward :  
 Shee graunted, and then in they all together far'd.

31

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,  
 And stately port of *Castle Ioyeous*,  
 (For, so that Castle hight by common name)  
 Where they were entertaind with courteous  
 And comely glee of many gracious  
 Faire Ladies, and many a gentle knight,  
 Who through a Chamber long and spacious,  
 Estoones them brought vnto their Ladies fight.  
 That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*.

32

But for to tell the sumptuous array  
 Of that great chamber, should be labour lost :  
 For, liuing wit (I weene) cannot display  
 The royall riches and exceeding cost  
 Of euery pillour and of euery post ;  
 Which all of purest bullion framed were,  
 And with great pearles and pretious stones embost,  
 That the bright glister of their beamez cleare  
 Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.



33  
 These stranger knights through passing, forth were led  
 Into an inner roome, whose royaltie  
 And rich purveyance might vncath be read;  
 Mote Princes place befeme so deckt to bee,  
 Which stately manner when as they did see,  
 The image of superfluous riotize,  
 Exceeding much the state of meane degree,  
 They greatly wondred, whence so sumptuous guise  
 Might be maintaine, and each gan diuersely deuise.

34  
 The wals were round about apparelled  
 With costly clothes of *Arras* and of *Towre*;  
 In which, with cunning hand was pourtrahed  
 The loue of *Venus* and her Paramour  
 The fayre *Adonis*, turned to a flowre,  
 A worke of rare deuise, and wondrous wit.  
 First did it shew the bitter balefull flowre,  
 Which her assayd with many a feruent fit,  
 When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit.

35  
 Then, with what sleights and sweet allurements she  
 Entic't the Boy (as well that art the knew)  
 And wooed him her Paramour to be;  
 Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,  
 To crowne his golden locks with honour dew;  
 Now leading him into a secret shade  
 From his Beauperes, and from bright heauens view,  
 Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,  
 Or bathe him in a fountaine by some couert glade.

36  
 And whil't he slept, she over him would spread  
 Her mantle, colour'd like the stary skyes,  
 And her soft arme lay vnderneath his head,  
 And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;  
 And whil't he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes  
 She secretly would search each dainty lim,  
 And throwe into the Well sweet *Rosemaries*,  
 And fragrant *violets*, and *Pances trim*,  
 And euer with sweet *Nectar* she did sprinkle him.

37  
 So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,  
 And ioy'd his loucin secret vnespide.  
 But, for she saw him bent to cruell play,  
 To hunt the salvage beast in forest wide,  
 Dreadfull of danger, that mote him betide,  
 Shee oft and oft adviz'd him to restraine  
 From chase of greater beasts, whose brutish pride  
 Mote breed him scathe vnowares: but all in vaine;  
 For, who can shun the chauce that dest'ny doth ordaine?

38  
 Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,  
 Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore,  
 And by his side the Goddesse groueling  
 Makes for him endlesse mone, and euermore  
 VVith her soft garment wipes away the gore,  
 Which stains his snowy skin with hatefull hew:  
 But when she saw no helpe might him restore,  
 Him to a dainty flowre she did transfew,  
 VVhich in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

39  
 So was that chamber clad in goodly wise,  
 And round about it many beds were dight,  
 As whylome was the anique world'ez guise,  
 Some for vntimely ease, some for delight,  
 As pleased them to vie, that vie it might:  
 And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,  
 Dauncing and reuelling both day and night,  
 And swimming deepe in sensuall desires,  
 And *Cupid* stull emongst them kindled lustfull fires.

40  
 And all the while, sweet Musick did diuide  
 Her looser notes with *Lydian* harmony:  
 And all the while, sweet birds thereto applide  
 Their dainty layes and dulcet melody,  
 Ay caroling of loue and iollitie,  
 That wonder was to heare their trim consort.  
 Which when those knights beheld, with scornfull eyes,  
 They sdeigned such lasciuious disport,  
 And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton fort.

41  
 Thence they were brought to that great Ladies view,  
 Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,  
 That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,  
 As the proud *Persian* Queenes accustomed:  
 She seem'd a woman of great bountyd,  
 And of rare beautie, sauing that aunciente  
 Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,  
 Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,  
 Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

42  
 Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuize  
 Their goodly entertainment and great glee:  
 She caused them be led in courteous wise  
 Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,  
 And cheared well with wine and spiceree:  
 The *Redcrosse* Knight was soone disarmed there;  
 But the braue *Mayd* would not disarmed be,  
 But only vented vp her vmbriere,  
 And so did let her goodly visage to appeere.

43  
 As when faire *Cynthia*, in darke some night,  
 Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,  
 Where she may find the substance thin and light,  
 Breakes forth her siluet beames, and her bright head  
 Discouers to the world discomfited;  
 Of the poore traveller that went astray,  
 With thousand blessings she is heried:  
 Such was the beauty and the shining ray,  
 With which faire *Britomart* gaue light vnto the day.

44  
 And eke those sixe, which lately with her fought,  
 Now were disarmed, and did themselues present  
 Vnto her view, and company vnought;  
 For they all seemed courteous and gent,  
 And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,  
 Which had them traynd in all ciuillitee,  
 And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;  
 Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,  
 And her Knights-seruice ought, to hold of her in Fee.

45  
The first of them by name *Gardante* hight,  
A iolly person, and of comely view;  
The second was *Parlante*, a bold knight,  
And next to him *Iocante* did enfew;  
*Basciante* did himselfe most courteous shew;  
But fierce *Bacchante* seem'd too fell and keene;  
And yet in armes *Nocante* greater grew:  
All were faire knights, and goodly well becene;  
But to faire *Britomart* they all but shadowes beene.

46  
For she was full of amiable grace,  
And manly terrour mixed there-withall,  
That as the one stir'd vp affections base,  
So th'other did mens rash desires appall,  
And hold them backe, that would in error fall;  
As he that hath espyde a vermeill Rose,  
To which sharpe thornes and briers the way forstall,  
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose;  
But wishing it farre off, his idle wish doth lose.

47  
Whom when the Lady saw to faire a wight,  
All ignorant of her contrary sex,  
(For the her weend a fresh and lusty knight)  
She greatly gan enamoured to wax,  
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:  
Her sickle hart conceiued hastie fire,  
Like sparks of fire which fall in slender flex,  
That shortly brent into extreme desire,  
And ranfack't all her veines with passion entire.

48  
Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,  
And into tearmes of open outrage burst,  
That plaine discover'd her incontinence,  
Nereckt she, who her meaning did mistrust;  
For, she was giuen all to fleshly lust,  
And poured forth in sensuall delight,  
That all regard of shame she had discust,  
And meet respect of honour put to flight:  
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathy sight.

49  
Faire Ladies, that to loue captiued are,  
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,  
Let not her fault your sweet affections marre,  
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,  
Mongst thousands good, one wanton Dame to find:  
Emongst the Roses growe some wicked weedes;  
For, this was not to loue, but lust inclin'd;  
For, loue does alwaies bring forth bountious deeds,  
And in each gentle hart desire of honour breedes.

50  
Nought so of loue this looser Dame did skill,  
But as a coale to kindle fleshy flame,  
Giuing the bridle to her wanton will,  
And treading vnder foote her honest name:  
Such lone is hate, and such desire is shame.  
Still did she roue at her with crafty glaunce  
Of her falsie eyes, that at her hart did ayme,  
And told her meaning in her countenance;  
But *Britomart* dissembled it with ignorance.

51  
Supper was shortly dight, and downe they sat,  
Where they were seru'd with all sumptuous fare,  
VVhiles fruitfull *Ceres*, and *Lyens* fat  
Pour'd out their plenty, without spight or spare:  
Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;  
And aye the cups their banks did overflowe,  
And aye betwene the cups, she did prepare  
Way to her loue, and secret darts did throwe;  
But *Britomart* would not such guilefull message knowe.

52  
So when they slaked had the feruent heat  
Of appetite with meates of euery sort,  
The Lady did faire *Britomart* entreat,  
Her to disarm, and with delightfull sport  
To loofe her warlike limbs and strong effort:  
But when she mote not there-vnto be wonne,  
(For, shee her sex vnder that strange purport  
Did vse to hide, and plaine appaurance shunne:)  
In plainer wise to tell her grievance she begunne;

53  
And all atonce discouered her desire  
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, & pittious grieffe,  
The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire;  
Which spent in vaine, at last the told her brieve,  
That but if she did leud her short relieffe,  
And doe her comfort, she mote algates die.  
But the chaste Damzell, that had neuer priefe  
Of such malengine and fine forgerie,  
Did easly belieue her strong extremitie.

54  
Full easie was for her to haue beliefe,  
Who, by selfe-feeling of her feeble sex,  
And by long triall of the inward grieffe,  
Where-with imperious loue her hart did vex,  
Could iudge what paines do louing harts perplex.  
Who meanes no guile, be' guiled soonest shall,  
And to faire semblance doth light faith annex;  
The bird, that knowes not the false Fowlers call,  
Into his hidden net full easly doth fall.

55  
For-ty, she would not in discourteous wife,  
Scorne the faire offer of good will profess;  
For, great rebuke it is, loue to despise,  
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;  
But with faire countenance, as befeemed best,  
Her entertain'd; nath' lesse, shee inly deem'd  
Her loue too light, to woee a wandring guest:  
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteem'd  
That fro' like inward fire that outward smoke had steem'd.

56  
There-with awhile she her fit fancie fed,  
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire:  
But yet her wound still inward freshly bled,  
And through her bones the false instilled fire  
Did spread it selfe, and venime close inspire.  
Tho, were the tables taken all away,  
And euery Knight, and euery gentle Squire  
Gan choofe his Dame with *Basio man* gay,  
With whom he meant to make his sport and courtly play.

57  
Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,  
Some to make loue, some to make meriment,  
As diuerse wits to diuerse things apply;  
And all the while faire *Malecasta* bent  
Her crafty engins to her close intent.

By this th' eternall lampes, where-with high *Ioue*  
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,  
And the moist daughters of huge *Atlas* stroue  
Into the *Ocean* deepe to driue their wearie droue.

58  
High time it seemed then for euery wight  
Them to betake vnto their kindly rest;  
Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light,  
Vnto their bowes to guiden euery guest:  
Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest  
Avoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,  
And safe commit to her soft feathered nest;  
Where, through long watch, & late dayes weary toyle,  
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

59  
Now, when-as all the world in silence deepe  
Yshrowded was, and euery mortall wight  
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,  
Faيرة *Malecasta*, whose engrieued spright  
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,  
Lightly arose out of her weary bed,  
And vnder the blacke veile of guilty Night,  
Her with a scarlot mantle couered,  
That was with gold and Ermines fayre enveloped.

60  
Then panting soft, and trembling euery ioynt,  
Her fearefull feet towards the bowre she moued;  
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt  
To lodge the warlike mayd vnwily loued,  
And to her bed approaching, first she prooued,  
Whether she slept or wak't, with her soft hand  
She softly felt, if any member moued,  
And lent her wary eare to understand,  
If any puffe of breath, or signe of sense she fand.

61  
Which, when-as none she fond, with ease she shift,  
For feare least her vnwares she should abrayd,  
Th' embroderd quilt she lightly vp did lift,  
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,  
Of euery finest fingers touch affrayd;  
Ne any noyse she made, ne word she spake,  
But inly sigh't. At last, the royall Mayd  
Out of her quiet slumber did awake,  
And chang'd her weary side, the better ease to take.

62  
Where, feeling one close couched by her side,  
She lightly leapt out of her filed bed,  
And to her weapon ran, in mind to gride  
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe dead

Through suddaine feare and gustly drieried,  
Did shriek aloud, that through the house it rong;  
And the whole family there-with adred,  
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,  
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

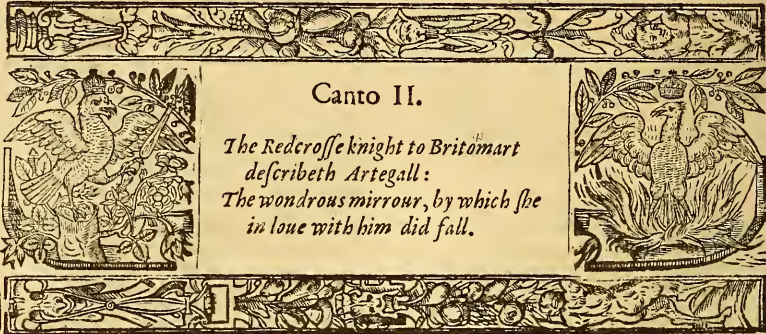
63  
And those six Knights, that Ladies Champions,  
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the stound,  
Hisfe arm'd and halfe vnarm'd, with them attons:  
Where when confusedly they came, they found  
Their Lady lying on the senselesse ground;  
On th' other side, they saw the warlike Mayd  
All in her snow-white smock, with locks vnbound,  
Threatning the poynt of her auenging blade,  
That with so troublous terrour they were all dismayd.

64  
About their Lady first they flockt around:  
Whom hauing layd in comfortable couch,  
Shortly they reard out of her frozen sfound;  
And afterwards they gan with foule reproche  
To stirre vp strife, and troublous contock broche:  
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,  
None of them rashly durst to her approche,  
Ne in so glorious spoyle themselves embosse;  
Her succour'd eke the Champion of the bloody Crosse:

65  
But one of those six Knights, *Gardante* hight,  
Drew out a deadly boawe and arrow keene,  
Which forth he sent with felonous despight,  
And fell intent against the Virgin sheene:  
The mortall steele staid not; till it was scene  
To gore her side; yet was the wound not deepe,  
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,  
That drops of purple blood there-out did weepe,  
Which did her lilly smock with stains of vermeil steepe.

66  
Where-with enrag'd, shee fiercely at them flew,  
And with her flaming sword about her layd,  
That none of them foule mischief could eschew,  
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:  
Here, there, and euery where about her swayd  
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abide;  
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gaue her good ayde,  
Ay ioyning foot to foot, and side to side,  
That in short space their foes they haue quite terrifide.

67  
Tho, when-as all were put to shamefull flight,  
The noble *Britomartis* her arrayd,  
And her bright armes about her body dight:  
For nothing would she lenger there bestaid,  
Where so loose life, and so vngentle trade  
Was vs'd of Knights and Ladies seeming gent:  
So carely, ere the grosse Earth's grycful shade,  
Was all dispers't out of the firmament,  
They tooke their steeds, & forth vpon their iourney went.



## Canto II.

*The Redcrosse knight to Britomart  
describeth Artegall:  
The wondrous mirrour, by which she  
in loue with him did fall.*

**H**ere haue I cause, in men iust blame to find,  
That in their proper praise too partiall be,  
And not indifferent to woman-kind,  
To whom, no share in armes & cheualrie  
They doe impart, ne maken memorie  
Of their braue gesets & prowesse Martiall;

Scarce doe they spare to one, or two, or three,  
Roome in their writs; yet the same writing small  
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all:

But by record of antique times I find,  
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,  
And to all great exploits themselues inclin'd:  
Of which they still the gilond bore away,  
Till envious Men (fearing their rules decay)  
Gan coune straight lawes to curb their liberty;  
Yet sith they warlike armes haue layd away,  
They haue exceld in artes and policie,  
That now we foolish men that praise gin eke t'eny.

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,  
Be thou faire *Britomart*, whose praise I write,  
But of all wisdome be thou precedent,  
O soveraigne Queene, whose praise I would candite,  
Endite I would as duetie doth excite;  
But ah! my rimes too rude and rugged arte,  
VWhen in so high an object they doe lichte,  
And struing fit to make, I feare doe marre:  
Thy selfe thy prayes tell, and make them knowne farre.

She, trauelling with *Guyon* by the way,  
Of sundry things faire purpose gan to find,  
T'abridge their iourney long, and lingring day;  
Mongst which it fell into that Faeries mind,  
To aske this Briton Mayd, what vnconth wind  
Brought her into those parts, and what inquest  
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:  
Faire Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest;  
But sayrest knight aliue, when armed was her brest.

Thereat shee sighing softly, had no power  
To speake awhile, neready answere make,  
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,  
As if she had a feuer fit, did quake,  
And euery dainty limbe with horreur shake;  
And euer and anone the rosy red  
Flasht through her face, as it had bene a flake  
Of lightning, through bright heauen fulmin'd;  
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered.

Faire Sir, I let you weet, that from the howre  
I taken was from Nurfes tender pap,  
I haue bene trained vp in warlike stowre,  
To toffen speare and shield, and to affrap  
The warlike rider to his most mislap;  
Sithence I loathed haue my life to lead,  
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,  
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;  
Me leuer were with point of foe-mans speare be dead.

All my delight on deeds of armes is set,  
To hunt out perils and adventures hard,  
By sea, by land, wherefo they may be met,  
Onely for honour and for high regard,  
Without respect of riches or reward.  
For such intent into these parts I came,  
Withouten compass, or with outen card,  
Far from my native soyle, that is by name  
The greater *Britaine*, heere to seeke for praise and fame.

Fame blazed hath, that heere in Faery lond  
Doe many famous Knights and Ladies womne,  
And many strange adventures to be fond,  
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;  
Which I to proue, this voyage haue begonne.  
But mote I weet of you, right courteous knight,  
Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne  
Late foule dishonour and reprochefull spight,  
The which I seeke to wreake, and *Artbegall* lie hight.

9  
The word gone out, shee backe againe would call,  
As her repenting so to haue mislayd,  
But that he it vp-taking ere the fall,  
Her shortly answered: Faire martiall Maid  
Certes ye misauised been, t'v'pbraid  
A gentle knight with vnknightly blame:  
For, weet ye well, of all that cuer playd  
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike ganie,  
The noble *Arthegall* hath euer borne the name.

10  
For-thy great wonder were it, if such shame  
Should euer enter in his bountious thought,  
Or euer do that mote deseruen blame:  
The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,  
That may vnworthy of it selfe be thought.  
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,  
Least that too farre ye haue your forrowe fought:  
You and your cuntry both I wish welfare,  
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

11  
The royall Mayd woxe inly wondrous glad,  
To heare her loue so highly magnifide,  
And ioyd that euer shee affixed had  
Her heart on knight so goodly glorifide,  
How euer finely shee it faine to hide:  
The louing mother, that nine moneths did beare,  
In the deare closet of her painefull side,  
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,  
Doth not so much reioice, as she reioiced there.

12  
But to occasion him to further talke,  
To feed her humour with his pleasing stile,  
Her list in strife-full tearmes with him to balke,  
And thus replide; How euer, Sir, ye file  
Your courteous tongue his praises to compile,  
It ill becomes a knight of gentle foit,  
Such as ye haue him boasted, to beguile  
A simple mayd, and worke so haynous tort,  
In shame of knight hood, as I largely can report.

13  
Let be therefore my vengeance to dissuade,  
And read, where I that faytour false may find.  
Ah, but if reason faire might you persuade,  
To slake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,  
Sayd he; perhaps ye should it better find:  
For, hardy thing it is, to weene by might,  
That man to hard conditions to bind,  
Or euer hope to match in equall fight;  
Whose prowesselle paragon saw neuer liuing wight.

14  
Ne soothlich is it easie for to read,  
Where now on earth, or how he may be found;  
For, he ne wonneth in orie certaine stead,  
But restless walketh all the world around,  
Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,  
Defending Ladies cause, and Orphans right,  
Whereto he heares, that any doth confound  
Them comfortlesse, through tyranny or might;  
So is his fontaine honour rais'd to heauens hight.

15  
His feeling words her feeblesense much pleased,  
And softly sunke into her molten heart;  
Heart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eased  
With hope of thing, that may allegge his smart;  
For, pleasing words are like to Magrick art,  
That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay:  
Such secret ease felt gentle *Bristomart*,  
Yet list the same efforce with faine gainefay:  
(So, discorde oft in Musick makes the sweeter lay.)

16  
And sayd, Sir knight, these idle tearms forbear,  
And sith it is vneath to finde his haunt,  
Tell me some markes, by which he may appeare,  
If chauce I him encounter paraunnt;  
For, perdy one shall other slay, or daunt: (sted,  
What shape, what shield, what arms, what steed, what  
And whatso else his person most may vaunt?  
All which the *Redersse* knight to pointed, art,  
And him in euery point before her fashioned.

17  
Yet him in euery part before shee knew,  
How-euer list her now her knowledge faine,  
Sith him whilome in *Britaine* shee did view,  
To her reuealed in a mirrour plaine:  
Whereof did growe her first engrafted paine;  
Whole root and stalke to bitter yet did taste,  
That but the fruit more sweetnesse did containe,  
Her wretched dayes in dolour shee mote waste,  
And yield the pray of loue to loathsome death at last.

18  
By strange occasion shee did him behold,  
And much more strangely gan to loue his sight,  
As it in bookes hath written been of old.  
In *Dehenbarth* that now South-wales is hight,  
What time king *Ryence* raign'd, and dealed right,  
The great Magician *Merlin* had deuz'd,  
By his deepe science, and hell-dreaded might,  
A looking glafs, right wondrously aguiz'd,  
Whose vertues through the wide world soon were solem-

19  
It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,  
What-euer thing was in the world contain'd,  
Betwixt the lowest earth and heauens hight,  
So that it to the looker appertayn'd;  
What-euer foe had wrought or friend had fayn'd,  
Theerein discovered was, ne ought mote pass,  
Ne ought in secret from the same remayn'd;  
For-thy it round and hollow shaped was,  
Like to the world it selfe, and seem'd a world of glafs.

20  
Who wonders not, that reads so wondrous worke?  
But who does wonder that has red the Towre,  
Wherein the *Egyptian Phao* long did lurke  
From all mens view, that none might her discoure,  
Yet shee might all men view out of her bowre?  
Great *Protolmee* it for his lemans sake  
Ybuilded all of glafs, by Magicke powre,  
And also it impregnable did make;  
Yet when his loue was false, he with a peaze it brake.

21

Such was the glasse globe that *Merlin* made,  
 And gaue vnto king *Rience* for his guard,  
 That neuer foes his kingdome might invade,  
 But he it knew at home before he hard  
 Tidings therof, and so them still debar'd.  
 It was a famous Present for a Prince,  
 And worthy work of infinite reward,  
 That treasons could bewray, and foes conuince:  
 Happy this Realme, had it remained cuer since.

22

One day it fortun'd, faire *Britomart*  
 Into her fathers closet to repaire;  
 For, nothing he from her referu'd apart,  
 Being his onely daughter and his hayre:  
 Where when she had espide that mirror faire,  
 Her selfe awhile therin she viewd in vaine;  
 Tho, her avizing of the vertues rare,  
 Which therof spoken were, she gan againe  
 Her to bethinke of that mote to her selfe pertaine.

23

But as it falleth in the gentlest hearts  
 Imperious Loue hath highest set his throne,  
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter smart  
 Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:  
 So thought this Maid (as maidens vse to done)  
 Whom fortune for her husband would allot,  
 Not that she lusted after any one;  
 For, she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,  
 Yet wist her life at last must linke in that same knot.

24

Effsoones there was presented to her eye,  
 A comely knight, all arm'd in complet wize,  
 Through whose bright ventayle lifted vp on hie  
 His manly face, that did his foes arize,  
 And friends to tearms of gentle truce entize  
 Lookt forth, as *Phœbus* face out of the east  
 Betwixt two shady mountaines doth arise;  
 Portly his person was, and much increaft  
 Through his Heroïcke grace, and honorable gest.

25

His crest was couered with a couchant Hound,  
 And all his armour seem'd of antique mould,  
 But wondrous massie and assured found,  
 And round about yfretted all with gold,  
 In which there written was with cyphers old,  
*Athilles armes which Arthegall did winne.*  
 And on his shield enuelped seuenfold  
 He bore a crowned little *Ermilin*,  
 That deckt the azure field with her faire pouldred skin.

26

The Damzell well did view his personage,  
 And lik'd well, ne further fastned not,  
 But went her way; ne her vnguilty age  
 Did weene, vnwares, that her vnluckie lot  
 Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;  
 Of hurt vnwist most danger doth redound;  
 But the false Archer, which that arrow shot  
 So slyly, that she did not feele the wound,  
 Did smile full smoothly at her weeteles wofull found.

27

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty crest,  
 Ruff'd of loue, gan lowly to auale,  
 And her proud portance, and her princely gest,  
 With which she erst triumphed, now did quale:  
 Sad, solemne, lowre, and full of fancies fraile  
 She woxe; yet wist she neither how, nor why,  
 She wist not, silly maid, what she did aile;  
 Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy,  
 Yet thought it was not loue, but some melancholy.

28

So soone as night had with her pallid hew  
 Defac't the beauty of the shining sky,  
 And rest from men the worlds desired view,  
 She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye:  
 But sleepe full farre away from her did flie:  
 In stead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe  
 Kept watch and ward about her warily.  
 That nought she did but waille, and often steepe  
 Her dainty couch with tears, which closely she did weep.

29

And if that any drop of slomb'ring rest  
 Did chauce to still into her weary spright,  
 When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest;  
 Streight-way with dreames, and with fantastick sight  
 Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight,  
 That oft out of her bed she did aspart,  
 As one with view of ghastly feends affright:  
 Tho, gan she to renew her former smart,  
 And thinke of that faire visage written in her heart.

30

One night, when she was toist with such vnrest,  
 Her aged Nurse, whose name was *Glauce* hight,  
 Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,  
 Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,  
 And downe againe in her warme bed her dight;  
 Ah my deare daughter, ah my dearest dread,  
 What vncooth fit, sayd she, what euill plight  
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary head  
 Chaunged thy liuely cheare, and liuing made thee dead?

31

For, not of nought these suddaine ghastly feares  
 All night afflict thy naturall repose:  
 And all the day, when as thine euill Peares  
 Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,  
 Thou in dull corners dost thy selfe inclose,  
 Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne dostt spread  
 Abroad thy fresh youtnes fairest flowre, but lose  
 Both leafe and fruit, both too vn timely shed,  
 As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

32

The time, that mortall men their weary cares  
 Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,  
 And euery riuier eke his course for beares,  
 Then doth this wicked euill thee infest,  
 And riuie with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest:  
 Like an huge *Aetn'* of deep engulfd griefe,  
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,  
 Whenceforth it breakes in sighes and anguish rise,  
 As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused strife.

33  
Aye me, how much I feare, least loue it bee;  
But if that loue it be, as sure I read  
By knowen signes and passions, which I see,  
Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,  
Then I avow by this most sacred head  
Of my deare foster child, to ease thy griefe,  
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;  
For, death nor danger from thy dew reliefe  
Shall me debarre; tell me therefore my liefest lief.

34  
So hauing said, her twixt her armes twaine  
She straightly strayn'd, and colled tenderly,  
And euery trembling ioynt, and euery vaine  
She softly felt, and rubbed busily,  
To doe the frozen colde awaie to flie;  
And her faire dewey eyes with kisses deare  
She oft did bathe, and oft againe did drye;  
And euer her importun'd, not to feare  
To let the secret of her heart to her appeare.

35  
The Damzell paus'd, and then thus fearefully;  
Ah Nurse! what needeth thee to eke my paine?  
Is not enough, that I alone doe die,  
But it must doubled be with death of twaine?  
For, nought for me but death therè doth remaine,  
O daughter deare, said she, despaire no whit;  
For, Neuer fore, but might a salue obtaine:  
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,  
Another arrow hath your louers heart to hit.

36  
But mine is not, quoth she, like others wound;  
For which no reason can finde remedie;  
Was neuer such, but mote the like be found,  
Said she, and though no reason may apply  
Salue to your sore, yet loue can higher stie,  
Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.  
But neither god of loue, nor god of sky  
Can doe (said she) that, which cannot be donne.  
Things oit impossible (quoth she) seeme ere begonne.

37  
These idle words, sayd she, doe nought assuage  
My stubborne smart, but more annoyauce breed,  
For, no, no vsuall fire, no vsuall rage  
It is, ô Nurse, which on my life doth feed,  
And suckes the bloud, which from my heart doth bleed.  
But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hide  
My crime (if crime it be) I will it need.  
Nor Prince, nor pere it is, whose loue hath gryde  
My feeble brest of late, and launced this wound wyde;

38  
Nor man it is, nor other liuing wight:  
For then some hope I might vnto me drawe;  
But th' only shade and semblant of a knight,  
Whose shape or person yet I neuer sawe,  
Hath me subiected to loues cruell lawe:  
The same one day, as me misfortune led,  
I in my fathers wondrous mirror sawe,  
And pleased with that seeming goodly-hed,  
Vnwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.

39  
Sithens it hath infix'd faster hold  
Within my bleeding bowels, and so fore  
Now rankleth in this same fraile fleshy mould,  
That all mine entrails flowe with poysonous gore,  
And th' vicer growth dayly more and more;  
Ne can my running sore finde remedie,  
Other then my hard fortune to deplete,  
And languish as the leafe fallne from the tree;  
Till death make one end of my daies and miserie.

40  
Daughter, sayd she, what need ye be dismayd,  
Or why make ye such monster of your mind?  
Of much more vncouth thing I was affrayd;  
Of filthy lust, contrary vnto kind:  
But this affection nothing strange I find;  
For, who with reason can you aye reprove,  
To loue the semblant pleasing from your minde,  
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remoue?  
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue.

41  
Not so th' *Arabian Myrrh* did set her minde;  
Not so did *Biblis* spend her pining heart,  
But lovd' their native flish against all kind,  
And to their purpose vsed wicked art:  
Yet playd *Pasiphaë* a more monstrous part,  
That lovd' a Bull, and leard a beast to bee;  
Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart  
From course of Nature and of modesty?  
Sweet loue such lewdnes bands from his faire company.

42  
But thine my Deare (welfare thy heart my Deare)  
Though strange beginning had, yet fixed is  
On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;  
And certes seems bestowed not amiss:  
Ioy thereof haue thou and eternall blis.  
With that vpleasing on her elbowe weake,  
Her alabaster brest the soft did kifs,  
Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,  
As it an Earth-quake were; at last she thus bespake:

43  
Beldame, your words do worke me little ease;  
For, though my loue be not so lewdly bent,  
As those ye blame, yet may it not appeare  
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent;  
But rather doth my helpeless griefe augment.  
For they, how euer shamefull and vnkinde,  
Yet did possesse their horrible intent:  
Short end of sorrowes they thereby did finde; (minde)  
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

44  
But wicked fortune mine, though mine be good,  
Can haue no end, nor hope of my desire,  
But feed on shadowes, whiles I die for foode,  
And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire  
Affection I doe languish and expire.  
I fonder, then *Cephalus* foolfish child,  
Who hauing viewed in a fountaine there  
His face, was with the loue thereof beguill'd;  
I fonder loue a shade, the body farre exill'd.

45  
Nought like, quoth she, for that same wretched boy  
Was of himselfe the idle Paramoure;  
Both loue and louer, without hope of ioy,  
For which he suted to a watry flowre.  
But better fortune thine, and better howre,  
Which lov' st the shadow of a warlike knight;  
No shadow, but a body bath in powre:  
That bodie, wherelocuer that it light,  
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

46  
But if thou may with reason yet repress  
The growing euill, ere it strength haue got,  
And thee abandond wholly do possesse,  
Against it strongly strue, and yield thee not,  
Till thou in open field adowne be smot.  
But if the passion master thy fraile might,  
So that needs loue or death must be thy lot,  
Then I avow to thee by wrong or right  
To compass thy desire, and find that loued knight.

47  
Her chearefull words much chear'd the feeble spright  
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd  
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;  
And the old-woman caretully displayd  
The clothes about her round with busie ayd;  
So that at last a little creeping sleepe  
Surpris'd her sense: She, therewith well apayd,  
The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did sleepe,  
And set her by to watch, and set her by to weepe.

48  
Earely the morrow next, before that day  
His ioyous face did to the world reueale,  
They both vprose and tooke their readie way  
Vnto the Church their prayers to appeale,  
With great deuotion, and with little zeale:  
For, the faire Damzell from the holy herse  
Her loue-sicke heart to other thoughts did steale;  
And that old Dame sayd many an idle verse,  
Out of her daughters heart fond fancies to reuerse.

49  
Returned home, the royall Infant fell  
Into her former fits for why, no powre  
Nor guidance of her selfe in her did dwell.  
But th'aged Nurse, her calling to her bowre,  
Had gathered Rew, and Saunne, and the flowre  
Of Camphara, and Calamint, and Dill,  
All which she in an earthen pot did poure,  
And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,  
And many drops of milke and bloud through it did spill.

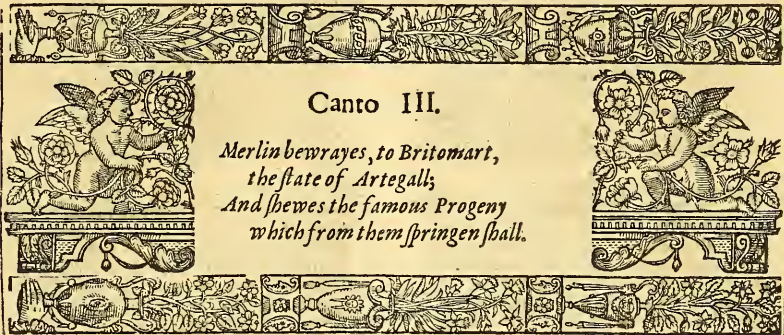
50  
Then taking thrice three haire from off her head,  
Them trebbly braided in a threefold lace,  
And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,  
And after hauing whilpered a space  
Certaine sad words, with hollow voice and base,  
She to the virgin said, thrice sayd she it;  
Come daughter come, come; spit vpon my face,  
Spit thrice vpon me, thrice vpon me spit;  
Th'vneuen number for this businesse is most fit.

51  
That sayd, her round about she from her turnd,  
She turned her contrary to the Sunne,  
Thrice she her turn'd contrary, and return'd,  
All contrary; for she the right did shunne,  
And euer what she did, was streight vndonne.  
So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue:  
But loue, that is in gentle brest begonne,  
No idle charmes so lightly may remouee;  
That well can witnesse, who by triall it does prouee.

52  
Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auail,  
Ne slake the furie of her cruell flame,  
But that she still did waste, and still did wayle,  
That through long langour, and heart-burning brame  
She shortly like a pyned ghost became,  
Which long hath wayted by the Stygian frond.  
That when old *Glauce* saw, for feare least blame  
Of her mis carriage should in her be found  
She swift not how t' amend, nor how it to withstand.







## Canto III.

*Merlin bewrayes, to Britomart,  
the state of Artegall;  
And shewes the famous Progeny  
which from them springen shall.*

**H** sacred fire, that burnest mightily  
In liuing breasts, ykindled first aboute,  
Emongst th'eternall spheres & lamping sky,  
And theece pourd into men, which me cal loue;  
Not that same, which doth base affections  
In brutish minds, & filthy lust inflame; (moue  
But that sweet fit, that doth true beauty loue,  
And choicest vertue for his dearest Dame,  
Whence spring all noble deeds and neuer dying fame;

Well did Antiquitie a God thee deeme,  
That ouer mortall minds haft so great might,  
To order them, as best to thee doth leeme,  
And all their actions to direct aright;  
The fatal purpose of diuine foresight  
Thou doest effect in destined descents,  
Through deepe imprission of thy secret might,  
And stirredst vp th' Heroes high intents,  
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

But thy drad darts in none do triumph more,  
Ne braver prooffe in any, of thy powre  
Shewdst thou, then in this royall Maide of yore,  
Making her seeke an vnknowne Paramoure,  
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:  
From whose two loynes thou afterwards did raise  
Most famous fruits of matrimoniall bowe,  
Which through the earth haue spread their liuing prayse,  
That same in trümpe of gold eternally displays.

Begin then, ô my dearest sacred Dame,  
Daughter of *Plæbus* and of *Memorie*,  
That doest enoble with immortal name  
The warlike Worthies, from antiquitie,  
In thy great volume of Eternity:  
Begin, ô *Clio*, and recount from hence  
My glorious Soueraignes goodly auncestry,  
Till that by dew degrees and long pretence,  
Thou haue it lastly brought vnto her Excellence.

Full many waies within her troubled minde,  
Old *Glauce* cast, to cure this Ladies grieve:  
Full many waies she sought, but none could finde,  
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsell, that is chiefe  
And choicest med'cine for sicke hearts reliefe:  
For-thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,  
Least that it should her tyme to soule repriefe,  
And fore reproche, when so her father deare  
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

At last, she her aduis'd, that he, which made  
That mirroure, wherein the sicke Damocell  
So strangely viewed her strange louers shade,  
To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,  
Vnder what coast of heauen the man did dwell,  
And by what means his loue might best be wrought:  
For, though beyond the *Africk Ismaell*,  
Or th' Indian *Peru* he were, he thought  
Him forth through infinite iudeour to haue sought.

Forthwith themselues disguising both in strange  
And base attyre, that none might them bewray,  
To *Maridunum*, that is now by chaunge  
Of name *Cayr-Merdin* calld, they tooke their way:  
There the wise *Merlin* whylome wont, they say,  
To make his wonne, lowe vnderneath the ground,  
In a deepe delue, farre from the view of day,  
That of no liuing wight he mote be found,  
When so he counsell'd with his sprights encompass round.

And if thou euer happen that same way  
To trauell, goe to see that dreadfull place:  
It is an hideous hollow cave, they say,  
Vnder a rocke that lies a little space  
From the swift *Barry*, tomling downe apace,  
Emongst the woody hilles of *Dynenowre*;  
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,  
To enter into that same balefull Bowre,  
For feare the cruel Feends should thee vnwares deuowre.

8

But standing high aloft, lowe lay thine eare,  
 And there such ghastly noise of yron chaines,  
 And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,  
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines  
 Doe tosse, that it will stonne thy feeble braines,  
 And oftentimes great grones, and grievous founds,  
 When too huge toyle and labour them constraines:  
 And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing founds  
 From vnder that deepe Rocke most horribly rebounds.

9

The cause some say is this: A little while  
 Before that *Merlin* dyde, he did intend,  
 A brasen wall in compas to compile  
 About *Cairmardin*, and did it commend  
 Vnto these Sprights, to bring to perfect end.  
 During which worke, the Lady of the Lake,  
 Whom long he lov'd, for him in haste did send,  
 Who thereby forc't his workemen to forsake,  
 Them bound till his returne, their labour not to slake.

10

In the meane time, through that false Ladies traine,  
 He was surpris'd, and buried vnder bere,  
 Ne ever to his work return'd againe:  
 Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbear,  
 So greatly his commandement they feare,  
 But there doe toyle and trauell day and night,  
 Vntill that brasen wall they vp do reare:  
 For, *Merlin* had in Magicke more insight,  
 Then euclum before or after liuing wight.

11

For, he by words could call out of the skie  
 Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obey:  
 The land to sea, and sea to maine-land dry,  
 And darkefome night he eke could turne to daie:  
 Huge hostes of men he could alone difmay,  
 And hostes of men of meaneest things could frame,  
 When-so him list his enemies to fray:  
 That to this day, for terror of his fame,  
 The feends do quake, when any him to them dots name.

12

And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne  
 Of mortall Syre, or other liuing wight,  
 But wondrously begotten, and begunne  
 By false illusion of a guilefull Spright,  
 On a faire Lady Nonne, that whileome hight  
*Matilda*, daughter to *Pubidius*,  
 Who was the Lord of *Marthrauall* by right,  
 And coosen vnto king *Ambrosius*:  
 Whence he indued was with skill so maruellous.

13

They here arising, stayd awhile without,  
 Ne durst aduenture rashly in to wend,  
 But of their first intent gan make new doubt  
 For dread of danger, which it might portend:  
 Vntill the hardy Mayd (with loue to friend)  
 First entering, the dreadfull Mage there found  
 Deep busied 'bout worke of wondrous end,  
 And writing strange characters in the ground,  
 With which the stubborn feends he to his seruice bound.

14

He nought was moued at their entrance bold:  
 For, of their comming well he wist afore;  
 Yet list them bid their businesse vnfold,  
 As if ought in this world in secret store  
 Were from him hidden, or vnknown of yore.  
 Then *Glaucé* thus, Let not it thee offend,  
 That we thus rashly through thy darkefome dore,  
 Vnwares haue prest: for, either fatal end,  
 Or other mighty cause, vs two did hither send.

15

He bade tell on: And then she thus began;  
 Now haue three Moones with borrow'd brothers light,  
 Thrice shined faire, and thrice seem'd dim and wan,  
 Sith a fore euill, which this virgin bright  
 Tormenteth, and doth plunge in dolefull plight,  
 First rooting took; but what thing it mote be,  
 Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright;  
 But this I read, that but if remedee,  
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

16

Therewith th'Enchaunter softly gan to smile  
 At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well,  
 That she to him dissembled womanish geill,  
 And to her layd, Beldame, by that ye tell,  
 More need of leach-craft hath your Damozell,  
 Then of my skill: who help may haue elsewhere,  
 In vaine seekes wonders out of Magicke spell.  
 Th'old woman wox half blank, those words to heare;  
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare.

17

And to him said, If any leaches skill,  
 Or other learned meanes could haue redrest  
 This my deare daughters deepe engraffed ill,  
 Certes I should be loth thee to molest:  
 But this sad euill, which doth her inest,  
 Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,  
 And housed is within her hollow brest,  
 That either seemes some cursed witches deed,  
 Or euill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

18

The wisard could no longer beare her bord,  
 But brusling forth in laughter, to her sayd;  
*Glaucé*, what needs this colourable word,  
 To cloke the cause, that hath it selfe bewrayd?  
 Ne ye faire *Britomartis*, thus arrayd,  
 More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vele;  
 Whom thy good fortune, hauing fate obayd,  
 Hath hither brought, for succour to appeale:  
 The which the powres to thee are pleased to reuale.

19

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe descryde,  
 Was all abasht, and her pure yuory  
 Into a cleare Carnation suddaine dyde;  
 As faire *Aurora*, rising hastily,  
 Doth by her blushing tell, that she did ly  
 All night in old *Tithonus* frozen bed,  
 Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly.  
 But her olde Nurse was nought dishartened,  
 But vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had adred.

And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our grieft,  
 (For what dost not thou knowe?) of grace I pray,  
 Pity our plaint, and yeeld vs meet reliefe.  
 With that, the Prophet still awhile did stay,  
 And then his spirite thus gan forth display;  
 Most noble Virgine, that by fatall lore  
 Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee difmay  
 The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,  
 And with sharpe fits thy tender heart oppresseth fore.

21

For, so must all things excellent begin,  
 And eke eurooted deepe must be that Tree,  
 Whose big embodied branches shall not lin,  
 Till they to heauens hight forth stretched bee.  
 For, from thy wombe a famous Progenie  
 Shall spring, out of the ancient *Troian* blood,  
 Which shall reuiue the sleeping memory  
 Of those same antique Pears, the heauens brood,  
 Which *Greece* and *Asian* riuers stayned which their blood.

22

Renowned kings, and sacred Emperours,  
 Thy fruitfull Offspring, shall from thee descend;  
 Braue Captaines, and most mighty Warriours,  
 That shall their conquests through all lands extend,  
 And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:  
 The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,  
 They shall vpreare, and mightily defend.  
 Against their forrein foe, that comes from farre,  
 Till vniuersall peace compound all ciuill iarre.

23

It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring eye,  
 Glauncing vnares in charmed looking glafs,  
 But the straight course of heavenly destiny,  
 Led with Eternall prouidence, that has  
 Guided thy glance, to bring his will to pass:  
 Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,  
 To loue the prowett knight, that euer was.  
 Therefore submit thy waies vnto his will,  
 And do by all dew means thy destiny fulfill.

24

But read (said *Glauce*) thou Magician  
 What means shall the out-leck, or what waies take?  
 How shall she knowe, how shall she find the man?  
 Or what needs her to toyle, sith fates can make  
 Way for themselves, their purpose to partake?  
 Then *Merin* thus; Indeed the fates are firme,  
 And may not shrink, though all the world do shake:  
 Yet ought mens good endeouours them confirme,  
 And guide the heauenly causes to their constant terme.

25

The man, whom heauens haue ordayn'd to bee  
 The spouse of *Britomart*, is *Arthegall*:  
 He wonneth in the land of *Fayerce*,  
 Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne sib at all  
 To *Elfs*, but sprong of seed terrestriall,  
 And whilome by false *Faries* stolne away,  
 Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall;  
 Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,  
 But that he by an *Elfe* was gotten of a *Fay*.

26

But sooth he is the founne of *Gorlois*,  
 And brother vnto *Cador* Corniſh king,  
 And for his warlike feates renowned is,  
 From where the Day out of the sea doth spring,  
 Vnull the closure of the Euening.  
 From thence, him firmly bound with faithfull band,  
 To this his natue soyle thou backe shalt bring,  
 Strongly to ayde his cuntry, to withstand  
 The powre of forrein Paynims, which inuade thy land.

27

Great ayd thereto his mighty puissance,  
 And dreaded name, shall giue in that sad day:  
 Where also prooue of thy prow valiance  
 Thou then shalt make, t'increase thy louers pray:  
 Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,  
 Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,  
 And his last fate him from thee take away,  
 Too rathe cut off by practice criminal  
 Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

28

Where thee yet shall he leaue, for memorie:  
 Of his late puissance, his Image dead,  
 That liuing him in all actiuite  
 To thee shall represent. He from the head  
 Of his coosin *Constantius* without dread  
 Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,  
 And therewith crowne himselfe in th'others stead:  
 Then shall he islew forth with dreadfull might,  
 Against his *Saxon* foes in bloody field to fight.

29

Like as a Lyon, that in drowfie caue  
 Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake;  
 And coming forth, shall spred his banner braue  
 Ouer the troubled South, that it shall make  
 The warlike *Mertians* for feare to quake:  
 Thrice shall he fight with them, and twice shall win,  
 But the third time shall faire accordance make:  
 And if he then with victorie can lin,  
 He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

30

His sonne, hight *Fortipore*, shall him succede  
 In kingdome, but not in felicitie:  
 Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,  
 And with great honour many battels try:  
 But at the last to th'impurity  
 Of froward fortune shall be forc't to yeeld.  
 But his sonne *Malgo* shall full mightily  
 Auenge his fathers losse, with speare and shield,  
 And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

31

Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,  
 If ay more goodly creature thou didst see:  
 How like a Giant in each manly part  
 Beares he himselfe with portly maifeste,  
 That one of th'old *Herôes* seemes to bee:  
 He the six Islands comprouinciall  
 In ancient times vnto great Britannee,  
 Shall to the same reduce, and to him call  
 Their sundry kings to do their homage feuerall.

32

All which his sonne *Caretics* awhile  
 Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre suppress,  
 Vntill a stranger king from vnknowne soyle  
 Arriving, him with multitude oppresse;  
 Great *Gormond*, hauing with huge mightinesse  
 Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,  
 Like a swift Otter, fell through empyneffe,  
 Shall ouer swim the Sea with many one  
 Of his *Norwyces*, to assist the Britons sone.

33

He in his fury all shall ouerrunne,  
 And holy Church with faithles hands deface,  
 That thy sad people vterly fordonne,  
 Shall to the vtmost mountaines flye apace:  
 Was neuer so great waste in any place,  
 Nor so foul outrage doen by liuing men;  
 For, all thy Cities they shall sacke and rafe,  
 And the green grasse, that groweth, they shall bren,  
 That cuen the wild beast shall die in starued den.

34

Whiles thus the Britons do in languour pine,  
 Proud *Etheldred* shall from the North arise,  
 Seruing th'ambitious will of *Augustine*;  
 And passing *Dee* with hardy enterprise,  
 Shall backe repulse the valiant *Brockwell* twise,  
 And *Bangor* with massacred Martyrs fill;  
 But the third time shall reu his foolhardise:  
 For, *Cadwan*, pitying his peoples ill,  
 Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand *Saxons* kill.

35

But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily  
 On his sonne *Edwin* all those wrongs shall wreake;  
 Ne shall auaille the wicked foreric  
 Of false *Pellite*, his purposes to breake,  
 But him shall slay, and on a gallows bleake  
 Shall giue th'enchauter his vnhappy hure:  
 Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,  
 From their long vassallage gine to respire,  
 And on their Paynim foes auenge their rankled ire.

36

Ne shall he yet his wrath to mitigate,  
 Till both the sonnes of *Edwin* he haue slaine,  
*Offricke* and *Oftricke*, twinnes vnfortunate,  
 Both slaine in battell vpon *Layburne* Plaine,  
 Together with the King of *Louthiane*,  
 Hight *Adin*, and the King of *Orkeny*,  
 Both ioynt partakers of the fatall punce:  
 But *Penda*, fearefull of like destiny,  
 Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and swaue fealty.

37

Him shall he make his fatall Instrument,  
 To afflicte the other *Saxons* vnsubdewd;  
 He marching forth with fury insolent  
 Against the good king *Oswald*, who indewd  
 With heavenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,  
 All holding crosses in their hands on hie  
 Shall him defeate withouten blood imbred:  
 Of which, that field for endlesse memory,  
 Shall *Heuensfeld* be cald to all posterity.

38

Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, shall forth issew,  
 And an huge hoste into *Northumber* lead,  
 With which he godly *Oswald* shall subdew,  
 And crowne with Martyrdome his sacred head.  
 Whose brother *Oswine*, daunted with like dread,  
 With price of sluer shall his kingdome buy;  
 And *Penda*, seeking him adowne to tread,  
 Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly die,  
 But shall with gifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacifie.

39

Then shall *Cadwallin* dye, and then the raigne  
 Of *Britons* eke with him attonce shall die;  
 Ne shall the good *Cadwallader* with paine,  
 Or powre, be able it to remedy,  
 When the full time prefixt by destiny,  
 Shall be expir'd of *Britons* regiment.  
 For, heauen it selfe shall their success enuie,  
 And them with plagues and murrins pestilent  
 Consume, till all their warlike puissance be spent.

40

Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills  
 Of dying people, during eight yeeres space,  
*Cadwallader* not yielding to his ills,  
 From *Armoricke*, where long in wretched ease  
 He liv'd, returning to his natue place,  
 Shall be by vision stayd from his intent:  
 For, th'heavens haue decreed, to displace  
 The *Britons*, for their sinnes dew punishment,  
 And to the *Saxons* ouer-giue their gouernment.

41

Then woe, and woe, and cuerlasting woe,  
 Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne,  
 To liue in thraldome of his fathers foe;  
 Late King, now captiue, late Lord, now forlorne,  
 The worlds reproche, the cruell victours scorn,  
 Banisht from Princely bowre to wastfull wood:  
 O who shall help me to lament, and mourne  
 The royall seed, the antique *Troian* blood!  
 Whose Empire longer here then euer any stood.

42

The Damzell was full deepempassioned,  
 Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,  
 Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,  
 And sighing sore, at length him thus bespake;  
 Ah! but will heauenus fury neuer flake,  
 Nor vengeance huge resent it selfe at last?  
 Will not long misery late mercy make,  
 But shall their name for euer be defac't,  
 And quite from th'earth their memory be ras't?

43

Nay but the tearme (sayd he) is limited,  
 That in this thraldome *Britons* shall abide,  
 And the iust reuolution measured,  
 That they as Strangers shall be notifie.  
 For twise foure hundredth shall be full supplide,  
 Ere they to former rule restor'd shall be,  
 And their importune fates all satisfide:  
 Yet during this their most obscuritee, (may see,  
 Their beames shall oft breake forth, that men them sure  
 For

44  
For *Rhodoricke*, whose surname shall be Great,  
Shall of himselfe a braue ensample shew,  
That Saxon kings his friendship shall inreat;  
And *Howell Dha* shall goodly well in dew  
The saluage minds with skill of iust and trew;  
Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall vp-reare  
His dreaded head, and th'olde sparkes rewe  
Of native courage, that his foes shall feare, (beare.  
Least backe againe the kingdome he from them should

45  
Ne shall the Saxons selues all peaceably  
Enjoy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne  
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:  
For, ere two hundred yeeres be full outrunne,  
There shall a Raven fare from rising Sunne,  
With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,  
And bid his faithlesse chickens ouerrunne  
The fruitfull Plains, and with fell cruelty,  
In their auenge, tread downe the victours surquedry.

46  
Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;  
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood  
Of *Neustria* come roring, with a crew  
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,  
Whole clawes were newly dypt in cruddy blood,  
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend  
Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,  
And the spoyle of the countrey conquered  
Amongst his young ones shall diuide with bountyhed.

47  
Tho, when the terme is full accomplishid,  
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while  
Bene in his ashes raked vp and hid,  
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile  
Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile;  
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,  
And reach into the house that beares the stile  
Of royall Maicesty and soveraigne name;  
So shall the Briton bloud their crowne againe reclame.

48  
Thenceforth eternal vnion shall be made  
Between the Nations different afore,  
And sacred Peace shall louingly perwade  
The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,  
And ciuile armes to exercise no more:  
Then shall a royall virgin raigne, which shall  
Stretch her white rod ouer the *Belgicke* shore,  
And the great Castle smight so sore withall,  
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

49  
But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* stayd,  
As ouercommen of the spirits powre,  
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,  
That secretly he saw, yet n'ote discourse:  
Which suddain fit, and halfe extatick stoure  
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew  
Greatly confused in behauioure;  
At last the fury past, to former hew  
She turnd againe, and chearefull looks as earst did shew.

50  
Then, when themselves they well instructed had  
Of all, that needed them to be inquir'd,  
They both conceiting hope of comfort glad,  
With lighter hearts vnto their home retir'd,  
Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd  
How to effect so hard an enterprize,  
And to possesse the purpose they desir'd:  
Now this, now that, twixt them they did deuise,  
And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in strange deuise.

51  
At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit  
Conceiv'd a bold deuise, and thus bespake;  
Daughter, I deeme that counsell aye most fit,  
That of the time doth dew aduantage take;  
Yefee that good king *Vther* now doth make  
Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, high  
*Ofta* and *Oza*, whom he lately brake  
Beside *Cayr Verolame*, in victorious fight,  
That now all *Eritamie* doth burne in armes bright.

52  
That therefore nought our passage may impeach,  
Let vs in feined armes our selues disguise, (teach  
And our weake hands, whom need new strength shall  
The dreadfull speare and shield to exercise:  
Ne certes daughter that same warlike wife,  
I weene, would you misseeme; for ye bene tall,  
And large of limbe, r'atchieue an hard emprise,  
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practice small  
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

53  
And sooth, it ought your courage much inflame,  
To heare so oten, in that royall house,  
From whence to none inferiour ye came:  
Bards tell of many women valorous  
Which haue full many feats aduenturous  
Perform'd, in Paragone of proudest men:  
The bold *Banduca*, whose victorious  
Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,  
Renowmed *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

54  
And that, which more then all the rest may sway,  
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,  
In the last field before *Meneuia*  
Which *Vther* with those forrein Pagans held,  
I saw a Saxon virgin, the which self  
Great *Vlsin* thrice vpon the bloody Plaine,  
And had not *Carados* her hand withheld  
From rash reuenge, she had him surely flaine,  
Yet *Carados* himselfe from her escap't with paine.

55  
Ah read, quoth *Britomart*, how is she hight?  
Faire *Angela*, quoth she, men do her call,  
No whit lesse faire, then terrible in sight:  
She hath the leading of a Martiall  
And mighty people, dreaded more then all  
The other Saxons, which do for her sake  
And loue, themselves of her name *Angles* call.  
Therefore faire Infant her ensample make  
Vnto thy selfe, and equall courage to thee take.

56

Her heartie words so deepe into the minde  
Of the young Damzell sunk, that great desire  
Of warlike armes in her forth with they tynd,  
And generous stout courage did inspire,  
That she resolv'd, vnweeting to her Sire,  
Aduent'rous knighthood on her selfe to don,  
And counfeld with her Nurse her mayds attire  
To turne into a masse habergeon,  
And bade her all things put in readinesse anon.

57

Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit;  
But all things did conveniently puruay:  
It fortun'd (so time their turne did fit)  
A band of Britons riding on forray  
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray  
Of Saxon goods, amongst the which was seene  
A goodly Armour, and full rich array,  
Which long'd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queene,  
All fretted round with gold, and goodly well besene.

58

The same, with all the other ornaments,  
King *Ryence* caused to be hang'd hie  
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse monuments  
Of his successe and gladfull victory:  
Of which her selfe auising readily,  
In th'cuening late old *Glauce* thither led  
Faire *Britomart*, and that same Armory  
Downe taking, her therein apparelled,  
Well as she might, and with braue bauldrick garnished.

59

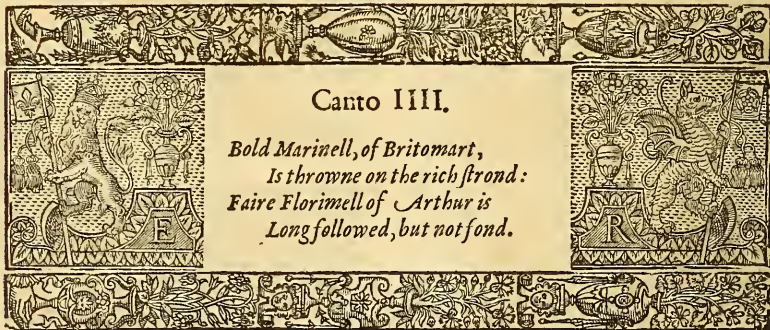
Beside those armes there stood a mighty speare,  
Which *Bladud* made by Magicke art of yore,  
And vs'd the fame in battaile ay to beare;  
Sith which it had been here precrv'd in store,  
For his great vertues prou'd long afore:  
For neuer wight so fast in sell could fit,  
But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:  
Both speare she tooke, and shield, which hong by it;  
Both speare & shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

60

Thus when she had the virgin all arrayd,  
Another harnesse, which did hang thereby,  
About her selfe she dight, that the young Mayd  
She might in equal armes accompanie,  
And as her Squire attend her carefully:  
Tho, to their readie Steeds they clombe full light,  
And through back wayes, that none might them espie,  
Couered with secreet cloud of silent night,  
Themselues they forth conuaid, & pass'd forward right.

62

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond  
They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:  
Where meeting with this *Redcrosse* knight, she fond  
Of diuerse things discourses to dilate,  
But most of *Arbegasall*, and his estate.  
At last their wayes to sell, that they mote part  
Then each to other well affectionate,  
Friendship profess'd with vnfaigned heart,  
The *Redcrosse* knight diuerst; but forth rode *Britomart*.



## Canto IIII.

*Bold Marinell, of Britomart,  
Is throwne on the rich strand:  
Faire Florimell of Arthur is  
Long followed, but not fond.*

I

Here is the antique glory now become,  
That whilome wont in women to appeare?  
Where be the braue archieumets don by som?  
Where be the battels, where the shield & speare,  
And all the conquests, which them high did reare,  
That matter made for famous Poets verse,  
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?  
Bene they all dead, and laid in dolefull herse?  
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reuerse?

2

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:  
But if they sleepe, ô let them soone awake:  
For all too long I burne with enuy sore,  
To heare the warlike feates, which *Homere* spake  
Of bold *Pantheslee*, which made a lake  
Of *Greekish* bloud so oft in *Troian* Plaine;  
But when I read, how stout *Deborah* strake  
Proud *Sisera*, and how *Camill* hath slaine  
The huge *Orsilochos*, I swell with great disdain.

Yet these, and all that else had puissance,  
 Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,  
 As well for glory of great valiance,  
 As for pure chastitie and vertue rare;  
 That all her goodly deeds do well declare.  
 Well worthy stock, from which the branches sprong,  
 That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,  
 As thee, ô *Queene*, the matter of my song,  
 Whose lignage from this Lady I deriue along.

Who when through speeches with the *Redcrosse* knight,  
 She learned had the estate of *Arthegall*,  
 And in each point her selfe inform'd aright,  
 A friendly league of loue perpetuall  
 She with him bound, and *Congé* tooke withall.  
 Then he forth on his journey did proceede,  
 To seeke aduentures, which mote him befall,  
 And win him worship through his warlike deed,  
 Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

But *Britomart* kept on her former course,  
 Ne euer doft her armes, but all the waie  
 Grew pensieue through that amorous discourse,  
 By which the *Redcrosse* knight did earst display  
 Her louers shape, and cheualrous array:  
 A thousand thoughts she fashion'd in her mind,  
 And in her feining fancie did purtray  
 Him such, as fittest she for loue could finde,  
 Wife, warlike, personable, courteous, and kinde.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fed,  
 And thought so to beguile her grieuous smart;  
 But so her smart was much more grieuous bred,  
 And the deed wound more deep engor'd her heart,  
 That nought but death her dolour mote depart,  
 So forth she rode without repose or rest,  
 Searching all lands and each remotest part,  
 Following the guidance of her blinded guest,  
 Till that to the sea-coast at length she had addrest.

There she alighted from her light-foot Beast,  
 And sitting downe vpon the rocky shore,  
 Bade her olde Squire vnlace her lofty creast;  
 Tho, hauing view'd while the surges hore,  
 That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,  
 And in their raging surquedry did dayn'd,  
 That the fast earth affronted them so fore,  
 And their deuouring couetize restrain'd,  
 Thereat she sigh'd deepe, and after thus complain'd;

Huge sea of sorrowe, and tempestuous grieffe,  
 Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,  
 Far from the hoped Hauē of relieffe,  
 Who do thy cruell billowes beat so strong,  
 And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,  
 Threatning to swallow vp my fearefull life?  
 O do thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong  
 At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,  
 Which in these troubled bowels reignes, & rageth rife.

For, else my feeble vessell craz'd, and crackt  
 Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,  
 Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrackt  
 On the rough rockes, or on the sandy shallowes,  
 The whiles that loue it steres, and fortune rowes;  
 Loue my lewd Pilot hath a relesse mind  
 And fortune Boat-swaine no assurance knowes;  
 But faile withouten starres, gainst tide and wind:  
 How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind?

Thou God of winds, that reignest in the seas,  
 That reignest also in the Continent,  
 At last blowe yv some gentle gale of ease,  
 The which may bring my Ship, ere it be rent,  
 Vnto the gladfome port of her intent:  
 Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,  
 A table for eternall monument  
 Of thy great grace, and my greaticopardee,  
 Great *Neptune*, I ayow to hallow vnto thee.

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,  
 She shut vp all her plaint in priuie grieffe;  
 For, her great courage would not let her weepe,  
 Till that old *Glauce* gan with sharpe reeprieffe  
 Her to restraine, and giue her good relieffe,  
 Through hope of thole, which *Merlin* had her tolde  
 Should of her name and nation be chiefe,  
 And fetch their being from the sacred mould  
 Of her immortal wombe, to be in heauen enrol'd.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde,  
 Where farre away one all in armour bright,  
 With hasty gallop towards her did ride;  
 Her dolour loone she cast, and on her sight  
 Her helmet, to her Conser mounting light:  
 Her former sorrowe into suddain wrath,  
 Both coosen passions of distroubled spright,  
 Conuerting, forth she beates the dusty path;  
 Loue and despight attonce her courage kindled hath.

As when a foggy mist hath ouercast  
 The face of heaven, and the cleare aire engroft,  
 The world in darknesse dwels, till that at last  
 The watry South-winde from the sea-board coast  
 Vpblowing, doth disperse the vapour loft,  
 And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showr;  
 So the faire *Britomart* hauing disclo'st  
 Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,  
 The mist of grieffe dissolv'd, did into vengeance powre.

Estsoones her goodly shield addressing faire,  
 That mortall speare she in her hand did take,  
 And vnto battell did her selfe prepare.  
 The knight, approaching, sternely her bespake;  
 Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make  
 By this forbidden way in my despight,  
 Ne doest by others death ensamble take,  
 I read thee soone retire, whiles thou hast might,  
 Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

Ythrid with deepe disdain<sup>13</sup> of his proud threat,  
 She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly:  
 Words feareen babes. I meane not thee eate:  
 To passe; but mangre thee will pass or die.  
 Ne lenger stayd for th'other to reply,  
 And with sharpe speare the rest made dearely knowne.  
 Strongly the strange knight ran, and sturdily  
 Strooke her full on the breast, that made her downe  
 Decline her head, & touch her crouper with her crowne.

But she againe him in the shield did smite  
 With so siccefe fury and great piuisance,  
 That through his threequare scuchin pearcing quite,  
 And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce  
 The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce;  
 Him so transfixed she before her bore  
 Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,  
 Till sadly foucing on the sandy shore,  
 He tumbled on an heape, and wallow'd in his gore.

Like as the sacred Ox<sup>17</sup>, that careles stands,  
 With gilden hornes, and flowry girldons crown'd,  
 Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,  
 Whiles th'altars fume with frankincense arownd,  
 All suddenly with mortall strokeastown'd,  
 Doth grouching fall, and with his streaming gore  
 Distaines the pillours, and the holy ground,  
 And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;  
 So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the pretious shore.

The Martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,  
 But forward rode, and kept her ready way  
 Along the strod: which as the ouer-went,  
 She saw bestrowed all with rich array  
 Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,  
 And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;  
 Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay  
 For gold, or pearles, or pretious stones an howro,  
 But them despised all: for, all was in her powre.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,  
 Tydings hereof came to his mothers care;  
 His mother was the black-browd *Cymbent*,  
 The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did beare  
 This warlike sonne vnto an earthly peare,  
 The famous *Damarin*: who on a day  
 Finding the Nymph asleepe in secret wheare,  
 As he by chance did wander that fame way,  
 Was taken with her loue, and by her closely lay.

There he this knight of her begot; whom borne  
 She of his father *Marinell* did name,  
 And in a rocky caue as wight forlorne,  
 Long time she fostred vp, till he became  
 A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame  
 Did get through great aduentures by him donne:  
 For, neuer man he suffred by that fame  
*Rich strod* to trauell, whereas he did wonne,  
 But that he must do battell with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

An hundred knights of honorable name  
 He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,  
 That through all Fary lond his noble fame  
 Now blazed was, and feare did all inuade,  
 That none durst passen through that perilous glade:  
 And to aduance his name and glory more,  
 Her Sea-god fyre she dearely did perfwade,  
 T'endow her sonne, with threasure and rich store,  
 Boue all the sonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybore.

The god did grant his daughters deare demaund,  
 To docn his Nephew in all riches flowe;  
 Estfoones his heaped wanes he did commaund,  
 Out of their hollow bosome forth to throwe  
 All the huge threasure, which the sea belowe  
 Had in his greedy gulfe deuoured deepe,  
 And him enriched through the ouertthrowe  
 And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe  
 And often wale their wealth, which he from them did keepe.

Shortly vpon that shore there heaped was  
 Exceeding riches and all precious things,  
 The spoyle of all the world, thar it did pass  
 The wealth of th'East, and pompe of *Persian kings*;  
 Gold, amber, yuorie, pearles, owches, rings,  
 And all that else was pretious and deare,  
 The sea vnto him voluntary brings,  
 That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,  
 As was in all the lond of Faery, or elsewhere.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,  
 Tryde often to the scathe of many deare,  
 That none in equall armes him matchen might:  
 The which his mother seeing, gan to feare  
 Least his too haughty hardines might reate  
 Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:  
 For-ty the oft him counsell'd to forbear  
 The bloody battell, and to stirre vp thife,  
 But after all his wurre, to rest his weary knife.

And for his more assurance, she enquir'd  
 One day of *Proteus* by his mighty spell  
 (For *Proteus* was with prophetic inspir'd)  
 Her deare sonnes destinie to her to tell,  
 And the sad end of her sweet *Marinell*.  
 Who, through foresight of his eternall skil,  
 Bade her from woman-kind to keep him well:  
 For, of a woman he should haue much ill,  
 A virgin strange and stout him should difmay, or kill.

For-ty she gaue him warning euery day,  
 The loue of women not to entertaine;  
 A lesson too too hard for liuing claie,  
 From loue in course of nature to refrain:  
 Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,  
 And euer from faire Ladies loue did fle;  
 Yet many Ladies faire did oft complaine,  
 That they for loue of him would algates die:  
 Dy, whofe list for him, he was loues enemy.



But ah, who can deceiue his destiny,  
 Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate?  
 That when he sleeps in most security,  
 And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,  
 And findeth dew effect or soone or late.  
 So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme.  
 His mother bade him woniens loue to hate,  
 For, the of womans force did feare no harme;  
 So weening to haue arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

28

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,  
 That *Proteus* prophesied should him disarm,  
 The which his mother vainely did expound,  
 To be hart-wounding loue, which should assay  
 To bring her soune vnto his last decay.  
 So tickle be the tearmes of mortall state,  
 And full of subtilt sophilmes, which doe play  
 With double senses, and with false debate,  
 To approue the vnkowne purpose of eternall fate.

29

Too true the famous *Marinell* it found,  
 Who through late triall, on that wealthy Strond  
 Inglorious now lies in senselesse sfound,  
 Through heauy stroke of *Briomartis* hond.  
 Which when his mother deare did vnderfond,  
 And heauy tydings heard, where-as she playd  
 Amongst her watry sisters by a Pond,  
 Gathering sweet *Daffadillies*, to haue made  
 Gay girlonds, from the Sun their foreheads faire to shade.

30

Esfoones both flowres and girlonds farre away  
 She srong, and her faire deawie locks yrent,  
 To sorrow huge shee turnd her former play,  
 And game some mirth to grieuous dreimint:  
 Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,  
 Ne word did speake, but lay as in a sfounde,  
 Whiles all her sisters did for her lament,  
 With yelling out-cries, and with shrieking sfounde;  
 And euery one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

31

Soone as shee vp out of her deadly fit  
 Arose, shee bade her charet be brought,  
 And all her sisters, that with her did sit,  
 Bade eke attonce their charets to be sought;  
 Tho, full of bitter griefe and pensiu thought,  
 She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,  
 And fourth tog, ther went, with sorrow fraught,  
 The waues, obedient to their behest,  
 Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

32

Great *Neptune* stood amazed at their sight,  
 Whiles on his broad round backe they softly slid,  
 And eke himselfe mourn'd at their mournfull plight,  
 Yet wist not what their wayling meant, yet did  
 For great compassion of their sorrow, bid  
 His mighty waters to them buxome bee:  
 Esfoones the roaring billowes still abid,  
 And all the grieftly Monsters of the See  
 Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see:

33

A teme of Dolphins ranged in array,  
 Drew the smoothe charet of sad *Cymdent*;  
 They were all taught by *Triton*, to obey  
 To the long traines, at her commaundement:  
 As swift as Swallowes on the waues they went,  
 That their broad staggie finnes no forme did reare,  
 Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent;  
 The rest, of other fishes drawn were,  
 Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

34

Soone as they beene arriu'd vpon the brim  
 Of the *Rich strand*, their charets they forlore,  
 And let their temed fishes softly swim  
 Along the margent of the fomy shore,  
 Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate fore  
 Their tender feet vpon the stony ground:  
 And comming to the place, where all in gore  
 And cruddy bloud enwallowd they found  
 The lucklesse *Marinell*, lying in deadly sfound;

35

His mother sfound thrice, and the third time  
 Could scarce recouered be out of her paine;  
 Had shee not been deuoyd of mortall slime,  
 She should not dien haue been reliu'd againe:  
 But soone as life recouered had the raine,  
 She made fo pittious moane and deare wayment,  
 That the hard rocks could scarce from teares refraine,  
 And all her sister Nymphes with one consent  
 Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

36

Deare image of my selfe, she said, that is,  
 The wretched (some of wretched mother borne,  
 Is this thine high advancement? o is this  
 Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vborne  
 Thy Granfire *Nereus* promitt to adorne?  
 Now yest thou of life and honourrest;  
 Now yest thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,  
 Ne of thy late life meuiory is left,  
 Ne can thy irrevocable destiny be west.

37

Fond *Proteus*, father of false prophecis,  
 And they more fond that credit to thee giue,  
 Not this the worke of womans hande ywis, (driue  
 That so deepe wound through thee deare members  
 I feared loue: but they that loue doe liue;  
 But they that die, doe neither loue nor hate.  
 Nath'lesse, to thee thy folly I forgiae,  
 And to my selfe, and to accursed fate  
 The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wifedome bought too late.

38

O what auails it of immortal seed  
 To beene ybred and neuer borne to die;  
 Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,  
 Then waste in woe and wailefull miserie.  
 Who dyes, the vtmost delour doth abie;  
 But who that liues, is left to waile his losse:  
 So life is losse, and death felicitie.  
 Sad life worke then glad death: and greater crossie  
 To see friends Graue, then dead the Grauelesse to engrossie.

N.

But

But if the heauens did his dayes envie,  
 And my short blisse maligne, yet more they well  
 Thus much afford me, ere that he did die  
 That the dim eyes of my deare *Marinell*  
 I more haue closed, and him bid farewell,  
 Sith other offices for moether meet  
 They would not graunt.  
 Yet maulgre them, farewell my sweetest sweet;  
 Farewell my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall meet.

Thus when they all had forrowed their fill,  
 They softly gan to search his grievly wound:  
 And that they might him handle more at will,  
 They him disarm'd, and spredde on the ground  
 Their watchet mantles fringed with siluer round,  
 They softly wip't away the jellly blood  
 From th'orifice; which hauing well vp-bound,  
 They pour'd-in soueraigne balme, and Nectar good,  
 Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heavenly food.

Tho, when the lilly-handed *Liagore*  
 (This *Liagore* whylome had learned skill  
 In leaches craft, by great *Apolloes* lore,  
 Sith her whylome vpon high *Pindus* hill,  
 He loued, and at last her wombe did fill  
 With heavenly seed, whereof wife *Pæon* sprong)  
 Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staid full  
 Some little life his feeble sprites among;  
 Which to his mother told, despair'd she from her song.

Tho, him vp-taking in their tender hands,  
 They easily vnto her charet beare:  
 Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,  
 Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,  
 And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare:  
 Then all the rest into their coches clim,  
 And through the brackish waues their passage sheare;  
 Vpon great *Neptunes* necke they softly swim,  
 And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the Sea, her bowre  
 Is built, of hollow billowes heaped hie,  
 Like to thicke cloudes, that threat a stormy showre,  
 And vaulted all within, like to the sky,  
 In which the Gods do dwell eternally:  
 There they him layd in easie couch well dight;  
 And sent in haste for *Tryphon*, to apply  
 Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might:  
 For, *Tryphon* of Sea-gods the soueraigne leach is hight.

The whiles, the Nymphes sit all about him round,  
 Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;  
 And oft his mother viewing his wide wound,  
 Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight  
 Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight.  
 But none of all those curses overtooke  
 The warlike Mayd, th'ensample of that might,  
 But fairly well she thriu'd, and well did brooke  
 Her noble deedes, ne het right course for ought forooke.

Yet did false *Archimago* her still pursue,  
 To bring to passe his mischieuous intent,  
 Now that he had her singled from the crew  
 Of courteous knights, the Prince, and Faery gent,  
 Whom late in chace of beautie excellent  
 She left, pursewing that same foster strong;  
 Of whose foule outrage they impatient,  
 And full of fiery zeale, him followed long,  
 To reskew her from shame, and to reuenge her wrong.

Through thicke and thin, through mountaines & through  
 Those two great champions did atonce pursue (plains,  
 The fearefull Damzell, with incessant paines:  
 Who from them fled, as light-foot Hare from view  
 Of hunters swift, and sent of houndes crew.  
 At last, they came vnto a double way,  
 Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,  
 Themselues they did dispart, each to assay,  
 Whether more happy were, to win so goodly pray.

But *Timias*, the Princes gentle Squire,  
 That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,  
 And with proud envy and indignant ire,  
 After that wicked foster fiercely went.  
 So beene they three three sundry waies ybent.  
 But fairest fortune to the Prince befell,  
 Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent.  
 To take that way, in which that Damozell  
 Was fled afore, afraid of him, as fiend of hell.

At last, of her farre of hee gained view:  
 Then gan he strephly pricke his somy steed,  
 And euer as he nigher to her drew,  
 So euermore he did increase his speed,  
 And of each turning still kept wary heed:  
 Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,  
 To doe away vaine doubt, and needlesse dread:  
 Full milde to her he spake, and oft let fall  
 Many meeke words, to stay and comfort her withall.

But nothing might relent her hafte flight;  
 So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine  
 Was carst impressed in her gentle spright:  
 Like as a fearfull Doue, which through the raine;  
 Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,  
 Hauing farre off espyde a Tassell gent,  
 Which after her his nimble wings doth straine,  
 Doubleth her hafte for feare to be fore-hent,  
 And with her pineons cleaues the liquid firmament.

With no lesse hafte, and eke with no lesse dread,  
 That fearefull Lady fled from him, that ment  
 To her no euill thought, nor euill deed;  
 Yet former feare of beeing foully shent,  
 Carried her forward with her first intent:  
 And though, oft looking backward, well she view'd,  
 Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,  
 And that it was a knight, which now her sewd,  
 Yet she no lesse the knight feard, then that villaine rude.

51

His vncouth shield and strange armes her dismayd,  
Whose like in Faery land were sildome seene,  
That fast she from him fled, no lesse affrayd  
Then of wilde beasts if shee had chased beene:  
Yet he her follow'd still with courage keene,  
So long, that now the golden *Hesperus*  
Was mounted high in top of heauen sheene,  
And ward his other brethren ioyous,  
To light their blessed lamps in *Ioues* eternall hous.

52

All suddenly dim woxe the dampish ayre,  
And grisly shadowes couered heauen bright,  
That now with thousand starres was decked faire;  
Which when the Prince beheld (a lothfull sight)  
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,  
He mote surcease his suit, and lose the hope  
Of his long labour, he gan foully wite  
His wicked fortune, that had turnd aslope,  
And cursed might, that rest from him so goodly scope.

53

Tho, when her waies he could no more descry,  
But to and fro at disauenture strays;  
Like as a ship, whose Load-star suddainly  
Covered with cloudes, her Pilot hath dismayd;  
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,  
And from his loftie steed dismounting lowe,  
Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd  
Vpon the grassie ground, to sleepe a throwe;  
The cold earth was his couch, the hard Steele his pillowe.

54

But gentle Sleepe enuide him any rest;  
In stead thereof sad sorrow, and disdain  
Of his hard hap did vex his noble brest;  
And thousand fancies ber his idle braine  
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:  
Oft did he wish, that Lady faire mote bee  
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complain:  
Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee:  
And euer hastie Night he blamed bitterly.

55

Night, thou foule Mother of annoyances sad,  
Sister of heauy Death, and nurse of Woe,  
Which wast begot in Heauen, but for thy bad  
And brutish shape, thrust downe to Hell belowe,  
Where, by the grim fload of *Cocytus* slowe  
Thy dwelling is, in *Heribus* black hous  
(Blacke *Heribus* thy husband is the foe  
Of all the Gods) where thou vngratious,  
Halfe of thy daies doost lead in horrour hideous.

56

What had th' eternall Maker need of thee,  
The world in his continuall course to keepe,  
That doost all things deface, ne lettest see  
The beauric of his worke? Indeed in sleepe,

The slothfull body, that doth loue to steepe  
His listlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,  
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from *Strygian* deepe  
Calls thee, his goddesse in his error blind,  
And great Dame Nature's hand-maid, chearing euery kind.

57

But well I wote, that to an heauy hart  
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,  
Breeder of new, renewer of old sinarts:  
In stead of rest thou ledest rayling teares,  
In stead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares,  
And dreadfull visions, in the which aliue  
The drearie image of sad death appears:  
So from the wearie spirit thou doost driue  
Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

58

Vnder thy mantle blacke there hidden lye,  
Light-shunning theft, and trayterous intent,  
Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,  
Shamefull deceipt, and danger imminent;  
Foule horror, and eke hellish drimment:  
All these (I wote) in thy protection bee,  
And light doe shunne, for feare of beeing shent:  
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,  
And all that lewdnesse loue, doe hate the light to see.

59

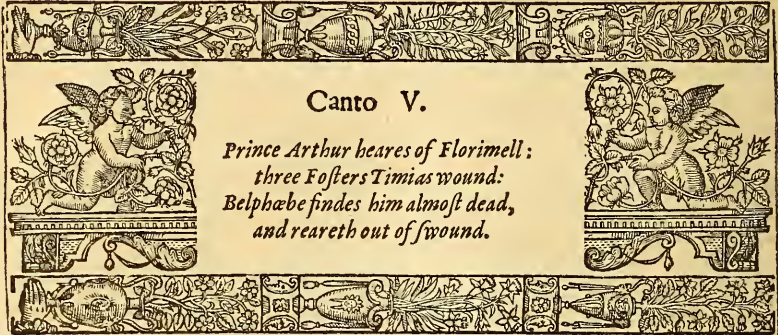
For, day discouers all dishonest wayes,  
And sheweth each thing as it is indeed:  
The prayes of high God he faire displays,  
And his large bounty rightly doth reed.  
Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed,  
Which darknesse shall subdew, and heauen win:  
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed,  
Most sacred virgin, without spot of sin.  
Our life is day: but death with darknesse doth begin.

60

O when will day then turne to mee againe,  
And bring with him his long expected light?  
O *Titan*, haste to reare thy ioyous waine:  
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beamez bright,  
And chase away this too long lingring night;  
Chafe her away, from whence she came, to hell.  
She, shee it is, that hath mee done despight:  
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,  
And yield her roome to day, that can it gouerne well.

61

Thus did the Prince that wearie night out-weare,  
In restlesse anguish and vnquiet paine:  
And early, ere the morrow did vpreare  
His dewy head out of the *Ocean* maine,  
He vp arose, as halfe in great disdain,  
And clombe vnto his steed: So forth he went,  
With heauy looke and lumpish face, that plaine  
In him bewrayd great grudge and malalent:  
His steed eke seem'd t'apply his steps to his intent.



## Canto V.

*Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:  
three Fosters Timias wound:  
Belphebe findes him almost dead,  
and reareth out of swound.*

**W**onder it is to see in diuerse minds,  
How diuersly Loue doth his pageants play,  
And shewes his powre in variable kinds:  
The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway  
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowly clay,  
It stirreth vp to sensual desire,  
And in lewd sloth to waste his carelesse day:  
But in braue sprite it kindles goodly fire,  
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it vncomely idlenesse,  
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:  
Ne suffereth it thought of vngentlenesse,  
Euer to creepe into his noble brest;  
But to the highest and the worthiest  
Lifteth it vp, that else would lowly fall:  
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:  
It lets not scarce this Prince to breathe at all,  
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call:

Who long time wandred through the forest wide,  
To find some issue thence, till at the last  
He met a Dwarf, that seemed terrifide  
With some late perill, which he hardly past,  
Or other accident, which him agast;  
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,  
And whither now he trauelled so fast.  
For, fore he swat, and running through that same  
Thicke forest, was bescratcht, and both his feet high lame.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,  
The Dwarf he answerd, Sir, ill mote I stay  
To tell the same. I lately did depart  
From Faery-court, where I haue many a day  
Scrued a gentle Lady of great sway,  
And high account through-out all Elfin land,  
Who lately left the fame, and tooke this way:  
Her now I seeke, and if ye vnderstand  
Which way shee fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

What mister wight, said he, and how arrayd?  
Royally clad, quoth he, in cloth of gold,  
As meetest may befeeme a noble mayd;  
Her fayre locks in rich circlet be enrold,  
And fairer wight did neuer sunne behold,  
And on a Palfrey rides more white then snowe,  
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold:  
The surest signe whereby ye may her knowe,  
Is, that she is the fairest wight aliue, I trowe.

Now certes swaine, said he, such one I weene,  
Fast flying through this forest from her fo,  
A foule ill fauoured foster, I haue scene;  
Her selfe (well as I might) I reskew'd tho,  
But could not stay; so fast she did fore-goe,  
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.  
Ah dearest God, quoth he, that is great woe,  
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare.  
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her find, or where?

Perdy, me leuer were to weeten that  
Said he, then ranfome of the richest knight,  
Or all the good that euer yet I gat:  
But froward Fortune, and too forward Night  
Such happinesse did (maulgre) to me spight,  
And fro me rest both life and light atoue,  
But Dwarf aread, what is that Lady bright,  
That through this forest wandred thus alone?  
For, of her error strange I haue great ruth and mone.

That Lady is, quoth he, where-so she bee,  
The bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,  
That euer liuing eye I weene did see;  
Liues none this day, that may with her compare  
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,  
The goodly ornaments of beaury bright;  
And is cyleped *Florimell* the faire,  
Faire *Florimell*, belov'd of many a knight;  
Yet she loues none but one, that *Marinell* is hight.

9  
A Sea-nymphes sonne, that *Marinell* is hight,  
Of my deare Dame is loued dearly well;  
In other none, but him, she fets delight:  
All her delight is set on *Marinell*;  
But he fets nought at all by *Florimell*:  
For, Ladies loue, his mother long ygoe  
Did him (they say) forwarne through sacred spell.  
But fame now flies, that of a forraime foe  
Hee is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

10  
Fiue dayes there be, since hee (they say) was slaine,  
And foure since *Florimell* the Court for-went,  
And wowed neuer to returne againe,  
Till him aliue or dead thee did invent.  
Therefore, faire Sir, for loue of knight hood gent,  
And honour of true Ladies, if ye may  
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,  
Or succour her, or me direct the way;  
Doe one, or otdier good, I you most humbly pray.

11  
So may you gaine to you full great renowme,  
Of all good Ladies through the world so wide,  
And haply in her hart find highest roome  
Of whom yee seeke to be most magnifide:  
At least, eternall meede shall you abide.  
To whom the Prince; Dwarfes, comfort to thee take,  
For, till thou tydings learne what her betide,  
I heere avow thee neuer to forsake.  
Ill weares he armes, that will them vse for Ladies sake.

12  
So with the Dwarfes hee back return'd againe,  
To seeke his Lady, where he mought her find;  
But by the way, he greatly gan complaine  
The want of his good Squire late left behind,  
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in mind,  
For doubt of danger which mote him betide;  
For, him he loued about all man-kind,  
Hauing him true and faithfull cuer tride,  
And bold, as euer Squire that waited by knights side.

13  
VWho, all this while, full hardly was assayd  
Of deadly danger, which to him betid;  
For, whiles his Lord pursued that noble Mayd,  
After that Foster soule he fiercely tid,  
To beene avenged of the shame he did  
To that faire Dunczell: Him he chased long  
Through the thick woods, wherein he would haue hid  
His shamefull head from his avengement strong:  
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

14  
Nath'lesse, the villaine sped himselfe so well,  
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedy beast,  
Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,  
That shortly he from danger was releast,  
And out of sight escaped at the least:  
Yet not escaped from the due reward  
Of his bad deeds, which daily hee increast,  
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard.  
The heauy plague, that for such leachours is prepar'd.

15  
For, soone as hee was vanisht out of sight,  
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,  
And cast t'avenge him of that foule despight,  
Which he had borne of his bold enemie,  
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three  
Vngracious children of one gracelesse Sire,  
And vnto them complained, how that hee  
Had vsed beene of that foole-hardy Squire;  
So them with bitter words he stir'd to bloudy ire.  
16  
Forth-wth, themselues with their sad instruments  
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme by liue,  
And with him forth into the forest went,  
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst reuiue  
In their sterne breatts, on him which late did driue  
Their brother to reproche and shamefull flight:  
For, they had vow'd, that neuer he aliue  
Out of that forest should escape their might;  
Vile rancour their rude harts had fill'd with such despight.

17  
Within that wood there was a covert glade,  
Fore-by a narrow foord (to them well knowne)  
Through which it was vneath for wight to wade;  
And now by fortune it was overflowne:  
By that same way, they knew that Squire vnknowne  
Mote algates passe; for-ty themselues they set  
There in await, with thicke woods over-growne,  
And all the while their malice they did wcht  
With cruell threats, his passage through the ford to let.

18  
It fortun'd, as they deuised had,  
The gentle Squire came riding that same way,  
Vnweeting of their wile and treason bad,  
And through the ford to passen did assay;  
But that fierce Foster which late fled away,  
Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,  
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,  
Till he had made amends, and full restore  
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

19  
With that, at him a quini'ring dart he threw,  
With so fell force and villainous despight,  
That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,  
And through the linked mayles empearced quite,  
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:  
That stroke the hardy Squire did fore displease,  
But more, that him he could not come to smite;  
For, by no means the high banke he could lease,  
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

20  
And still the Foster with his long bore-speare  
Him kept from landing at his wished will;  
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare  
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,  
And feathered with an vn lucky quill;  
The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light  
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:  
Exceeding grieft that wound in him empight;  
But more, that with his foes he could not come to fight.

21  
At last (through wrath and vengeance making way)  
Hee on the banke arriv'd with mickle paine,  
Where the third brother him did fore assay,  
And drone at him with all his might and maine  
A Forrest-bill, which both his hands did fraine;  
But warily he did avoyd the blowe,  
And with his speare requited him againe,  
That both his sides were thrilled with the throwe,  
And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flowe.

22  
Hee, tumbling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite  
The bitter earth, and bade to let him in  
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,  
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.  
Tho, gan the battell freshly to begin;  
For, nathemore for that spectacle bad,  
Did th'other two their cruell vengeance blin,  
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,  
And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

23  
Tho, when that villaine he aviz'd, which late  
Affrighted had the fairest *Florimell*,  
Full of fierce fury, and indignant hate,  
To him he turned; and with rigour fell  
Smote him so rudely on the Panmickell,  
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:  
Downe on the ground his carcase groueling fell;  
His sinfull soule, with desperate diddaine,  
Out of her fleshy ferme fled to the place of paine.

24  
That seeing now the onely last of three,  
Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,  
Trembling with horrour, as that did fore-see  
The fearefull end of his avengement sad,  
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,  
His bootelesse boaw in feeble hand vpcought,  
And there-with shot an arrow at the lad;  
Which faintly fluttring, scarce his helmet raught,  
And glauncing, fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

25  
VVith that, he would haue fled into the wood;  
But *Timias* him lightly overhent,  
Right as hee entring was into the flood,  
And strooke at him with force so violent,  
That headlesse him into the ford he sent:  
The carcase with the streame was carried downe,  
But th'head fell backward on the Continent.  
So mischief fell vpon the meaners crowne; (nowne:  
They three be dead with shame, the Squire liues with re-

26  
Hee liues, but takes small ioy of his renoune;  
For, of that cruell wound he bled so sore,  
That from his steed he fell in deadly swoune;  
Yet still the bloud forth guffin in so great store,  
That he lay wallow'd all in his owne gore.  
Now God thee keep, thou gentlest Squire aliu:  
Else shall thy louing Lord thee see no more;  
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,  
And eke thy selfe of honour, which thou didst atchieue.

27  
Prouidence beauenly passeth liuing thought,  
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;  
For, loe, great grace or fortune thither brought  
Comfort to him, that comfortlesse now lay.  
In those same woods, ye well remember may,  
How that a noble hunteresse did wonne,  
Shee, that base *Braggadochio* did astray,  
And made him fast out of the forest runne;  
*Belphabe* was her name, as faire as *Phabus* funne.

28  
Shee, on a day, as shee pursued the chace  
Off some wild beast, which with her arrowes keene  
She wounded had, the same along did trace  
By tract of bloud, which she had freshly seene,  
To haue besprinkled all the graffie Greene;  
By the great perue which she there perceau'd,  
Well hoped she the beast engor'd had benee,  
And made more haste, the life to haue bereau'd:  
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceau'd.

29  
Shortly she came, whereas that wofull Squire  
With bloud deformed lay in deadly wound:  
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,  
The crystall humour stood congealed round;  
His locks, like faded leanes fallen to ground,  
Knotted with bloud, in bunches rudely ran,  
And his sweet lips, on which before that found  
The bud of youth to blossom faire began,  
Spoyld of their rosie red, were woxen pale and wan.

30  
Saw neuer liuing eye more heany sight,  
That could haue made a rock of stone to rew,  
Or rine in twaine: which when that Lady bright  
(Besides all hope) with melting eyes did view,  
All suddainly abasht, she changed hew,  
And with sterne horrour backward gan to start:  
But, when she better him beheld, the grew  
Full of soft passion and vnwonted smart:  
The poynt of pittie pearced through her tender hart.

31  
Meekely she bowed downe, to weet if life  
Yet in his frozen members did remaine;  
And feeling by his pulses beating rife,  
That the weak soule her feat did yet retaine,  
She cast to comfort him with busie paine:  
His double-folded neck shee rear'd vp right,  
And rubb'd his temples, and each trembling vaine;  
His mayled haberjeon shee did vnright,  
And from his head his heauy burget did light.

32  
Into the woods thence-forth in haste she went,  
To seeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy;  
For, she of hearbes had great intendment,  
Taught of the Nymph, which from her infancy  
Her nursed had in true Nobility:  
There, whether it diuine *Tobacco* were,  
Or *Panachaa*, or *Polyrony*,  
Shee found, and brought it to her Patient deare,  
Who all this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud neare.

33  
The soueraigne weede betwixt two marbles plaine  
She pownded small, and did in peeces bruze,  
And then atweene her lilly handez twaine,  
Into his wound the iuyce thereof did feruze,  
And round about (as she could well it vze)  
The flesh there-with shee suppld and did steepe,  
T'abate all spafme, and loke the swelling bruze;  
And after, hauing searcht the intuse deepe,  
She with her scarfe did bind the wound fro cold to keepe.

34  
By this, he had sweet life recur'd againe;  
And groning inly deepe, at last his eyes,  
His watry eyes, drizzling like deawy raine,  
He vp gan lift toward the azure skyes,  
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:  
There-with he sigh' t, and turning him aside,  
The goodly Maid (full of diuinities,  
And gifts of heavenly grace) he by him spide,  
Her boaw and gilden quier lying him beside.

35  
Mercy deare Lord, said hee, what grace is this,  
That thou hast shewed to mee sinfull wight,  
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blifs,  
To comfort me in my distressed plight?  
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?  
What seruice may I doe vnto thee meet,  
That hast from darknesse mee return'd to light,  
And with thy heavenly salutes and med'cines sweet,  
Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feet.

36  
Thereat shee blushing said, Ah gentle Squire,  
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,  
And daughter of a wooddy Nymph, desire  
No seruice, but thy safety and ayde;  
Which if thou gaue, I shall be well ayd.  
Wee mortall wights, whose liues and fortunes bee  
To common accidents still open layd,  
Are bound with common bond of frailtee,  
To succour wretched wights, whom we captiu'd see.

37  
By this, her Damfells, which the former chace  
Had vndertaken, after her arriu'd,  
As did *Belphabe*, in the bloody place,  
And thereby decm'd the beast had beene depriv'd  
Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow riv'd:  
For-ty, the blondie tract they follow fast,  
And euery one to runne the swiftest striv'd:  
But two of them the rest far ouerpass,  
And where their Lady was, arriu'd at the last.

38  
Where, when they saw that goodly boy, with blood  
Defouled, and their Lady dresse his wound,  
They wondred much, and shortly vnderstood,  
How him in deadly case their Lady found,  
And reskewed out of the heauie found.  
Estfoones his warlike courser, which was strayd  
Farre in the woods, whiles that he lay in sfound,  
Shee made those Damfells search, which beeing stayd,  
They did him set thereon, and forth with them conuayd.

39  
Into that forest farre they thence him led,  
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,  
With mountaines round about environ'd,  
And mightie woods, which did the valley shade,  
And like a itately Theatre it made,  
Spreading it selfe into a spacious Plaine.  
And in the midst a litle riuier plaid  
Emongst the pumy stones, which seem'd to plaine  
With gentle murmure, that his course they did restraine.

40  
Beside the same, a dainty place there lay,  
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels greene,  
In which the birds sung many a louely lay  
Of Gods high praise, and of their loues sweet teene:  
As it an earthly Paradise had bene:  
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight  
A faire Pavilion, scarcely to be seene,  
The which was all within most richly dight,  
That greatest Princes liuing it mote well delight.

41  
Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd  
In casie couch his feeble limbes to rest.  
Hee rested him awhile, and then the Mayd  
His ready wound with better salues new drest;  
Daily she drest him, and did the best  
His grieuous hurt to garish, that she might,  
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,  
And his soule sore reduced to faire plight:  
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

42  
O foolish Physick, and vnfruitfull paine,  
That heales vp one, and makes another wound:  
Shee his hurt thigh to him recur'd againe,  
But hurt his hart, the which before was found,  
Through an vnwary dart, which did rebound  
From her faire eyes and gracious countenance.  
What bootes it him from death to be vnbound,  
To be captiu'd in endlesse durance  
Of sorrow and depaure without allegance?

33  
Still as his wound did gather and growe whole,  
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:  
Madnesse to saue a part, and lose the whole.  
Still when-as hee beheld the heavenly Mayd,  
Whiles daily plaisters to his wound the layd,  
So still his malady the more increaft,  
The whiles her matchlesse beauty him dismayd.  
Ah God! what other could hee doe at least,  
But loue so faire a Lady, that his life releast?

44  
Long while hee stroue in his courageous brest,  
With reason dew the passion to subdew,  
And loue for to dislodge out of his nest:  
Still when her excellencies hee did view,  
Her soueraigne bounty, and celestially hew,  
The same to loue hee strongly was constraind:  
But when his meane estate hee did renew,  
Hee from such hardy boldnesse was refraind,  
And of his lucklesse lot and cruell loue thus plaind;

45

Vnthankfull wretch, said he, is this the meed,  
 With which her soueraigne mercy thou doost quight ?  
 Thy life she faued by her gracious deed,  
 But thou doost weene with villainous despight  
 To blot her honour, and her heavenly light.  
 Dye rather, dye, then fo disloyally  
 Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light :  
 Faire death it is to shunne more shame, to die :  
 Die rather, die, then euer loue disloyally.

46

But if to loue disloyaltie it be,  
 Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore  
 Me brought ? ah ! farre be such reproche fro mee.  
 What can I lesse do, then her loue therefore,  
 Sith I her due reward cannot restore :  
 Dye rather, die, and dying doe her serue,  
 Dying her serue, and liuing her adore ;  
 Thy life she gaue, thy life she doth deserue :  
 Dye rather, die, then euer from her seruice swerue.

47

But foolish boy, what bootes thy seruice base  
 To her, to whom the heauens doe serue and seue ?  
 Thou a meane Squire, of meeke and lowly place,  
 She heavenly borne, and of celestiall hawe,  
 How then ? of all, loue taketh equall view :  
 And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take  
 The loue and seruice of the basest crew ?  
 If shee will not, dye meekely for her sake ;  
 Dye rather, dye, then euer so faire loue forsake.

48

Thus warreid hee long time against his will,  
 Till that (through weakenesse) he was forc't at last  
 To yield himselfe vnto the mighty ill :  
 Which, as a Victor proud, gan ranlack fast  
 His inward parts, and all his entrailles waste,  
 That neither bloud in face, nor life in hart  
 It left, but both did quite dry vp, and blast ;  
 As pearcing leuin, which the inner part  
 Of euery thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

49

Which seeing, faire *Belphebe* gan to feare,  
 Least that his wound were inly well not healed,  
 Or that the wicked Steele empyfined were :  
 Little shee weend, that loue he close concealed ;  
 Yet still he wasted, as the snowe congealed,  
 When the bright sunne his beames thereon doth beat ;  
 Yet neuer he his hart to her revealed,  
 But rather chose to die for sorrow great,  
 Then wish dishonourable teames her to intreat.

50

Shee (gracious Lady) yet no paines did spare  
 To doe him ease, or doe him remedie :  
 Many Restoratines of vertues rare,  
 And costly Cordialles shee did apply,

To mitigate his stubborne malady :  
 But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore  
 A loue-sick hart, shee did to him enuy ;  
 To him and all th'vnworthy world forlore  
 Shee did enuy that soueraigne salue, in secret store.

51

That dainty Rose, the daughter of her Morne,  
 More deare then life shee tendered, whole flowre  
 The girland of her honour did adorne :  
 Ne suffred shee the Middayes scorching powre,  
 Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to showre,  
 But lapped vp her silken leaues most chaire,  
 When-so the froward sky began to looure,  
 But soone as calmed was the Crystall ayre,  
 Shee did it faire dispreed, and let to flourish faire.

52

Eternall God, in his almighty powre,  
 To make ensample of his heauenly grace,  
 In Paradise whylome did plant this flowre ;  
 Whence he it fetcht out of her natie place,  
 And did in stock of earthly flesh enraide,  
 That mortall men her glory should admire :  
 In gentle Ladies brest, and bountious race  
 Of woman-kind it fairest flowre doth spire,  
 And beareth fruite of honour and all chaste desire.

53

Faire impes of beauty, whose bright shining beames  
 Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,  
 And to your willes both royalties and Realmes  
 Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,  
 With this faire flowre your goodly girlands dight,  
 Of chastitie and vertue virginall,  
 That shall embellish more your beautie bright,  
 And crowne your heads with heauenly coronall,  
 Such as the Angels wear before Gods tribunall.

54

To your faire selues a faire ensample frame,  
 Of this faire Virgin, this *Belphebe* faire ;  
 To whom, in perfect loue and spotlesse fame  
 Of chastitie, none liuing may compare :  
 Ne poyntous Envy iustly can empaire  
 The praye of her fresh flowing Maidenhead ;  
 For-ty she standeth on the highest staire  
 Of th'honourable stage of woman-head,  
 That Ladies all may followe her ensample dead.

55

In so great praye of stedfast chastitie,  
 Nath'lesse, shee was so courteous and kind,  
 Tempered with grace, and goodly modesty,  
 That seemed those two vertues stroue to find  
 The higher place in her Herodick mind :  
 So striuing each did other more augment,  
 And both encreast the praye of woman-kind,  
 And both encreast her beauty excellent ;  
 So all did make in her a perfect complement.





## Canto VI.

*The birth of faire Belphebe, and  
of Amoret is told.  
The Gardens of Adonis, fraught  
with pleasures manifold.*



**W**<sup>1</sup>ell may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while  
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozell  
So great perfections did in her comple;  
Sith that in saluage forests she did dwell,  
So faire from Court and royall Citadell,  
The great schoolemistresse of all curtesy:  
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell  
All ciuill vsage and gentility,  
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

<sup>2</sup>But to this fayre *Belphebe* in her berth  
The heauens so fauourable were and free,  
Looking with mild aspect vpon the earth,  
In th'*Horscope* of her natiuitee,  
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee  
On her they poured forth of plentious horn;e;  
*Ioue* laught on *Venus* from his soueraigne see,  
And *Phœbus* with faire beames did her adore,  
And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle beeing borne.

<sup>3</sup>Her birth was of the wombe of Morning dewe,  
And her conception of the ioyous Prime,  
And all her whole creation did her shewe  
Pure and vnspotted from all loathly crime,  
That is ingenerate in fleshy slime.  
So was this Virgin borne, so was she bred,  
So was shee trained vp from time to time,  
In all chaste vertue, and true bounti-hed,  
Till to her due perfection shee was ripened.

<sup>4</sup>Her mother was the faire *Chrysoonee*,  
The daughter of *Amphisa*, who by race  
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree;  
She bore *Belphebe*, she bore in like case  
Faire *Amoretta* in the second place:  
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share  
The heritage of all celestially grace;  
That all the rest it seem'd they robbed bare  
Of bountie, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

<sup>5</sup>It were a goodly storie, to declare,  
By what strange accident faire *Chrysoonee*  
Conceiu'd these Infants, and how them she bare,  
In this wilde forest wandring all alone,  
After she had nine moneths fullild and gone:  
For, not as other wemens common brood,  
They were enwomb'd in the sacred thronc  
Of her chaste body; nor with common food,  
As other wemens babes, they suck'd vitall blood:

<sup>6</sup>But wondrously they were begot, and bred  
Through influence of th' heauens fruitfull ray,  
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.  
It was vpon a Sommers shyny day  
(When *Titan* fayre his hot beames did display)  
In a fresh fontaine, faire from all mens view,  
She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t'allay;  
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,  
And all the sweetest flowres, that in the forest grew;

<sup>7</sup>Till fiant through irkelom wearinesse, adown  
Vpon the grassie ground her selfe she layd  
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slumbring swoun  
Vpon her fell all naked bare displayd;  
The sunne-beames bright vpon her body playd;  
Beeing through former bathing mollified,  
And pearc't into her wombe, where they embayd  
With so sweet sence and secret power vnspide,  
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructified.

<sup>8</sup>Miraculous may seeme to him, that reades  
So strange ensample of conception;  
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades  
Of all things liuing, through impression  
Of the sun-beames in moyst complexion,  
Doe life conceine, and quickned are by kind:  
So, after *Nilus* inundation,  
Infinite shapcs of creatures men doe find,  
Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shin'd.

Great father hee of generation  
 Is rightly cald, th' author of life and light;  
 And his faire sifter for creation  
 Ministrereth matter fit, which tempered right  
 With heat and humour, breeds the liuing wight.  
 So sprung these twinnes in wombe of *Chryfogone*,  
 Yet wist she nought thereof, but fore affright,  
 Wondred to see her belly so vp-blone,  
 Which still increast, till she her terme had full out-goue.

Whereof conceiuing shame and foule disgrace,  
 Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,  
 She fled into the wildernesse a space,  
 Till that vnweedy burden she had reard,  
 And found dishonour, which as death she feard:  
 Where wearie of long trauell, downe to rest  
 Her selfe she set, and comfortably cheard;  
 There a sad clowd of sleepe her ouerkeft,  
 And seized euery sense with sorrow sore opprest.

It fortun'd, faire *Venus* hauing lost  
 Her little sonne, the winged god of loue,  
 Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,  
 Was from her fled, as fit as ayery Doue,  
 And left her blisfull bowre of ioy aboue,  
 (So from her often he had fled away,  
 When she for ought him sharply did reprove,  
 And wandred in the world in strange array, (wray.)  
 Disfigur'd in thousand shapes, that none might him be-

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous  
 (The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,  
 Whence all the world derives the glorious  
 Features of beauties, and all shapes select,  
 With which high God his workmanship hath deckt)  
 And search'd euery way, through which his wings  
 Had borne him, or his tract the mote detect:  
 She promis't kisses sweet, and sweeter things  
 Vnto the man, that of him rydings to her brings.

First, shee him sought in Court, where most he vsed  
 Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;  
 But many there she found, which fore accuted  
 His falchood, and with foule infamous blot  
 His cruell deedes and wicked wiles did spot:  
 Ladies and Lordes shee euery where mote heare  
 Complaining, how with his empoynd shot  
 Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,  
 And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

She then the Cities sought, from gate to gate,  
 And euery one did aske, did he him see;  
 And euery one her answerd, that too late  
 Hee had him seene, and felt the cruditie  
 Of his sharp darts, and hot artilerie;  
 And euery onethrew forth reproches rife  
 Of his mischieuous deedes, and said, That hee  
 Was the disturber of all ciuill life,  
 The enemy of peace, and author of all strife.

Then, in the Country she abroad him sought,  
 And in the rurall cottages enquired;  
 Where also, many plants to her were brought,  
 How hee their heedlesse harts with loue had fired,  
 And his false venim through their veins inspired,  
 And eke the gentle shepheard swaines, which sat  
 Keeping their fleecie flocks, as they were hired,  
 She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what  
 Her sonne had to them doen; yet shee did smile thereat.

But when in none of all these shee him got,  
 Shee gan auiue where else he more him hide:  
 At last, she her be-thought, that shee had not  
 Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wide,  
 In which full many louely Nymphes abide,  
 Mongit whom might be, that he did closely lye,  
 Or that the loue of some of them him ryde:  
 For-ty she thither cast her course t'apply,  
 To search the secret haunts of *Dianes* company.

Shortly, vnto the wastefull woods shee came,  
 Where-as shee found the Goddesse with her crew,  
 After late chace of their embrewed game,  
 Sitting beside a fountaine in a rewe,  
 Some of them washing with the liquid dewe  
 From off their daintie limbes the dusty sweate,  
 And soyle, which did desforme their luely hewes;  
 Other lay shaded from the scorching heat;  
 The rest, vpon her person, gaue attendance great.

Shee, hauing hong vpon a bough on high  
 Her boaw and painted quiuer, had vnlaet  
 Her sluer buskins from her nimble thigh,  
 And her lanke loynes vngirt, and breasts vnbraet,  
 After her heat the breathing cold to taste;  
 Her golden locks, that late in tresses bright  
 Embreaded were for hindring of her halte,  
 Now loose about her shoulders hong vndight,  
 And were with sweet *Ambrosia* all besprinkled light.

Soone as she *Venus* saw behind her back,  
 Shee was asham'd to be so loose surpris'd;  
 And woxe halfe wroth against her damselfe slack,  
 That had not her thereof before auis'd,  
 But suffred her so carelesly disguis'd  
 Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose  
 Vpgathring, in her bosome shee compris'd,  
 Well as shee might, and to the Goddesse rose,  
 Whilstt all her Nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

Goodly shee gan sayre *Cytherea* greet,  
 And shortly asked her what cause her brought  
 Into that wildernesse (for her vnmeet)  
 From her sweet bowres, & beds with pleasures fraught:  
 That suddaine change shee strange adventure thought.  
 To whom (halfe weeping) shee thus answerd,  
 That shee her dearest loue *Cupido* sought,  
 Who in his frowardnesse from her was fled;  
 That she repented soe, to haue him angered.

21

Thereat *Diana* gan to smile, in scorne  
Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing said;  
Great pity sure, that ye be so forlorne  
Of your gay sonne, that giues ye so good ayd  
To your disports: ill mote yee been ayd,  
And thus was more enrieued, and replide;  
Faire sister, ill becomes it to vpbraid  
A dolefull hart with so disdainfull pride:  
The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

22

As you in woods and wanton wildernesse  
Your glory set, to chace the falue beafts;  
So my delight is all in ioyfulnesse,  
In beds, in bowres, in blankets, and in feasts:  
And ill becomes you with your lostie creats,  
To scorne the ioy that *Ioue* is glad to seeke;  
We both are bound to follow heauens bechefts,  
And tend our charges with obeisance meeke:  
Spare (gentle sister) with reproche my paine to ecke;

23

And tell me, if that yee my sonne haue heard,  
To lurke amongst your Nymphes in secret wizes;  
Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard,  
Least he like one of them himselfe disguise,  
And turne his arrows to their exercise:  
So may hee long himselfe full easie hide:  
For, he is faire and fresh in face and guize,  
As any Nymph (let not it be envide.)  
So saying, euery Nymph full narrowly she eyde.

24

But *Phæbe* there-with fore was angered,  
And sharply said; Goe Dame, goe seeke your boy,  
Where you him lately left, in *Mars* his bed;  
He comes not here, we scorne his foolish ioy,  
Ne lend we leasure to his idle toy:  
But if I catch him in this company,  
By *Stygian* lake I vow, whose sad annoy  
The Gods doe dread, he dearly shall aby:  
Hee clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

25

Whom when as *Venus* saw so sore displeas'd,  
She inly fory was, and gan relent  
What shee had said: so her shee soone appeas'd,  
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,  
Which as a fountaine from her sweet lips went,  
And welld goodly forth, that in short space  
Shee was well pleas'd, and forth her damzels sent,  
Through all the woods, to search from place to place,  
If any tract of him or tydings they mote trace.

26

To search the God of Loue, her Nymphes she sent  
Throughout the wandering forest euery where:  
And after them her selfe eke with her went  
To seeke the fugitiue, both furre and nere.  
So long they sought, till they arrived were  
In that same shade covert, where-as lay  
Faire *Clyssagone* in slumby traunce whlere:  
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)  
Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

27

Vnwares she them conceiu'd, vnwares she bore:  
She bore withouten paine, that shee conceiu'd  
Withouten pleasure: in her need implore  
*Lucinaes* ayde: which when they both perceiu'd,  
They were through wouder nigh of sense bereau'd,  
And gazing each on other, nought bespake:  
At last, they both agreed, her (seeming grieu'd)  
Out of her heavy swoonne not to awake,  
But from her louing side the tender babes to take.

28

Vp they them tooke; each one a babe vp-tooke,  
And with them caried, to be fostered.  
Dame *Phæbe* to a Nymph her babe betooke,  
To be brought vp in perfect Maydenhed,  
And of her selfe, her name *Elphabe* red:  
But *Venus* hers hence farre away conuayd,  
To be vp-brought in goodlie womanhed,  
And in her little Loues stead, which was straid,  
Her *Amoretta* calld, to comfort her hismaid.

29

Shee brought her to her ioyous Paradise, (dwel.  
Where most shee wones, when shee on earth does  
So faire a place, as Nature can deuise:  
Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,  
Or in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well;  
But well I wote by tryall, that this fame  
All other pleasant places doth excell,  
And called is by her lost Lovers name,  
The Garden of *Adonis*, furre renown'd by fame.

30

In that same Garden, all the goodly flowres  
Where-with dame Nature doth her beautifie,  
And decks the girlonds of her Paramours,  
Are fetcht: there is the first seminarie  
Of all things, that are borne to liue and die,  
According to their kinds. Long worke it were,  
Heere to account the endless progenie  
Of all the weedes, that bud and blossome there;  
But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

31

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,  
And girt-in with two walles on either side;  
The one of iron, the other of bright gold,  
That none might thorough breake, nor over-stride:  
And double gates it had, which opened wide,  
By which both in and out men moten pass;  
Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:  
Old *Genius* the Porter of them was,  
Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

32

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,  
All that to come into the world desire:  
A thousand thousand naked babes attend  
About him day and night, which doe require,  
That hee with fleshly weedes would them attire:  
Such as him list, such as eternall fate  
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,  
And sendeth forth to liue in mortall state,  
Till they againe returne backe by the hinder gate.

33  
 After that they againe returned beene,  
 They in that Garden planted be againe;  
 And growe afresh, as they had neuer seene  
 Fleishly corruption, nor mortall paine.  
 Some thousand yeares fo doen they there remaine;  
 And then of him are clad with other hew,  
 Or sent into the changefull world againe,  
 Till thither they returne, where first they grew:  
 So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

34  
 Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sowe,  
 To plant, or prune: for, of their owne accord,  
 All things as they created were, doe growe,  
 And yet remember well the mighty word,  
 Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,  
 That bade them to increase and multiply:  
 Ne doe they need with water of the ford,  
 Or of the cloudes, to moisten their rootes dry;  
 For, in themselves, eternall moysture they imply.

35  
 Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,  
 And vncouth formes, which none yet euer knew,  
 And euery sort is in a sundry bed  
 Set by it selfe, and rankt in comely row:  
 Some fit for reasonable soules t'indew,  
 Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,  
 And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew  
 In endlesse ranks along enrag'd were,  
 That seem'd the *Ocean* could not containe them there.

36  
 Daily they growe, and daily forth are sent  
 Into the world, it to replenish more;  
 Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,  
 But still remains in euerslasting store,  
 As it at first created was of yore.  
 For, in the wide wombe of the world, there lyes  
 In hatefull darknesse, and in deepe horrore,  
 An huge eternall *Chaos*, which supplies  
 The substances of Natures fruitfull progenies.

37  
 All things from thence doe their first beeing fetch,  
 And borrow matter, whereof they are made;  
 Which, when as forme and feature it does ketch,  
 Becomes a bodie, and doth then innade  
 The state of life, out of the grieifly shade.  
 That substance is eterne, and bideth so;  
 Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,  
 Doth it consume, and into nothing go,  
 But changed is, and often altd to and fro.

38  
 The substance is not chang'd, nor altered,  
 But th'onely forme and outward fashion;  
 For, euery substance is conditioned  
 To change her hew, and sundry formes to don,  
 Meets for her temper and complexion;  
 For, formes are variable, and decay  
 By course of kinde, and by occasion;  
 And that faire floure of beauty fades away,  
 As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

39  
 Great enemy to it, and to all the rest  
 That in the Garden of *Adonis* springs,  
 Is wicked *Time*; who, with his scythe adrest,  
 Does mowe the flowing herbes and goodly things,  
 And all their glory to the ground downe flings,  
 Where they doe wither, and are foully rans;  
 Hee flies about, and with his flaggy wings,  
 Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,  
 Ne euer pitty may relent his malice hard.

40  
 Yet pitty often did the gods relent,  
 To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight:  
 And their great mother *Venus* did lament  
 The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight;  
 Her hart was peare't with pity at the sight,  
 When walking through the Garden, them she spyde,  
 Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight.  
 For, all that lues is subiect to that law:  
 All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

41  
 But, were it not that *Time* their troubler is,  
 All that in this delightfull Garden grows,  
 Should happy be, and haue immortall blis:  
 For, heere all plenty, and all pleasure flows,  
 And sweet loue gentle fits amongst them throws,  
 Without fell rancour, or fond ieaousie;  
 Frankly each paramour his leman knowes,  
 Each bird his mate, ne any does enuie  
 Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

42  
 There is continuall spring, and haruest there  
 Continuall, both meeting at one time:  
 For, both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,  
 And with fresh colours deck the wanton Prime,  
 And eke attonce the heauy trees they elime,  
 Which seeme to labour vnder their fruites lode:  
 The whiles the ioyous birds make their pastime  
 Emongst the shady leaues, their sweet abode,  
 And their true loues without suspicion tell abroad.

43  
 Right in the midst of that Paradise,  
 There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top  
 A gloomy groue of myrtle-trees did rise,  
 Whose shady boughes sharpe Steele did neuer lop,  
 Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did drop,  
 But like a girlond compass'd the height,  
 And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did drop,  
 That all the ground with precious dew bedight,  
 Threw forth most dainty odours, & most sweet delight.

44  
 And, in the thickest couert of that shade,  
 There was a pleasant Arbour, not by art,  
 But of the trees owne inclination made,  
 Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,  
 With wanton Iue-twine entrayl'd athwart,  
 And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,  
 Fashion'd about within their inmost part,  
 That neither *Phæbus* beames could through the throng,  
 Nor *Aeolus* sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And

45  
 And all about grew euery sort of flowre,  
 To which sad louers were transform'd of yore;  
 Fresh *Hyacinthus*, *Plæbus* paramoure  
 And dearest loue,  
 Foolish *Narcisse*, that likes the watty flowre,  
 Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,  
 Sad *Amaranthus*, in whose purple gore  
 Me seemes I see *Amitas* wretched fate,  
 To whom sweet Poets verse hath giuen endlesse date.

46  
 There went faire *Venus* often to enjoy  
 Her deare *Adonis* ioyous companie,  
 And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy;  
 There yet some say in secret he does ly,  
 Lapped in flowres and precious spycery,  
 By her hid from the world, and from the skill  
 Of *Seygian* gods, which do her loue enuie;  
 But she her selfe, when euer that she will,  
 Posselleth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

47  
 And sooth, it seemes, they say: for, he may not  
 For euer die, and euer buried bee  
 In balefull night, where all things are forgot;  
 All be he subject to mortalitie,  
 Yet is etcrne in mutabilitie,  
 And by succession made perpetuall,  
 Transformed oft, and changed diuersly:  
 For, him the Father of all formes they call;  
 Therefore needs mote he liue, that liuing giues to all.

48  
 There now he liueth in eternall blifs,  
 Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd:  
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,  
 Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd;  
 For, that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,  
 She firmly hath emprisoned for aye  
 (That her sweet loue his malice mote auoyd)  
 In a strong rockie Cave, which is they say, (may)  
 Hewen vnderneath that Mount, that none him loosene

49  
 There now he liues in euerlasting ioy,  
 With many of the gods in company,  
 Which thither haunt, and with the winged Boy  
 Sporting himselfe in safe felicitie:  
 Who, when he hath with spoiles and crueltie  
 Ransackt the world, and in the wofull hearts  
 Of many wretches set his triumphes hie,  
 Thither resorts, and laying his sad darts  
 Aside, with faire *Adonis* playes his wanton parts.

50  
 And his true loue faire *Psyche* with him playes,  
 Faire *Psyche* to him lately reconcyld,  
 After long troubles and vnmeet vbrayes,  
 With which his mother *Venus* her reuyl'd,  
 And eke himselfe her cruelly exyl'd:  
 But now in stedfast loue and happy state  
 Shewith him liues, and hath him borne a child,  
*Pleasure*, that doth both gods and men aggregate,  
*Pleasure*, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Psyche* late.

51  
 Hither great *Venus* brought this infant faire,  
 The younger daughter of *Chrysofomee*,  
 And vnto *Psyche* with great trust and care  
 Committed her, yfostered to bee,  
 And trained vp in true feminitee:  
 Who no lesse carefully her tendered,  
 Then her owne daughter *Pleasure*, to whom slicc  
 Made her companion, and her lessoned  
 In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead.

52  
 In which when she to perfect ripenesse grew,  
 Of grace and beauty noble Paragone,  
 She brought her forth into the worldes view,  
 To be th'ensample of true loue alone,  
 And Load-stare of all chaste affectione,  
 To all faire Ladies, that doe liue on ground.  
 To Faery court she came, where many one  
 Admyr'd her goodly haueour, and found  
 His feeble heart wide launced with loues cruell wound.

53  
 But she to none of them her loue did cast,  
 Sae to the noble knight *Sir Scudamore*,  
 To whom her louing heart she linked fast  
 In faithfull loue, r'abide for euenmore,  
 And for his dearest sake endured sore,  
 Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;  
 Who her would forced haue to haue forlore  
 Her former loue and stedfast loialtie,  
 As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history.

54  
 But well I wene, ye first desire to learne,  
 What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,  
 Which fled so fast from that same foster stearne,  
 Whom with his brerhen *Timias* flew, besell:  
 That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*;  
 Who wandring for to seek her louer deare,  
 Her louer deare, her dearest *Marinell*,  
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,  
 And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle feare.

O

Canto





## Canto VII.

*The Witches sonne loues Florimell:  
She flies, he faimes to die.  
Satyrans saues the Squire of Dames  
from Giants tyranny.*



**L**ike as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,  
That hath escaped from a rauinous beast,  
Yet flies away of her owne feet affcard,  
And euery leafe, that snaketh with the least  
Murmure of winde, her terror hath increast:  
So fled faire *Florimell* from her vaine feare,  
Long after she from perill was releast:  
Each shade she sawe, and each noise she did heare,  
Did seeme to be the fame, which she escap'd whyleare.

All that same euening she in flying spent,  
And all that night her course continued:  
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,  
Nor wearinesse to slacke her haste, but fled  
Euer alike, as if her former dread  
Were hard behinde, her ready to arrest:  
And her white Palfrey hauing conquered  
The maistring raines out of her weary wrist,  
Perforce her carned, where-ouer he thought best.

So long as breath, and habile puisfaunce  
Did natie courage vnto him supply,  
His pafe he freshly forward did aduance,  
And carried her beyond all ieopardy:  
But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby.  
He, hauing through incessant trauell spent  
His force, at last perforce adown did ly,  
Ne foot could further moue: The Lady went  
Thereat was suddain strook with great astonishment;

And fore't t'alight, on foot mote algates fare,  
A traeller vnwonted to such waie:  
Need teacheth her this lesion hard and rare,  
That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,  
And mortall miseries doth make her play.  
So long she traueled, till at length she came  
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray  
A little valley, subiect to the same,  
All couerd with thicke woods, that quite it ouercame.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry  
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light,  
Reeking aloft, vpproled to the sky:  
Which cheerefull signe did send vnto her sight,  
That in the fame did wonne some huing wight.  
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applide,  
And came at last in weary wretched plight  
Vnto the place, to which her hope did guide,  
To finde some refuge there, and rest her weary side.

There, in a gloomy hollowe glen she found  
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes  
In homely wize, and wall'd with sods around,  
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly needes,  
And willfull want, all carelesse of her weedes;  
So choosing solitary to abide,  
Far from all neighbours, that her diuclish deeds  
And hellish arts from people she might hide.  
And hurt far off vnknowne, whom-ouer she enuide.

The Damzell there arriuing entred in;  
Where sitting on the floore the Hag she found,  
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin;  
Who, soone as she beheld that suddain ffound,  
Lightly vppstart from the dusty ground,  
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze  
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,  
Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze;  
But shew'd by outward signes, that dread her sense did

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,  
She askt, what diuell had her thither brought,  
And who she was, and what vnwonted path  
Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnought?  
To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,  
Her mildly answer'd: Beldame, be not wroth  
With silly Virgin by aduventure brought  
Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,  
That craue but roome to rest, while tempest ouerblo'th.

With

8

With that, adowne out of her Crystill eyne,  
 Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,  
 That like two orient pearles, did purely shine  
 Vpon her nowie cheek; and therewithall  
 She sigh'd soft, that none so bestiall,  
 Nor salvage heart, but ruth of her sad plight  
 Would make to melt, or pitiously appall;  
 And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight  
 In mischief, was much moued at so pitious sight;

9

And gan recomfort her in her rude wife,  
 With womanish compassion of her plaint,  
 Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,  
 And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint  
 And wearie limbs awhile. She nothing quaint  
 Nor s'deignfull of so homely fashion,  
 Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,  
 Sat downe vpon the dusty ground anon,  
 As glad of that small rest, as Bird of tempest gon.

10

Tho, gan she gather vp her garments rent,  
 And her loose lockes to dight in order dew,  
 With golden wreath, and gorgeous ornament;  
 Whom such when—as the wicked Hag did view,  
 She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,  
 And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,  
 But or some goddesse, or of *Dianes* crew,  
 And thought her to adore with humble spright;  
 T'adore thing so diuine as beauty, were but right.

11

This wicked woman had a wicket sonne,  
 The comfort of her age and weary dayes,  
 A lasie loord, for nothing good to donne,  
 But stretched forth in idleneesse alwaies,  
 Ne euer cast his mind to couet praise,  
 Or ply himselfe to any honest trade;  
 But all the day before the sunny rayes  
 He vs'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:  
 Such Lasciuie both lewd and poore attonce him made.

12

He, comming home at vnder time, there found  
 The fairest creature that he euer saw,  
 Sitting beside his mother on the ground;  
 The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,  
 And his base thought with terror and with awe  
 So inly smote, that as one which had gazed  
 On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth soone withdrawe  
 His feeble eyne, with too much brightnesse dazed;  
 So stared he on her, and stood long while amazed.

13

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,  
 What mister wight that was, and whence diuined,  
 That in so strange disguizement there did maske,  
 And by what accident she there arriued:  
 But she, as one night of her wits deprived,  
 With nought but ghastly looks him answered,  
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reuiued,  
 From *Strygian* shores, where late it wandered;  
 So both at her, and each at other woudered.

14

But the faire Virgin was so mecke and milde,  
 That she to them vouchsafed to embafe  
 Her goodly port, and to their senses vild  
 Her gentle speech applide, that in short space  
 She grew familiar in that desert place.  
 During which time, the Chorle through her so kinde  
 And curteise vsf conceiu'd affection base,  
 And cast to loue her in his brutish mind;  
 No loue, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tin'd.

15

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,  
 And shortly grew into outrageous fire;  
 Yet had he not the heart, nor hardiment,  
 As vnto her to vtter his desire;  
 His caritie thought durst not so high aspire:  
 But with soft sighes, and louely semblances,  
 He ween'd that his affection entir  
 She should aread; many referencences  
 To her he made, and many kind remembrances.

16

Of from the Forrest wildings she did bring,  
 Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red,  
 And of young birds, which he had taught to sing  
 His mistresse prayes sweetly caroled,  
 Girlands of flowres sometimes for her faire head  
 He fine would dight; sometimes the Quirell wild  
 He brought to her in bands, as conquered  
 To be her thrall, his fellow seruant vild;  
 All which she of him took with countenance meek & mild.

17

But past awhile, when the fit season sawe,  
 To leaue that desert mansion, she cast  
 In secret wise her selfe thence to withdrawe,  
 For feare of mischief, which she did forecast  
 Might be the witch or that her sonne compass:  
 Her weary Palfrey, closely as she might,  
 Now well recovered after long repast,  
 In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,  
 His late miswandred waies now to remeasure right.

18

And early ere the dawning day appeared,  
 She forth issued, and on her iourney went;  
 She went in perill, of each noife affeard,  
 And of each shade, that did it selfe present;  
 For, still she feared to be ouer-hent,  
 Of that vile Hug, or that vnciuile sonne:  
 Who, when too late awaking well they kent  
 That their faire guest was gone, they both begonne  
 To make exceeding mone, as they had been vdonue.

19

But that lewd louer did the most lament  
 For her depart, that euer man did heare;  
 He knockt his brest with desperate intent,  
 And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare  
 His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare:  
 That his sad mother seeing his sore plight,  
 Was greatly woe-begonne, and gan to feare  
 Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,  
 And loue to frenzy turnd, sith loue is franticke hight.

20

All wayes she sought, him to restore to plight,  
 With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with teares:  
 But teares, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might  
 Assuage the fury, which his entrails teares:  
 So strong is passion, that no reason heales.  
 Tho, when all other helps the lawe to faile,  
 She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares,  
 And by her diuclish arts thought to preuaile  
 To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

21

Effoones out of her hidden cause the cald  
 An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,  
 That could the stoutest courage haue appald;  
 Monstrous mishap't, and all his back was spect  
 With thousand spots of colours queint elect,  
 Thereto so swift, that it all beasts did pass:  
 Like neuer yet did liuing eye detect;  
 But likest it to an *Hyena* was,  
 That feeds on womens flesh, as others feed on grafs.

22

It forth she cald, and gaue it streight in charge,  
 Through thick and thin her to persuew apace,  
 Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,  
 Till her he had attaind, and brought in place,  
 Or quite deuour'd her beauties scornfull grace.  
 The Monster, swift as word that from her went,  
 Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace  
 So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent,  
 And passing speed, that shortly he her ouer-hent.

23

Whom when the fearefull *Damzell* nigh espide,  
 No need to bid her fast away to flic;  
 That vgly shape so fore her terrifide,  
 That it the shoud no lesse, then dread to die:  
 And her fit *Palfrey* did so well apply  
 His nimble feet to her conceiu'd feare,  
 That whil'ft his breath did strength to him supply,  
 From perill free he her away did beare:  
 But when his force gan faile, his pafe gan wex areare.

24

Which when as she perceiu'd, she was dismayd  
 At that same last extremitie full fore,  
 And of her safety greatly grew afraid:  
 And now she gan approche to the sea shore,  
 As it befell, that she could fly no more,  
 But yield her selfe to spoile of greedincsse.  
 Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,  
 From her dull horse, in desperate distres,  
 And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickernesse.

25

Not halfe so fast the wicked *Myrrha* fled  
 From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:  
 Nor halfe so fast to saue her maidenhed,  
 Flew fearfull *Daphne* on th' *Aegean* strond,  
 As *Florimell* fled from the Monster yond,  
 To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught:  
 For, in the sea to drowne her selfe she fond,  
 Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:  
 Therto feare gaue her wings; & need her courage taught.

26

Illfortuned (high God did so ordaine)  
 As she arriu'd on the roting shore,  
 In minde to leape into the mighty Maine,  
 A little boate lay houing her before,  
 In which there slept a Fisher old and poore,  
 The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:  
 Into the same she leapt, and with the ore,  
 Did thrust the shallop from the floating strand:  
 So safely found at sea, which she found not atland.

27

The Monster, ready on the prey to seafe,  
 Was of his forward hope deceiued quight;  
 Ne durst assay to wade the perulous seas,  
 But greedily long gaping at the sight,  
 At last in vaine was forc't to turne his sight,  
 And tell the idle tydings to his Dame:  
 Yet to auenge his diuclish despight,  
 He fet vpon her *Palfrey* tired lame,  
 And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came.

28

And after hauing him embowelled,  
 To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunc't a knight  
 To passe that way, as forth he trauelled;  
 It was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,  
 As euer man that bloody field did fight;  
 But in vaine shewes, that wont young knights bewitch,  
 And courtly seruices took no delight,  
 But rather ioyd to be, then seemen rich:  
 For, both to be and seeme to him was labour lich.

29

It was to weet, the good Sir *Satyrane*,  
 That rang'd abroad, to seeke aduentures wilde,  
 As was his wont in forrest, and in Plaine;  
 He was all arm'd in rugged Steele vnfilde,  
 As in the smoky forge it was compiled,  
 And in his scutchin bore a *Satyr*es hed:  
 He coming present, where the monster vilde  
 Vpon that milke-white *Palfreyes* carkas fed,  
 Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him sped.

30

There well perceiu'd he, that it was the horse,  
 Whereon faire *Florimell* was wont to ride,  
 That of that feend was rent without remorse:  
 Much feared he, least ought did ill beside  
 To that faire Mayd, the flowre of womens pride;  
 For, her he dearely loued, and in all  
 His famous conquests highly magnifide:  
 Besides, her goldengirdle, which did fall  
 From her in sight, he found, that did him fore appall.

31

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,  
 Fiercly he flew vpon that wicked feend;  
 And with huge strokes, and cruell battery  
 Him forc't to leaue his prey, for to attend  
 Himselfe from deadly danger to defend:  
 Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh  
 He did engraue, and muchell bloud did spend,  
 Yet might not doe him die; but aye more fresh  
 And fierce he still appear'd, the more he did him thresh.



<sup>32</sup>  
 Hewist not, how him to despoile of life,  
 Ne how to win the wished victory,  
 Sith him he sawe still stronger growe through strife,  
 And him selfe weaker through infirmity;  
 Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously  
 Hurling his sword away, he lightly leapt  
 Vpon the Beast, that with great crueltie  
 Rored, and rag'd to be vnder-kept:  
 Yet he perforce him held, and strokes vpon him hept.

<sup>33</sup>  
 As he that striues to stop a suddain flood,  
 And in strong bankes his violence enclose,  
 Foreeth it swell aboue his wonted mood,  
 And largely ouerflowe the fruitfull Plaine,  
 That all the country seemes to be a Maine,  
 And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne;  
 The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,  
 To see his whole yeeres labour lost so soone,  
 For which to God he made for many an idle boone:

<sup>34</sup>  
 So him he held, and did through might amate.  
 So long he held him, and him bet so long,  
 That at the last his fiercenesse gan abate,  
 And meekely stoupe vnto the victour strong:  
 Who, to auenge the implacable wrong,  
 Which he supposed donne to *Florimell*,  
 Sought by all meanes his dolour to prolong,  
 Sith dint of Steele his carcass could not quell;  
 His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

<sup>35</sup>  
 The golden ribband, which that virgin wore  
 About her slender waite, he tooke in hand,  
 And with it bound the Beast that loud did rore  
 For great despight of that unwonted band,  
 Yet dared not his victour to withstand,  
 But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,  
 And all the way him follow'd on the strand,  
 As he had long been learned to obey;  
 Yet neuer learned he such seruice, till that day.

<sup>36</sup>  
 Thus as he led the Beast along the waie,  
 He spide far off a mighty Giantesse,  
 Fast flying on a Courser dappled gray,  
 From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse  
 Her hard pursu'd, and fought for to suppress:  
 She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,  
 Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,  
 Fast bounden hand and foot with cords of wire,  
 Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

<sup>37</sup>  
 Which when as *Satyran* beheld, in haste  
 He left his captiue Beast at libertie,  
 And crost the nearest way, by which he cast  
 Her to encounter, ere she passed by:  
 But she the way shund nathemore for-thy,  
 But forward gallopt fast; which when he spide,  
 His mighty speare he couched warily,  
 And at her ranne: she, hauing him descride,  
 Her selfe to flight address, and threw her lode aside.

<sup>38</sup>  
 Like as a Goshauke, that in foot doth beare  
 A trembling Culuer, hauing spide on high  
 An Ægle, that with plumy wings doth sheare  
 The subtile ayre, stouping with all his might,  
 The quarry throwes to ground with fell despight,  
 And to the battell doth her selfe prepare:  
 So ran the Giantesse vnto the fight;  
 Her fiery eyes with furious sparkes did stare,  
 And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces rare.

<sup>39</sup>  
 She caught in hand a huge great iron mace,  
 Wherewith the many had of life depriv'd;  
 But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,  
 His speare amidst her sun-broad shield arriued;  
 Yet nathemore the Steele asunderriued,  
 All were the beame in bignesse like a mast,  
 Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driued,  
 But glauncing on the tempered metall, brast  
 In thousand shiuers, and so forth beside her past.

<sup>40</sup>  
 Her Steed did stagger with that puissant stroke;  
 But she no more was moued with that might,  
 Then it had lighted on an aged Oke;  
 Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight  
 Vpon the top of Mount *Olympus* high,  
 For the brave youthly Champions to asay,  
 With burning charet wheeles it nigh to smite:  
 But who that smites it, marres his ioyous play,  
 And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

<sup>41</sup>  
 Yet therewith sore enrag'd, with sterner regard  
 Her dreadfull weapon she to him address,  
 Which on his helmet matted so hard,  
 That made him lowe incline his lofty crest,  
 And bow'd his batted visour to his breast:  
 Wherewith he was so stund, that he n'ot eride,  
 But reeled to and fro from East to West:  
 Which when his cruell enemy espide,  
 She lightly vnto him adnoyed side to side;

<sup>42</sup>  
 And on his collar laying puissant hand,  
 Out of his wauering feate him pluckt perforce,  
 Perforce him pluckt, vnable to withstand,  
 Or help himselfe; and laying thwart her horse,  
 To loathly wife like to a carion corse,  
 She bore him fast away. Which when the knight,  
 That her pursu'd, saw, with great remorse  
 He neere was touch'd in his noble spright,  
 And gan increase his speed, as she increast her flight.

<sup>43</sup>  
 Whom when as nigh approaching she espide,  
 She threw away her burden angrily;  
 For, she list not the battell to abide,  
 But made her selfe more light away to fly:  
 Yet her the hardy knight pursu'd fo nie,  
 That almost in the backe he oft her strake:  
 But still when him at hand she did espie,  
 She turn'd, and semblance of faire fight did make;  
 But when he stay'd, to fight againe she did her take,

44  
By this, good Sir *Satyran* gan awake  
Out of his dream, that did him long entraunce;  
And seeing none in place, he gan to make  
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce,  
Which reft him from so faire a chauceance:  
At length he spide, whereas that wofull Squire,  
Whom he had reskewed from captiuaunce  
Of his strongfoe, lay tumbled in the mire,  
Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to stire.

45  
To whom approaching, well he mote perceiue  
In that foule plight a comely personage,  
And lovely face (made fit for to deceiue  
Fraile Ladies heart with loues consuming rage)  
Now in the blofome of his firstest age:  
He reard him vp, and loo'd his iron bands;  
And after gan enquire his parentage,  
And how he fell into that Giants hands,  
And who that was, which chased her along the lands.

46  
Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake;  
That Giantesse *Argante's* behight,  
A daughter of the *Titani* which did make  
Warre against heauen, and heaped hills on hight,  
To scale the skies, and put *Toue* from his right:  
Her site *Typhæus* was, who (mad through mirth,  
And drunk with bloud of men, slaine by his might)  
Through incest, her of his owne mother Earth  
Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

47  
For, at that birth another babe she bore,  
To weet, the mighty *Olyphant*, that wrought  
Great wreake to many crant knights of yore,  
And many hath to foule confusion brought.  
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)  
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosed they were,  
Ere they into the lightfome world were brought,  
In fleshy lust were mingled both yfere,  
And in that monstrous wile did to the world appeare.

48  
So liv'd they euer after in like fin,  
Gainst Natures law, and good behauiour:  
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,  
Who not content so fowly to deuoure  
Her native flesh, and straine her brothers bowre;  
Did wallow in all other fleshy mire,  
And lustred beasts her body to deflowre:  
So hot she burned in that lustfull fire;  
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desire.

49  
But ouer all the country she did range,  
To seeke young men, to quench her flaming thirst,  
And fed her fancy with delightfull change:  
Whom-so she fittest finds to serue her lust,  
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth  
She with her brings into a secret Ile, (trust,  
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,  
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,  
And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile.

50  
Me feely wretch she so at vantage caught,  
After she long in waite for me did lie,  
And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,  
Her loathfome pleasure there to satisfie;  
That thousand deaths me leuer were to die,  
Theu breake the vowe, that to faire *Columbell*  
I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:  
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;  
Call me the *Squire of Dames*: that me be seemeth well.

51  
But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing sawe  
That Giantesse, is not such, as she seemed,  
But a faire virgin, that in Martiall lawe,  
And deeds of armes about all Dames is deemed,  
And about many knights is eke esteemed,  
For her great worth; She *Palladine* is hight:  
She you from death, you me from dread redeemed.  
Ne any may that Mouster much in fight,  
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

52  
Her well be seemes that *Quest*, quoth *Satyran*:  
But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what vow is this,  
Which thou vpon thy self hast lately ta'ne?  
That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,  
So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amiss.  
That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,  
After long sute and weary seruicis,  
Did aske me, how I could her loue deferue,  
And how she might be sure: that I would neuer serue.

53  
I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,  
Bade her commaund my life to laue, or spill:  
Esteones she bade me, with iucellant paine  
To wander through the world abroad at will,  
And euery where, where with my power or skill  
I might do seruit vnto gentle Dames,  
That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (names  
And at the twelue months end should bring their  
And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

54  
So well I to faire Ladies seruice did,  
And so end such fauour in their louing hearts,  
That ere the yeare his course had compassed,  
Three hundred pledges for my good deserts,  
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good parts  
I with me brought, and did to her present:  
Which when she sawe, more bent to eke my smarts,  
Then to reward my trusty true intent,  
She gan for me deuise a grieuous punishment;

55  
To weet, that I my trauell should resume,  
And with like labour walke the world around,  
Ne euer to her presence should presume,  
Till I so many other Dames had found.  
The which, for all the suit I could propound,  
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,  
But did abide for euer chaste and sound.  
Ah gentle Squire, quoth he, tell at one word,  
How many foundest thou such to put in thy record?

56

Indeed Sir knight, sayd he, one word may tell  
 All, that I euer found so wisely stayd;  
 For, onely three they were dispos'd fo well:  
 And yet three yeeres I now abroad hane strayd,  
 To find them out. Mote I (hen laughing sayd  
 The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,  
 The which thy proffred cursefse deny'd?  
 Or ill they seem'd sure aniz'd to bee,  
 Or brutishly brought vp, that nev'r did fashions see.

57

The first which then refused me, sayd hee,  
 Certes was but a common Courtisane,  
 Yet flat refus'd to haue a-do with mee,  
 Because I could not giue her many a lane.  
 (Therat full heartily laught *Satyrane*)  
 The second was an holy Nunne to choke,  
 Which would not let me be her Chapellane,  
 Because she knew, she said, I would disclose  
 Her countell, if she should her trust in me repose.

58

The third a Damzell was of lowe degree,  
 Whom I in country cottage found by chance;  
 Full little weened I, that chasteite  
 Had lodging in so meane a maintenance:

Yet was she faire, and in her countenance  
 Dwelt simple truth in seemly fashion.  
 Long thus I woo'd her with dew obseruance,  
 In hope vnto my pleasure to haue wonne;  
 But was as farre at last, as when I first begonne.

59

Safe her, I neuer any woman found,  
 That chastity did for it selfe embrace,  
 But were for other causes firme and sound;  
 Either for want of handfome time and place,  
 Or elle for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.  
 Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine  
 My Ladies loue in such a desperate case,  
 But all my daies am like to waste in vaine, (traîne.  
 Seeking to match the chaste with th'vchaste Ladies

60

Perdy, said *Satyrane*, thou *Squire of Dames*,  
 Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,  
 To get small thanks, and therewith many blames,  
 That may among *Alcides* Labours stand.  
 Thence backe returning to the former land,  
 Where late he left the Beast he-ourcame,  
 He found him not; for, he had broke his band,  
 And was return'd againe vnto his Dame,  
 To tell what tidings of faire *Florimell* became.



## Canto VII.

The Witch creates a snowy Lady,  
 like to *Florimell*,  
 Who wrong'd by *Carle*, by *Proteus* sav'd,  
 is sought by *Paridell*.



**S**oft as I this history record,  
 My heart doth melt with meere compassion,  
 To thinke, how causeless of her owne accord  
 This gentle Damzell whom I write vpon,  
 Should plunged be in such affliction,  
 Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,  
 That sure I weene, the hardest heart of stone,  
 Would hardly find to aggravate her griefe;  
 For misery craues rather mercy, then retriefe.

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,  
 Had so encankled her malicious heart,  
 That she desir'd th'abridgement of her fate,  
 Or long enlargement of her painefull sm art.

Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art  
 Late forth she sent, she backe returning spide,  
 Tyde with her broken girdle; it, a part  
 Of her rich spoyles, whom he had earst destroyd,  
 She weend, and wondrous gladnesse to her heart applyde.

And with it running hast'ly to her sonne,  
 Thought with that sight him much to haue relieud;  
 Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,  
 His former griefe with furie fresh reuiud,  
 Much more then earst, and would haue algiues riuud  
 The hart out of his breast: for, fish her dead  
 He surely dempt, himselfe he thought deprivud  
 Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed  
 His foolish malady, and long time had misled.

4  
 With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,  
 And in his rage his mother would haue flaine,  
 Had she not fled into a secret mew,  
 Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine  
 The masters of her art: there was she faine  
 To call them all in order to her ayde,  
 And them coniure vpon eternall paine,  
 To counsell her so carefully difmayd, (cayd.)  
 How she might heale her sonne, whose senses were de-

5  
 By their aduise, and her owne wicked wit,  
 She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,  
 Whose like on earth was neuer framed yit,  
 That euen Nature selfe couide the same,  
 And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame  
 The thing it selfe. In hand she boldly tooke  
 To make another like the former Dame,  
 Another *Florimell*, in shape and looke  
 So liuely and so like, that many it mistooke.

6  
 The substance, whereof she the body made,  
 Was purest snowe in massie mould congeal'd,  
 Which she had gathered in a shady glade  
 Of the *Riphæan* hills, to her reucaled  
 By errant Sprights, but from all men conceal'd:  
 The same she tempered with fine Mercury,  
 And virgin wax, that neuer yet was seal'd,  
 And mingled them with perfect vermyly,  
 That like a liuely sanguine it seem'd to the eye.

7  
 In stead of eyes, two burning lamps she set  
 In siluer sockets, shining like the skies,  
 And a quicke moouing Spirit did arret  
 To stir and roll them, like a womans eyes:  
 In stead of yellow lockes she did deuise,  
 With golden wire to weaue her curled head;  
 Yet golden wire was not so yellow thrice  
 As *Florimells* faire haire: and in the stead  
 Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carcase dead;

8  
 A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,  
 And faire resemblance about all the rest,  
 Which with the Prince of darknesse fell somewhat,  
 From heauens blis and euerlasting rest;  
 Him needed not instruct, which way were best  
 Himselfe to fashion likest *Florimell*,  
 Ne how to speake, ne how to vse his gest:  
 For, he in counterfeiance did excell;  
 And all the wyles of womens wits knew passing well.

9  
 Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,  
 Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,  
 That who so then her sawe, would surely say,  
 It was her selfe whom it did imitate,  
 Or fairer then her selfe, if ought algate  
 Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought  
 Vnto her sonne, that lay in feeble state;  
 Who seeing her gan straight vpstart, and thought  
 She was the Lady selfe, whom he so long had fought.

10  
 Tho, fast her clipping twixt his armes twaine,  
 Extremely ioyed in so happy fight,  
 And soone forgot his former sickly paine;  
 But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,  
 Coily rebutted his embracement light;  
 Yet still with gentle countenance retained,  
 Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:  
 Him long she so with shadowes entertained,  
 As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordained;

11  
 Till on a day, as he disposed was  
 To walke the woods with that his Idole faire,  
 Her to disport, and idle time to pass,  
 In th'open freshnesse of the gentle aire,  
 A knight that way there chanced to repaire;  
 Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull Swaine,  
 That decds of armes had euer in despair,  
 Proud *Braggadocchio*, that in vaunting vaine  
 His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

12  
 He seeing with that Chorofo faire a wight,  
 Decked with many a costly ornament,  
 Much meruciled thereat, as well he might,  
 And thought that match a foule disparagement:  
 His bloody speare estfoones he boldly bent  
 Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare,  
 Fell straight to ground in great astonishment.  
 Villcin, said he; this Lady is my deare;  
 Dy, if thou it gainsay: I will away her beare.

13  
 The fearefull Chorle durst not gainsay, nor doo,  
 But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;  
 Who finding little leasure her to wooe,  
 On *Tromparts* steed her mounted without stay,  
 And without reskew led her quite away.  
 Proud man himselfe then *Braggadocchio* deemed,  
 And next to none, after that happy day,  
 Being possessed of that spoile, which seemed  
 The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteemed.

14  
 But when he sawe himselfe free from pursute,  
 He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,  
 With tearms of loue and lewdnesse dissolute;  
 For, he could well his glazing speeches frame  
 To such vaine vses, that him best became:  
 But the thereto would lend but light regard;  
 As seeming sorry, that she cuer came  
 Into his powre, that vsed her so hard,  
 To reoue her honour, which she more then life prefard.

15  
 Thus as they two of kindnesse treated long,  
 There them by chance encountred on the way  
 An armed knight, vpon a courser strong,  
 Whose trampling feete vpon the hollow lay  
 Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray  
 That Capons courage: yet he looked grim,  
 And fayn'd to cheare his Lady in difmay;  
 Who seem'd for feare to quake in euery lim,  
 And her to saue from outrage, meckely prayed him.

16

Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh  
Approching, with bold words, and bitter threat,  
Bade that lame boaster, as he mote, on high  
To leaue to him that Lady for excheat,  
Or bide him battell without further treat.  
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,  
And filld his senses with abashtment great;  
Yet seeing nigh him icopardy extream,  
Heit dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteeme;

17

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that ween'st with words  
To steale away that I with blowes haue wonne,  
And brought through points of many perilous swords:  
But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,  
Or prone thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,  
And seek else without hazard of thy hed.  
At those proud words that other knight begonne  
To wax exceeding wroth, and him arde  
To turne his steed about, or sure he should be dead.

18

Sith then, said *Braggadocchio*, needs thou wilt  
Thy daies abridge, through prooue of puissance,  
Turne we our steedes, that both in equall tilt  
May meet againe, and each take happy chance.  
This said, they both a furlongs mountance  
Retyr'd their steedes, to ronne in euen race:  
But *Braggadocchio* with his bloody lunce  
Once hauing turnd, no more returnd his face,  
But left his loue to los, and fled himselfe apace.

19

The knight, him seeing fly, had no regard  
Him to pursue, but to the Lady rode;  
And hauing her from *Trompart* lightly reard,  
Vpon his courser set the louely lode,  
And with her fled away without abode.  
Well weened he, that fairest *Florimell*  
It was, with whom in company he yode,  
And to her selfe did alwaies to him tell;  
So made him think himselfe in heauen, that was in hell.

20

But *Florimell* her selfe was farre away,  
Drinen to great distresse by fortune strange,  
And taught the careful Manner to play,  
Sith late mischance had her compeld to change  
The land for sea, at randon there to range:  
Yet there that cruell Queene anengeresse,  
Not satisfide so farre her to estrange  
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,  
Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchednesse.

21

For, being fled into the Fishers boat,  
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,  
Long so she on the mighty Maine did flote,  
And with the tide droue forward carelesly;  
For, th'aire was milde, and cleared was the sky,  
And all his windes *Dan Aedlus* did keep  
From stirring yp their stormy enmity,  
As pitying to see her waile and weep;  
But all the while the Fisher did securely sleepe.

22

At last, when drunk with drownsincke, he woke,  
And saw his drouer driue along the streame,  
He was dismayd, and thrice his brest he stroke,  
For maruell of that accident extreame;  
But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,  
Which with rare light his boat did beautifie,  
He marueild more, and thought he yet did dreame  
Not well awak't, or that some extasie  
Assorted had his sense, or dazed was his eye.

23

But when her well auizing, he perceiued  
To be no vision, nor fantasticke sight,  
Great comfort of her presence he conceiued,  
And felt in his old courage new delight  
To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright:  
Tho, rudely askt her, how she thither came.  
Ah, sayd she, father, I n'ot read aright,  
What hard misfortune brought me to the same;  
Yet am I glad that here I now in safctie am.

24

But thou good man, sith farr in sea we be,  
And the great waters gin apace to swell,  
That now no more we can the maine-land see,  
Haue care, I pray, to guide the cock-boat well,  
Least worse on sea then vs on land befell.  
Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,  
And said, his boat the way could wisely tell:  
But his deceitfull eyes did neuer lin  
To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy skin.

25

The sight whereof, in his congealed flesh,  
Infixt such secret sting of greedy lust,  
That the dry withered stock it gan refresh,  
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:  
The kindewood is soonest burnt to dust.  
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand  
Where ill became him, rashly would haue thrust:  
But she with angry scorne him did withstond,  
And shamefully reprooued for his rudenesse fond.

26

But, he that neuer good nor manners knew,  
Her sharper rebuke full little did esteem;  
Hard is to teach an olde horse amble trew.  
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,  
Broke into open fire and rage extream,  
And now he strength gan adde vnto his will,  
Forcing to doe that did him fowle misseeme:  
Beastly he threw her downe, ne car'd to spill  
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

27

The silly virgin stroue him to withstand,  
All that she might, and him in vaine reuill'd:  
She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,  
To saue her honor from that villaine vild,  
And cride to heauen, from humane help exil'd.  
O ye brane knights, that boast this Ladies loue,  
Where be ye now, when she is nigh desil'd  
Of filthy wretch? well may she you reprove  
Of falshood, or of slouth, when most it may behoue.

28

But if that thou, Sir *Satyrus*, didst weete,  
Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her sory state,  
How soone would ye assemble many a flecte  
To serch from sea, that ye at land lost late?  
Towres, Cityes, Kingdomes ye would runate,  
In your auengement and dispiteous rage,  
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;  
But if Sir *Calidore* could it preface,  
No liuing creature could his cruelty assuage.

29

But sith that none of all her knights is nie,  
See how the heavens of voluntary grace,  
And soueraigne fauour towards chastity,  
Do succour send to her distressed case:  
So much high God doth innocence embrace.  
It fortun'd, whilest thus she stilly stroue,  
And the wide sea importuned long space  
With shrilling strickes, *Proteus* abroad did roue,  
Along the fomy waues driuing his finny droue.

30

*Proteus* is Shepheard of the Seas of yore,  
And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mighty heard;  
An aged sire with head all frory hore,  
And sprinkled frost vpon his dewy heard:  
Who when those pittifull outries he heard  
Through all the seas so ruelly refused,  
His Charet swift in haste he thither steard;  
Which, with a teeme of scaly *Phoas* bound,  
Was drawne vpon the waues, that forimed him around.

31

And coming to that Fishers wandring bote,  
That went at will, withouten carde or sayle,  
Hetherem sawe that yrke some sight, which smote  
Deepe indignation and compassion fraile  
Into his heart attonce: streight did he haile  
The greedy villein from his hoped prey,  
Of which he now did very little feale,  
And with his staffe that driues his heard astray,  
Him bet so sore, that life and sense did much dismay.

32

X The whiles the pitious Lady vp did rise,  
Ruffled and fowly rayd with fi thy foile,  
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:  
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle  
To saue her selfe from that outrageous spoile:  
But when she looked vp, to weet what wight  
Had her from so infamous fact assold,  
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,  
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and loudly flight.

33

Her selfe not saued yet from danger dreed  
She thought, but chang'd from one to other feare;  
Like as a fearefull Partridge, that is fled  
From the sharpe Hauke, which her attached neare,  
And falls to ground, to seeke for succour there,  
Whereas the hungry Spaniels she does spy,  
With greedy iawes her readie for to teares;  
In such distresse and sad perplexity  
Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* she did see thereby.

24

But he endeoured with speeches milde,  
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,  
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,  
Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was, her told.  
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,  
Ne to recomfort her at all preuaild;  
For, her faint heart was with the frozen cold  
Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh faild,  
And all her senses with abashtment quite were quaild.

35

Her vp betwix his rugged hands he reard,  
And with his frory lips full softly kist,  
Whiles the cold yficles from his rough beard  
Dropped adowne vpon her yuory breast:  
Yet he himselfe so busily addrest,  
That her out of astonishment he wrought,  
And out of that same fishers filthy nest  
Remouing her, into his charet brought,  
And there with many gentle tearms her faire besought.

36

But that old leachour, which with bold assault  
That beutie durst presume to violate,  
He cast to punish for his hainous fault;  
Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late,  
And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate  
The virgin, whom he had abus'd so sore:  
So dragd him through the waves in scornfull state,  
And after cast him vp vpon the shore;  
But *Florimell* with him vnto his bowre he bore.

37

His bowre is in the bottom of the Maine,  
Vnder a mighty rock, gainst which do rauce  
The roling billowes in their proud disdaine;  
That with the angry working of the waue,  
Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,  
That seemes rough Masons hand with engines keene  
Had long while labour'd it to engrauce:  
There was his wonne, ne liuing wight was seene,  
Sauc one olde Nymph, hight *Panopé*, to keepe it cleane.

38

Thither he brought the sory *Florimell*,  
And entertained her the best he might;  
And *Panopé* her entere, in deke well,  
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,  
To winne her liking vnto his delight:  
With flattering words he sweetly wooed her,  
And offered faire giftes v'allure her sight:  
But the both offers and the offerer  
Despise, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

39

X Daily he tempted her with this or that,  
And neuer suffred her to be atrest:  
But euermore she him refused flat,  
And all his fained kindnesse did detest;  
So firmly she had sealed vp her brest.  
Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight:  
But she a mortall creature loued best:  
Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;  
But then she said she lov'd none, but a Faerie knight.

Then like a Faery knight himselfe he drest;  
 For, euery shape on him he could endew:  
 Then like a king he was to her exprest,  
 And offred kingdomes vnto her in view,  
 To be his Leman and his Lady true:  
 But when all this he nothing faue preuaile,  
 With harder means he cast her to subdew,  
 And with sharpe threats her often did assaile,  
 So thinking for to make her stubborne courage quail.

To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme,  
 Now like a Giant, now like to a fiend,  
 Then like a Centaure, then like to a storme,  
 Raging within the waues: thereby he weend  
 Her will to win vnto his wished end.  
 But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all  
 He else could doe, he saw himselfe esteem'd,  
 Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,  
 And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

Eternall thraldome was to her more lise,  
 Then losse of chafutee, or change of loue:  
 Dic had she rather in tormenting grieffe,  
 Than any should of falsenesse her reprove,  
 Or loofenesse, that she lightly did remooue.  
 Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,  
 And crowne of heavenly praise with Saints aboue,  
 Where most sweet hymnes of this thy famous deed  
 Are still emongt them sung, that far my rimes exceed.

Fit song, of Angels caroled to bee;  
 But yet what so my feeble Muse can frame,  
 Shall be t'aduance thy goodly chafutee,  
 And to enroll thy memorable name,  
 In th' heart of euery honorable Dame,  
 That they thy vertuous deeds may imitate,  
 And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.  
 It yrkes me leaue thee in this wofull state,  
 To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late:

Who hauing ended with that *Squire of Dames*  
 A long discourse of hir adventures vaine,  
 The which himselfe, then Ladies more defames,  
 And finding not th'*Hyena* to be slaine,  
 With that same *Squire*, returned backe againe  
 To his first way. And as they forward went,  
 They spide a knight faire pricking on the Plaine,  
 As if he were on some aduenture bent,  
 And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

Sir *Satyrane* him towards did addressse,  
 To weet what wight he was, and what his quest:  
 And comming nigh, estoones he gan to ghesse  
 Both by the burning heart, which on his brest  
 He bare, and by the colours in his crest,  
 That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,  
 And him saluting, as befemed best,  
 Gan first inquire of tydings farre abroad;  
 And afterwards on what aduenture now herode.

Who thereto answering, sayd: The tydings bad,  
 Which now in Faery court all men do tell,  
 Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning sad,  
 Is the late ruine of proud *Mavinell*,  
 And suddain parture of faire *Florimell*,  
 To find him forth: and after he are gone  
 All the braue knights, that doen in armes excell,  
 To fauegard her, ywandred all alone;  
 Emongt the rest, my lot (vnworthy) is to be one.

Ah gentle knight, said then Sir *Satyrane*,  
 Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,  
 That hast a thanklesse seruice on thee ta'ne,  
 And offrest sacrifice vnto the dead:  
 For dead, I surely doubt, thou mist aread  
 Henceforth for euer *Florimell* to bee,  
 That all the noble knights of *Maydenhead*,  
 Which her ador'd, may sore repent with me,  
 And all faire Ladies may for euer lory be.

Which words, when *Paridell* had heard, his hew  
 Gan greatly change, and seem'd dismaid to bee;  
 Then said, Faire Sir, how may I ween it trow  
 That ye do tell in such vncertaintee?  
 Or speake ye of report, or did ye see  
 Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?  
 For, perdy else how mote it euer bee,  
 That euer hand should dare for to engore  
 Her noble blood: the heauens such cruelty abhorre.

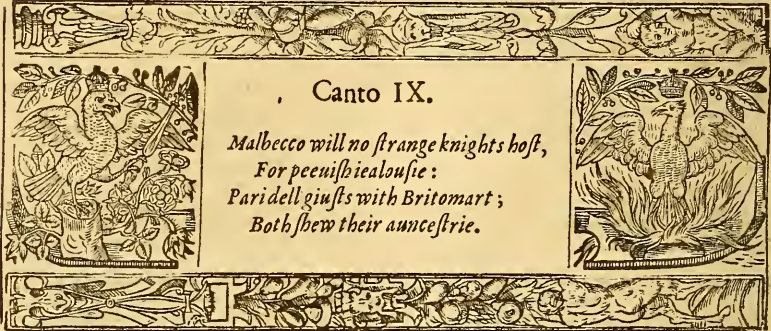
These eyes did see, that they will euer rew  
 Th'haue seene, quoth he, when as a monstrous beast  
 The *Palfrey*, whereon she did trauell, slew,  
 And of his bowels made a bloody feast:  
 Which speaking token sheweth at the least  
 Her certaine losse, if nother sure decay:  
 Besides, that more suspicion encreast,  
 I found her golden girle cast astray,  
 Distayn'd with durt and blood, as relique of the prey.

Aye me, sayd *Paridell*, the signes be sad,  
 And but God turne the same to good foorthsay,  
 That Ladies safety is fore to be drad:  
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,  
 Till triall doe in more certaine truth bewray.  
 Faire Sir, quoth he, well may it you succeed,  
 Ne long shall *Satyrane* behind you stay,  
 But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed  
 My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

Ye noble knights, sayd then the *Squire of Dames*,  
 Well may ye see in so praise-worthy paine:  
 But sith the Sunne now ginnes to stike his beames,  
 In dewy vapours of the westerne Maine,  
 And lose the teme out of his weary waine,  
 Mote not mislike you also to abate  
 Your zealous haste, till morrowe next againe  
 Both light of heauen, and strength of men relate:  
 Which if ye please, to yonder Castle turne your gate.

That counsell pleased well: so all yfere  
 Forth marched to a Cistle them before,  
 Where soone arming, they restrained were  
 Of ready entrance, which ought euermore

To errant knights be common: wondrous fore  
 Thereat displeas'd they were, till that young Squire  
 Gan them informe the cause, why that same dore  
 Was shut to all, which lodging did desire:  
 The which to let you weet, will further time require.



## Canto IX.

*Malbecco will no strange knights host,  
 For peeuishbealousie:  
 Paridell giusts with Britomart;  
 Both shew their auncestrie.*

**R**Edoubted knights, and honorable Dames,  
 To whom I leuell all my labours end,  
 Right fore I feare, leaft with vnworthy blames  
 This odious argument my rimcs stould shend,  
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,  
 Whiles of a wanton Lady I do write,  
 Which with her loofe incontinence doth blend  
 The shining glory of your soueraigne light,  
 And knighthood foule defaced by a faithlesse knight.

But neuer let th'ensample of the bad  
 Offend the good: for, good by paragone  
 Of euill, may more notably be rad,  
 As white seemcs fairer, matcht with blacke atone;  
 Ne, all are shamed by the fault of one:  
 For lo, in heauen, whereas all goodncsse is,  
 Emongst the Angels, a whole legione  
 Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy blifs;  
 What wonder then, if one of women all did misf?

Then listen Lordings, if ye list to weet  
 The cause, why *Satyraue* and *Paridell*  
 Mote not be entertain'd, as seemed meet,  
 Into that Cistle (as that Squire does tell.)  
 Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,  
 That has no skill of Court nor courtiesic,  
 Ne cares, what men say of him, ill or well;  
 For, all his daies he drownes in priuity,  
 Yet has full large to liue, and spend at libertie.

But all his minde is set on mucky pelfe,  
 To hoord vp heapes of euill gotten masse,  
 For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe;  
 Yet is he linked to a loucly Lasse,

Whose beauty doth his bounty farre surpass,  
 The which to him both far vnequall yeares,  
 And also far vnlike conditions has;  
 For, she does ioy to play emongst her peares,  
 And to be free from hard restraint and ielous feares.

But he is old, and withered like hay,  
 Vnfit faire Ladies seruice to supply;  
 The priuy guilt whereof makes him alway  
 Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy  
 Vpon her with his other blinked eye;  
 Ne suffreth he resort of liuing wight  
 Approche to her, ne keep her companie,  
 But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,  
 Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

*Malbecco* he, and *Hellenore* she hight,  
 Vastly yok't together in one teeme:  
 That is the cause, why neuer any knight  
 It suffred here to enter, but he seeme  
 Such, as no doubt of him hee needs misdeeme.  
 Thereat *Sis Satyrane* gan smile and say;  
 Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,  
 That weenes with watch and hard restraint to stay  
 A womans will which is dispos'd to goe astraic.

In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne:  
 For, who wotes not, that womans subtilties  
 Can guilen *Argus*, when she list misdonne?  
 It is not iron bands, nor hundred eyes,  
 Nor brazen walls, nor many wakefull spies,  
 That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;  
 But fast good will with gentle courtesies,  
 And timely seruice to her pleasures meet  
 May her perhaps containe, that else would algates flect.

Then



8  
Then, is he not more mad, said *Paridell*,  
That hath himselfe vnto such seruice fold,  
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?  
For, sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,  
That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.  
But why doe we deuise of others ill,  
Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old  
To keepe vs out, in scorne of his owne will,  
And rather doe not ranlack all, and himselfe kill?

9  
Nay, let vs first, said *Satyranes*, intreat  
The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,  
And afterwards affray with cruell threat,  
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:  
Then, if all faile, we will by force it win,  
And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,  
As may be worthy of his haynous sin.  
That counsell pleas'd: Then *Paridell* did rise,  
And to the Castle gate approach't in quiet wise.

10  
Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desir'd.  
The good-man Ielic (which then the Porter praid)  
Him answered, that all were now retir'd  
Vnto their rest; and all the keyes conuaid  
Vnto their Maister, who in bed was laid,  
That none him durst awake out of his dreame;  
And therefore them of patience gently praid.  
Then *Paridell* began to change his theame,  
And threatned him with force, and punishment extreme.

11  
But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent.  
And now so long before the wicket fast  
They waited, that the night was forward spent,  
And the faire welkin (foolly over-cast)  
Gan blownen vp a bitter stormy blast,  
With showre and haile so horrible and dred,  
That this faire many were compeld at last  
To fly for succour to a little shed,  
The which beside the gate for swine was ordered.

12  
It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,  
Another knight, whom tempest thither brought,  
Came to that Castle; and with earnest mone,  
Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought:  
But, like to as the rest, he prayd for nought;  
For, flatly he of entrance was refus'd.  
Sorely therat he was displeas'd, and thought  
How to avenge himselfe to fore abus'd,  
And euermore the Carle of curtesie accus'd.

13  
But, to avoyd th'intolerable showre,  
Hee was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,  
And to that shed (to throw him from the showre)  
Hee came, which full of guests he found whyleare,  
So as he was not let to enter there;  
Wherethe he gan to wex exceeding wroth,  
And swore that he would lodge with them yfere,  
Or them dislodge, all were they lise or loth;  
And them desed each, and so deside them both.

14  
Both were full loth to leane that needfull tent,  
And both full loth in darknesse to debate:  
Yet both full lise him lodging to haue lent,  
And both full lise his boating to abate;  
But chiefly *Paridell* his hart did grate,  
To heare him threaten so despighfully,  
As if he did a dogge to kenell rate,  
That durst not burke; and rather had he dy,  
Then when he was deside, in coward corner ly.

15  
Tho, hastily remounting to his steed,  
Hee forth islew'd; like as a boistrous wind,  
Which in th'earth's hollow caues hath long bin hid,  
And shut vp fast within her prisons blind,  
Makes the huge element aganist her kind  
To moue, and tremble as it were agast,  
Vntill that it an issue forth may find;  
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast  
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth over-cast.

16  
Their steele-head speares they strongly coucht, and met  
Together with impetuou rage and force;  
That with the terrour of their fierce affret,  
They rudely droue to ground both man and horse,  
That each (awhile) lay like a senselesse corse:  
But *Paridell*, fore brused with the blowe,  
Could not arise, the counterchange to score,  
Till that young Squire him reared from belowe;  
Then drew he his bright sword, & gan about him throwe.

17  
But *Satyranes*, forth stepping, did them stay,  
And with faire trearie pacified their ire;  
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,  
Aganist that Castles Lord they gan conspire,  
To heape on him due vengeance for his hire.  
They been agreed, and to the gates they goe  
To burne the same with vnquenckable fire,  
And that vncurteous Carle (their common foe)  
To doe foule death to die, or wrap in gricuous woe.

18  
*Malbecco*, seeing them resolv'd indeed  
To flame the gates, and hearing them so call  
For fire in earnest, ranne with fearefull speed;  
And to them calling from the Castle wall,  
Besought them humbly, him to beare withall,  
As ignorant of seruauants bad abuse,  
And slack attendance vnto strangers call.  
The knights were willing all things to excuse,  
Though nought belieu'd, & entrance late did not refuse.

19  
They been ybrought into a comely bowre,  
And seru'd of all things that mote needfull bee;  
Yet secretly their host did on them lowre,  
And welcom'd more for feare then chafitee;  
But they dissembled what they did not see,  
And welcomed themselves. Each gan vndight  
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,  
To dry themselves by *Vulcanes* flaming light,  
And eke their lately brused parts to bring in plight.

20  
And eke that stranger knight, amongst the rest,  
Was for like need enforced to disarray:  
Tho, when as veiled was her lofty crest,  
Her golden locks, that were in tangles gay  
Vp-bounden, did themselues adowne display,  
And raught vnto her heeles: like sunny beames,  
That in a clowd their light did long time stay,  
Their vapour vaded, shew their golden gleames,  
And through the perfwent ayre shoor forth their azure

(streames.

21  
She also doft her heauy haberjeon,  
V Which the faire feature of her limbes did hide;  
And her well plighted frock, which she did won  
To tuck about her short when she did ride,  
Shee lowe let fall, that flow'd from her lank side  
Downe to her foot, with carelesse modestie.  
Then of them all shee plainly was espide  
To be a woman-wight (vnwist to bee)  
The fairest woman-wight that euer eye did see.

22  
Like as *Minerva*, beeing late returned  
From slaughter of the Giants conquered;  
Where proud *Encelade*, whose wide nosethrills burnd  
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,  
Transfix'd with the speare, downe tumbled ded  
From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped he;  
Hath loofd her helmet from her lofty hed,  
And her *Gorgonian* shield gins to vntie  
From her left arme, to rest in glorious victory.

23  
Which when as they beheld, they smitten were  
With great amazement of so wondrous sight;  
And each on other, and they all on her  
Stood gazing, as if suddaine great affright  
Had them surpris'd. At last, avising right,  
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,  
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight  
In their first error, and yet still anew  
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry view.

24  
Yet n'ote their hungry view be satisfied;  
But seeing, still the more desir'd to see,  
And euer firmly fix'd did abide  
In contemplation of diuinitie:  
But most they meruaile at her cheualree  
And noble prowesse, which they had approued,  
That much they faind to knowe who shee mote bee;  
Yet none of all them her thereof amoued,  
Yet euery one her lik't, and euery one her loued.

25  
And *Paridell*, though partly discontent  
V Vith his late fall, and foule indignity,  
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,  
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,  
And knightly worth, which hee too late did try,  
Yet tryed did adore. Supper was dight;  
Then they *Malbecco* prayd of curtesie,  
That of his Lady they might haue the sight,  
And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

26  
But he, to shuff their curious request,  
Gan causen why shee could not come in place;  
Her cras'd health, her late recourse to rest,  
And humid euening, ill for sicke folkes case:  
But none of those excuses could take place;  
Ne would they eate, till shee in presence came.  
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,  
And fairely them saluted, as became,  
And shew'd her selfe in all a gentle courteous Dame.

27  
They fate to meat, and *Satyrane* his chaunce  
Was her before, and *Paridell* beside;  
But he him selfe still looking still ascaunce,  
Gainst *Briotmart*, and euer closely eyde  
Sir *Satyrane*, that glaunces might not glyde:  
But his blind eye, that sided *Paridell*,  
All his demeanure from his sight did hide:  
On her faire face fo did hee feede his fill,  
And sent close messages of loue to her at will.

28  
And euer and anone, when none was ware,  
With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,  
Hee rovd at her, and told his secret care:  
For, all that art he leamed had of yore.  
Ne was shee ignorant of that lewd lore,  
But in his eye his meaning wisely red,  
And with the like him answerd euer more:  
She sent at him one fire dart, whose hed  
Empoisoned was with priuy lute, and ielous dred.

29  
Hee, from that deadly throwe made no defence,  
But to the wound his weake hart opened wide;  
The wicked engine through false influence  
Past through his eyes, and secretly did glyde  
Into his hart, which it did forely gyde.  
— But nothing new to him was that same paine,  
— Ne paine at all; for he so oft had tryde  
The power thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,  
That thing of course he counted, loue to entertaine.

30  
Thence-forth to her hee sought to intimate  
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne;  
Now *Bacchus* frmit out of the filter plate  
He on the table dash't, as overthrowne,  
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,  
And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,  
Or therein write to let his loue be showne;  
V Which well shee red out of the learned line;  
— (A sacrament profane in mysterie of wine.)

31  
And when-so of his hand the pledge she raught,  
The guilty cup she faind to mistake,  
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,  
Shewing desire her inward flame to flake:  
By such close signes they secret way did make  
Vnto their wils, and one eyes watch escape;  
Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,  
V Who Loners will deceiue. Thus was the ape,  
By their faire handling, put into *Malbeccoes* capc.

Now when of meates and drinks they had their fill,  
 Purpofe was moued by that gentle Dame,  
 To thofe Knights adventurous, to tell  
 Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,  
 And euery one his kindred, and his name.  
 Then *Paridell* (in whom a kindly pride  
 Of gracious fpeech, and skill his words to frame  
 Abounded) being glad of to fit tide  
 Him to commend to her, thus fpake, of all well eyde :

<sup>32</sup>  
*Troy*, that art now nought but an idle name,  
 And in thine afhes buried lowe dooft lye,  
 Though whylome far much greater then thy fame,  
 Before that angry Gods, and cruell sky  
 Vpon thee heapt a direfull deftinie ;  
 What boots it boast thy glorious defcent,  
 And fetch from heauen thy great Genealogie,  
 Sith all thy worthy prayfes being blent,  
 Their of-fpring hath embas't, and later glory fhent ?

<sup>33</sup>  
 Most famous VVorthy of the world, by whom  
 That warre was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,  
 And ftately towres of *Ilion* whilome  
 Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name  
 Sir *Paris*, far renown'd through noble fame ;  
 Who, though great prowefle and bold hardineffe,  
 From *Lacedamon* fetcht the faireft Dame  
 That euer *Greece* did boast, or knight poffeffe,  
 Whom *Venus* to him gaue for meed of worthineffe ;

<sup>34</sup>  
 Faire *Helene*, flowre of beauty excellent,  
 And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,  
 That madeft many Ladies deare lament  
 The heauy losfe of their braue Paramours,  
 Which they far off beheld from *Troian* towres,  
 And faw the fieldes of faire *Scamander* ftrowne  
 With carcasses of noble warriors,  
 Whofe fruitleffe liues were vnder furrow fowne,  
 And *Xanthus* fandy bankes with bloud all overflowne.

<sup>35</sup>  
 From him, my linage I denue aright,  
 Who long before the ten yeares fiegge of *Troy*,  
 Whiles yet on *Ida* he a fhepherd hight,  
 On faire *Oenohe* got a louely boy :  
 Whom, for remembrance of her paffed ioy,  
 She of his Father, *Paris* did name ;  
 VVho, after *Greekes* did *Priams* realme destroy,  
 Gath'rd the *Troiane* reliques sau'd from flame,  
 And with them faying thence, to th' *Ile* of *Paros* came.

<sup>36</sup>  
 That was by him calld *Paros*, which before  
 Hight *Nausa* : there he many yeares did raigne,  
 And built *Nausile* by the *Ponticke* fhor ;  
 The which he dying, left next in remaine  
 To *Paridas* his fonne.  
 From whom I *Paridell* by kin defcend ;  
 But for faire Ladies loue, and glories gaine,  
 My natiue foile haue left, my dayes to fpend  
 In fewing deeds of armes, my liues and labours end.

<sup>37</sup>  
 When-as the noble *Britomart* heard tell  
 Of *Troiane* warres, and *Priams* Citie fackt  
 (The ruefull ftory of Sir *Paridell*)  
 She was empaffiond at that pittidous act,  
 VVith zealous enuy of *Greekes* cruell fact,  
 Againft that Nation, from whofe race of old  
 She heard that fhee was lineally extract :  
 For, noble *Eritons* (fprung from *Troians* bold,  
 And *Troynouant* was built of old *Troyes* afhes cold.

<sup>38</sup>  
 Then fighting foft awhile, at laft, fhe thus :  
 O lamentable fall of famous towne !  
 Which reign'd fo many yeares victoriously,  
 And of all *Asia* bore the foueraigne crowne,  
 In one fad night confum'd, and thrown downe :  
 What ftoney hart, that heares thy hapleffe fate,  
 Is not empearc't with deepe compaffionne,  
 And makes enfample of mans wretched ftate,  
 That flowres fo frefh at morne, and fades at euening late ?

<sup>39</sup>  
 Behold, Sir, how your pittifull complaint  
 Hath found another partner of your paine :  
 For, nothing may imprefle fo deare constraint,  
 As Countries caufe, and common foes difdaine.  
 But, if it fhould not grieue you backe againe  
 To turne your courfe, I would to heare defire  
 What to *Aeneas* fell ; fith that men fayne  
 Hee was not in the Citie's wofull fire  
 Confum'd, but did himfelfe to fafetie retire.

<sup>40</sup>  
*Anchyfes* fonne, begot of *Venus* faire,  
 Said hee, out of the flames for fafeguard fled,  
 And with a remnant did to fea repaire,  
 Where hee through fatal! error long was led  
 Full many yeares, and weeteleffe wanderd  
 From fhore to fhore, emongft the *Lybick* fands,  
 Ere reft he found. Much there he fufferd,  
 And many perils paff in forraine lands,  
 To fave his people fad from Victors vengefull hands.

<sup>41</sup>  
 At laft, in *Latium* hee did arriue,  
 Where hee with cruell warre was entertaind  
 Of th'inland folke, which fought him backe to driue,  
 Till hee with old *Latinus* was conftreind  
 To contract wedlock : (fo the Fates ordaind.)  
 VVedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood  
 Accomplifhed, that many deare complaind :  
 The riual! flaine, the Victor (through the flood  
 Escaped hardly) hardly prayfd his wedlock good.

<sup>42</sup>  
 Yet after all, hee Victor did furuiue,  
 And with *Latinus* did the kingdom part.  
 But after, when both nations gan to fturie,  
 Into their names the title to conuert,  
 His fonne *Iulus* did from thence depart,  
 With all the warlike youth of *Troians* bloud,  
 And in long *Alba* plac't his throne apart,  
 VVhere faire it florifhed, and long time ftoud,  
 Till *Remulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remou'd.

44  
There, there, said *Britomart*, afresh appear'd  
The glory of the later world to spring,  
And *Troy* againe out of her dust was read',  
To sit in second seate of foueraigne king  
Of all the world vnder her governing.  
But a third kingdome yet is to arise,  
Out of the *Troians* scattered of-spring,  
That in all glorie and great enterprife,  
Both first and second *Troy* shall dare to equalife.

45  
It *Troynouant* is hight, that with the waues  
Of wealthy *Thamis* wastid is along,  
Vpon whose stubborne neck (where-at he raues  
With roring rage, and fore himselfe does throng,  
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong)  
She fastned hath her foot, which stands so hie,  
That it a wonder of the world is song  
In foraine Lands; and all which passen by,  
Beholding it from far, doe thinke it threatens the sky.

46  
The *Troiane Brute* did first that Citie found,  
And *Hygate* made the meare thereof by West,  
And *Ouert-gate* by North: that is the bound  
Toward the land; two riuers bound the rest.  
So huge a scope at first him seem'd best,  
To be the compasse of his kingdomes feat:  
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,  
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,  
That *Albion* had conquered first by warlike feat.

47  
Ah! fayrest Lady-knight, said *Paridell*,  
Pardon (I pray) my heedlesse over-sight,  
Who had forgot, that whylome I heard tell  
From aged *Mnemon*; for, my wits ben light.  
Indeed, he said, if I remember right,  
That of the antique *Troiane* stock, there grew  
Another plant, that raught to wondrous height,  
And far abroad his mighty branches threw,  
Into the vtmost Angle of the world he knew.

48  
For, that same *Brute* (whom much he did aduance  
In all his speech) was *Sylvius* his sonne,  
Whom hauing slaine, through luckles arrows glaunce,  
Hee fled for feare of that he had misdonne,  
Or else for shame, so foule reproche to shonne;  
And with him led to sea a youthly traine,  
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,  
And many fortunes prov'd in th'*Ocean* maine,  
And great adventures found, that now were long to faine.

49  
At last, by fatal course they driuen were  
Into an Island spacious and brode,  
The furthest North, that did to them appeare:  
And (after rest they seeking farre abroad)  
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode;  
Fruitfull of all things fit for liuing food,  
But wholly waste, and voyd of peoples brode,  
Sae an huge nation of the Giants brood,  
That fed on liuing flesh, & drunke mens vitall blood.

50  
Whom he, through wearie warres and labours long,  
Subdewd with losse of many *Britons* bold:  
In which, the great *Goemagot* of strong  
*Corineus*, and *Colin* of *Debon* old  
Were overthrowne, and layd on th'earth full cold,  
VWhich quaked vnder their so hideous mas:  
A famous history to be enrolld  
In euclasting monuments of brags,  
That all the antique Worthies merits far did pass.

51  
His worke, great *Troynouant*, his worke is eke  
Faire *Lincolne*, both renowned far away,  
That who from East to West will end-long seeke,  
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,  
Except *Cleopolis*: so heard I say  
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well  
Your country kin, and you entirely pray  
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell  
Betwix vs both vnknowne. So ended *Paridell*.

52  
But all the while that he these speeches spent,  
Vpon his lips hong faire Dame *Hellenore*,  
With vigilant regard, and due attent,  
Fashioning worlds of fancies euermore  
In her fraile wit, that now her quite forlore:  
The whiles, vnwares away her wondring eye,  
And greedy cares, her weake hart from her bore:  
Which he perceiuing, euer priuily  
In speaking, many fallie belgardes at her let fly.

53  
So long these knights discoursed diuersly,  
Of strange affaires, and noble hardiment,  
Which they had past with mickle ieopardy,  
That now the humid night was farforth spent,  
And heauenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:  
Which th'old man seeing well (who too long thought  
Euery discourse, and euery argument,  
Which by the houres he measured) besought  
Them go to rest. So all vnto their bowres were brought.



## Canto X.

*Paridell rapeth Hellenore :  
Malbecco her pursewes :  
Findes emongst Satyres, whence with him  
to turne she doth refuse.*

**H**e morrow next, so soone as *Phœbus* Lamp  
Bewrayed had the world with early light,  
And fresh *Aurora* had the shady damp  
Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,  
Faire *Britomart* and that same *Faerie* knight

Vp rose, forth on their iourney for to wend :  
But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight  
With *Britomart*, so sore did him offend,  
That ride he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

So forth they far'd ; but he behind them staid,  
Maulgre his host, who grudged grieuously  
To house a guest, that would be needs obayd,  
And of his owne him left not liberty :  
(Might, wanting measure, mooueth furquedry.)  
Two things he feared, but the third was death ;  
That fierce young mans vnruely maistry ;  
His money, which he lov'd as liuing breath ;  
And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept vneath.

But patience perforce : he must abide  
What fortune and his fate on him will lay :  
Fond is the feare that findes no remedy ;  
Yet warily he watcheth euery way,  
By which he feareth euill happen may :  
So th'euill thinks by watching to prevent ;  
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night, nor day,  
Out of his sight her selfe once to absent.  
So doth he punish her, and eke himselfe torment.

But *Paridell* kept better watch, then hee,  
A fit occasion for his turne to find :  
False loue, why doe men say, thou canst not see,  
And in their foolish fancie feine thee blind,  
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doost bind,  
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,  
And seest euery secret of the mind ;  
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee ;  
All that is by the working of thy Deite.

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,  
That he *Malbeccoes* halfe an eye did wile,  
His halfe an eye he wiled wondrous well,  
And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguile,  
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the while  
That he there sojourned his wounds to heale ;  
That *Cupid* selfe it seeing, close did smile,  
To weet how he her loue away did steale,  
And bade, that none their ioyous treason should reueale.

The learned *Lotter* lost no time nor tide,  
That least advantage mote to him afford,  
Yet bore so faire a faile, that none espide  
His secret drift, till he her layd aboard.  
When-so in open place, and common bord,  
He fortun'd her to meet, with common speech  
He courted her, yet bayted euery word,  
That his vngentle hofie n'ote him appeach  
Of vile vngentlenesse, or hospitiages breach.

But, when apart (if cuer her apart)  
He found, then his false engins fast he plide,  
And all the sleights vnbofomd in his hart ;  
He sigh't, he sobd, he swound, he perdy dide,  
And cast himselfe on ground her fast beside :  
Tho, when againe he him bethought to liue,  
He wept, and waild, and false laments beside,  
Saying, but if thee Mercie would him giue,  
That he mote algates die, yet did his death forgieue.

And other-whiles, with amorous delights,  
And pleasing toys he would her entertaine,  
Now singing sweetly, to surpris her sprights,  
Now making layes of loue and Louers paine,  
Branles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine ;  
Oft purposes, oft riddles he devis'd,  
And thousands like, which flowed in his braine,  
With which he fed her fancy, and entis'd  
To take to his new loue, and leaue her old despis'd.

9  
 And-every where he might, and every while  
 He did her seruice dutifull, and sewed  
 At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,  
 So closely yet, that none but sice it viewed,  
 Who well perceiued all, and all indewed.  
 Thus finely did he his false nets dispreed,  
 With which he many weake harts had subdewed  
 Of yore, and many had ylike mislede:  
 What wonder then, if these were likewife carried?

10  
 No fort so sensible, no walles so strong,  
 But that continuall battery will riuie,  
 Or daily sieg through dispuoyance long,  
 And lack of reskewes will to parley driue;  
 And Peece, that vnto parley care will giue,  
 Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made  
 The vassall of the Victors will bylue:  
 That stratageme had oftentimes assaid  
 This crafty Paramour, and now it plained displaid.

11  
 For, through his traines he her intrapped hath,  
 — That she her loue and harthath wholly fold  
 — To him, without regard of gaine, or scath,  
 Or care of credite, or of husband old,  
 Whom the hath vow'd to dub a faire Cuckold.  
 — Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee  
 — Deuized hath, and to her Louer told.  
 — It pleased well. So well they both agree;  
 So ready ripe to ill, will womens counsels bee.

12  
 Darke was the Euening, fit for louers stealth,  
 When chann't *Malbecco* busie be else-where,  
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth  
 Lay hid: there of the countesse summes did reare,  
 The which she meant away with her to beare;  
 The rest, shee fir'd for sport, or for delpight;  
 As *Hellene*, when she saw aloft appeare  
 The *Troiane* flames, and reach to heauens hight,  
 Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull sight.

13  
 This second *Hellene*, faire Dame *Hellenore*,  
 The whiles her husband ranne with sory haste  
 To quench the flames which shee had tynd before,  
 Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste;  
 And ranne into her Louers armes right fast;  
 Where straight embraced, shee to him did cry,  
 And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;  
 For, lo, that Guest would beare her forcibly,  
 And meant to rauish her, that rather had to die.

14  
 The wretched man, hearing her call for ayde,  
 And ready seeing him with her to flye,  
 In his disquiet mind was much dismaide:  
 But, when againe he backward cast his eye,  
 And saw the wicked fire so furiously  
 Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,  
 Hee was there-with distressed diuinely,  
 Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;  
 Was neuer wretched man in such a wofull case.

15  
 Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turn'd,  
 — And left the fire; loue, money ouercame:  
 But, when hee marked how his money burn'd,  
 He left his wife; money did loue disclame:  
 Both was he loth to loose his loued Dame,  
 And loth to leaue his liefest pelfe behind,  
 Yet sith he n'ore saue both, he sau'd that same  
 Which was the dearest to his dunghill mind,  
 The God of his desire, the ioy of misers blind.

16  
 Thus, whilst all things in troublous vpror were,  
 And all men busie to suppress the flame,  
 The louing couple need no reskew feare,  
 But leisure had, and libertie to frame  
 Their purpott flight, free from all mens reclame;  
 And Night (the patronesse of loue-stealth faire)  
 Gaued them safe conduct, till to end they came:  
 So beene they gone yeare (a wanton paire  
 Of Lovers loosely knit) where list them to repaire.

17  
 Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,  
*Malbecco*, seeing how his losse did lye,  
 Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere  
 Into huge wates of griefe and ieaousie  
 Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nie,  
 Twixt inward doole and felonous despight;  
 Hee ray'd, he wept, he stamp't, he loud did cry,  
 And all the passions that in man may light,  
 Did him at once oppresse, and vex his caynue spight.

18  
 Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,  
 And did consume his gall with anguish sore:  
 Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,  
 Then still the smart thereof increased more,  
 And seem'd more grieuous, then it was before:  
 At last, when sorrow he saw bootted nought,  
 Ne griefe might not his loue to him restore,  
 He gan deuise, how hee her reskew mought,  
 Ten thousand waies he cast in his confus'd thought.

19  
 At last, resolving like a pilgrim pore  
 To search her forth, where so she might be fond,  
 And bearing with him treasure in close store,  
 The rest he leaues in ground: So takes in hond  
 To seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond.  
 Long hee her sought, hee sought her farre and nere,  
 And euery where that he mote vnderstonde,  
 Of Knights and Ladies any meetings wore,  
 And of each one he met, hee tydings did inquere.

20  
 But all in vaine, his woman was too wise,  
 Euer to come into his clouch againe,  
 And hee too simple cuer to surpris  
 The iolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.  
 One day, as hee forpass'd by the Plaine  
 With weary pace, hee farre away espide  
 A couple (seeming well to be his twaine)  
 Which hooded clove vnder a forest side,  
 As if they lay in wait, or else themselves did hide,

21

Well weened he, that those the same mote bee:  
 And as he better did their shape auize,  
 Him seemed more their manner did agree;  
 For, th'one was armed all in warlike wize,  
 Whom, to be *Peridell* he did deuiſe;  
 And th'other, all yclad in garments light,  
 Discolour'd like to womanish diſguise,  
 He did resemble to his Lady bright;  
 And euer his faint hart much yearned at the fight.

22

And euer faire hee towards them would goe,  
 But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,  
 But stood aloofe, vnweeting what to doe;  
 Till that prickt forth with loues extremite,  
 That is the father of foule Iealouſie,  
 He cloſely neerer crept, the truth to weet:  
 But, as he nigher drew, he caſily  
 Might ſerne, that it was not his ſweetest ſweet,  
 Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his ſheet.

23

But it was ſcornfull *Brageadoocchio*,  
 That with his ſeruaunt *Trompart* honerd there,  
 Since late he fled from his too earnest foe:  
 Whom ſuch when as *Malbecco* ſpyed clere,  
 He turned backe, and would haue fled arere;  
 Till *Trompart* running haſtily, him did ſtay,  
 And bade before his ſoueraine Lord appeare:  
 That was him loath, yet durst he not gaineſay,  
 And comming him before, lowe louted on the lay.

24

The Boaster, at him ſternely bent his brow,  
 As if hee could haue kild him with his looke,  
 That to the ground him meekely made to bow,  
 And awfull terror deepe into him ſtrooke,  
 That euer member of his body quooke.  
 Said he, thou man of nought, what dooſt thou here,  
 Vnfitly furniſht with thy bag and booke,  
 Where I expected one with ſhield and ſpere,  
 To proue ſome deedes of armes vpon an equall pere.

25

The wretched man, at his imperious ſpeach,  
 Was all abaſht, and lowe proſtrating, ſaid;  
 Good Sir, let not my rudedeſſe be no breach  
 Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;  
 For, I vnwares this way by fortune ſtraid,  
 A ſilly Pilgrim driuen to diſtreſſe,  
 That ſeekes a Lady. There he ſuddaine ſtaid,  
 And did the reſt with grieuous ſighes ſuppreſſe,  
 While teares ſtood in his eyes (few drops of bitterneſſe.)

26

What Lady, man? ſaid *Trompart*, take good hart,  
 And tell thy grieſe, if any hidden lye;  
 Was neuer better time to ſhew thy ſmart  
 Then now, that noble ſuccour is thee by,  
 That is the whole worlds common remedy.  
 That chearefull word his weakes hart much did cheare,  
 And with vaine hope his ſpirits faint ſupply,  
 That bold he ſaid: O moſt redoubted Pere,  
 Vouchſafe with mild regard a wretches caſe to heare.

27

Then ſighing ſore, It is not long, ſaid hee,  
 Since I enoyde the geortle Dame *Bluie*;  
 Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,  
 But ſhame of all that doe for honour ſtriuie,  
 By treacherous deceit did me depruie;  
 Through open out-rage he her bore away,  
 And with foule force vnto his will did drie,  
 Which all good knights, that armes do beare this day,  
 Are bound for to reuenge, and puniſh if they may.

28

And you (moſt noble Lord) that can and dare  
 Redreſſe the wrong of miſerable wight,  
 Cannot employ your moſt victorious ſpeare  
 In better quarrell, then defence of right,  
 And for a Lady, gainſt a faithleſſe knight;  
 So ſhall your glory be advanced much,  
 And all faire Ladies magniſie your might;  
 And eke myſelfe (albe I ſimple ſuch)  
 Your worthy paine ſhall well reward with guerdon rich.

29

With that, out of his bouçet forth he drew  
 Great ſtore of treaſure, there-with him to tempt;  
 But he on it lookt ſcornfully aſkew,  
 As much diſdeigning to be lo miſdempt,  
 Or a war-monger to be baſtlic nemptr;  
 And ſaid; Thy offers baſe I greatly loth,  
 And eke thy words vn courteous and vnkempt;  
 I tread in duſt thee and thy money both,  
 That, were it not for ſhame; So turned from him wroth.

30

But *Trompart*, that his maſters humour knew,  
 In ſtoy lookes to hide an humble mind,  
 VV as inly tickled with that golden view,  
 And in his care him rounded cloſe behind:  
 Yet ſtoup he not, but lay ſtill in the wind,  
 Waiting advantage on the prey to ſeaſe;  
 Till *Trompart* lowe lic to the ground inclin'd,  
 Befought him his great courage to appeaſe,  
 And pardon ſimple man, that raſh did him diſpleaſe.

31

Bigge looking, like a doughtie Douzerepere,  
 At laſt, he thus; Thou clod of vileſt clay,  
 I pardon yield, and with thy rudeneſſe pray,  
 But weer henceforth, that all that golden beare;  
 And all that elſe the vaine world vaunten may,  
 I loath as dung, ne deeme my dew reward:  
 Fame is my need, and glory vertues pay.  
 But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,  
 And moov'd amiſſe with maſſie mucks vaineſt regard.

32

And more, I graunt to thy great miſeric  
 Gracious reſpect, thy wife ſhall backe be ſent:  
 And that vile knight, who euer that he be,  
 Which hath thy Lady reſt, and knighthood ſhent,  
 By *Sanglanort* my ſword, whoſe deadly dent  
 The bloud hath of fo many thouſands ſhed,  
 I ſwear, ere long ſhall dearely it repent;  
 Ne hee twixt heauen and earth ſhall hide his head,  
 But ſoone he ſhall be found, and ſhortly doen be dead.

33

The foolish man therat woxe wondrous blith,  
As if the word so spoken, were halfe donne,  
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,  
That had from death to life him newly wonne.  
Tho, forth the Boaster marching, braue begonue  
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,  
As if he heauen and hell would over-ronne,  
And all the world confound with cruelty,  
That much *Malbecco* ioyed in his iollitic.

34

Thus, long they three together trauailed,  
Through many a wood, and many an vncouth way,  
To seeke his wife, that was farre wandered:  
But those two fought nought but the present pray,  
To weet, the threasure, which he did bewray,  
On which their eyes and harts were wholly fet,  
With purpose how they might it best betray;  
For, sith the houre that first he did them let (whet)  
The same behold, there-with their keene desires were

35

It fortun'd as they together far'd,  
They spide where *Paridell* came pricking fast  
Vpon the Plaine, the which himselve prepar'd  
To giust with that braue stranger knight a cast,  
As on adventure by the way he past:  
Alone he rode without his Paragone;  
For, hauing filcht her beis, her vp he cast  
To the wide world, and let her fly alone,  
He n'ould be dogd. So had he serued many one.

36

The gentle Lady, loose at randon left,  
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide  
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weft,  
Till on a day the *Satyres* her espide  
Straying alone withouten groome or guide;  
Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led,  
With them as housewife euer to abide,  
To milke their goates, and make them cheefe & bred,  
And euery one as common good her handeled;

37

That shortly shee *Malbecco* has forgot,  
And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he deare;  
Who from her went to seeke another lot,  
And now (by fortune) was arriued heere,  
Where those two guilers with *Malbecco* were:  
Soone as the old man saw Sir *Paridell*,  
Hee fainted, and was almost dead with feare,  
Ne word he had to speake, his griefe to tell,  
But to him louted lowe, and greeted goodly well;

38

And after, asked him for *Hellenore*:  
I take no keepe of her, said *Paridell*:  
Shee wonneth in the forest there before.  
So forth he rode, as his adventure fell;  
The whiles, the Boaster from his lofty fell  
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;  
But the fresh Swaine would not his leasure dwell,  
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,  
He vp remounted light, and after saind to wend.

39

Perdy nay, said *Malbecco*, shall ye not:  
But let him passe as lightly as he came:  
For, little good of him is to be got,  
And mickle perill to be put to shame.  
But, let vs goe to seeke my dearest Dame,  
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wild:  
For, of her safety in great doubt I am,  
Least salvage beafts her person haue despoild:  
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine haue toyld.

40

They all agree, and forward them adrest:  
Ah! but said crafty *Trompart*, weet ye well,  
That yonder in that wastefull wildernesse  
Huge Monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;  
Dragons, and Minotaures, and fiends of hell,  
And many wilde wood-men, which rob and rend  
All trauellers; therefore awise ye well,  
Before yee enterprise that way to wend:  
One may his iourney bring too soone to cuill end.

41

*Malbecco* stopt in great astonishment,  
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,  
Their counsell crav'd, in danger imminent.  
Said *Trompart*, You that are the most opprest  
With burden of great threasure, I thinke best  
Heere for to stay in safety behind;  
My Lord and I will search the wide Forrest.  
That counsell pleased not *Malbecco*'s mind;  
For, he was much afraid, himselve alone to find.

42

Then is it best, said he, that yee doe leaue  
Your treasure here in some securitie,  
Either fast clos'd in some hollow graeue,  
Or buried in the ground from ieopardie,  
Till we returne againe in safetie:  
As for vs two, least doubt of vs ye haue,  
Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,  
Ne priuie bevento your threaures Graue.  
It pleased: so hee did; Then they march forward braue.

43

Now, when amid the thickest woods they were,  
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,  
And shrieking Hububs them approaching nere,  
Which all the forest did with horror fill:  
That dreadfull sound the boasters hart did thrill,  
With such amazement, that in haste he fled,  
Ne euer looked backe for good or ill,  
And after him eke fearefull *Trompart* sped;  
The old man could not stie, but fell to ground halfe dead.

44

Yet afterwards, close creeping as he might,  
Hee in a bush did hide his fearefull hed:  
The iolly *Satyres*, full of fresh delight,  
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led  
Faire *Hellenore*, with girlonds all bespred,  
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:  
Shee proud of that new honour, which they red,  
And of their louely fellowship full glade,  
Daunc't liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.



45  
The filly man that in the thickest lay,  
Saw all this goodly sport, and gricued fore,  
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,  
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,  
To see th'vnkindnesse of his *Hellenore*.  
All day they daunced with great lustified,  
And with their horned feet the greene grasse wore,  
The whiles their Goates vpon the brouzes fed,  
Till drouping *Phœbus* gan to hide his golden hcad.

46  
Tho, vp they gan their merry pipes to trusse,  
And all their goodly heards did gather round;  
But euery *Satyre* first did giue a busse  
To *Hellenore*: so buffes did abound.  
Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground  
With pearly dew, and the Earthes gloomy shade  
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,  
That euery bird and beast awarred made  
To shrowd theselues, whiles sleep their senses did invade.

47  
Which when *Malbecco* saw, out of the bush  
Vpon his hands and feet he crept full light,  
And like a Goate amongst the Goates did rush,  
That through the help of his faire hornes on hight,  
And mistie dampe of misconceiuing night,  
And eke through likenesse of his goatish beard,  
Hee did the better counterfeite aright:  
So home he marcht amongst the horned heard,  
That none of all the *Satyres* him elpyde or heard.

48  
At night, when all they went to sleepe, he viewd,  
Where-as his louely wife amongst them lay,  
Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,  
Who all the night did mind his ioyous play:  
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,  
That all his hart with reialouie did swell;  
But yet that nights ensamble did bewray,  
That not for nought his wife them loued so well,  
When one so ought a night did ring his matins bell.

49  
So closely as he could, he to them crept,  
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell;  
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,  
Hewhispered in her eare, and did her tell,  
That it was hee, which by her side did dwell,  
And therefore prayd her wake, to hear his plaine.  
As one out of a dreame not waked well,  
Shee turn'd her, and returned back againe:  
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraîne.

50  
At last, with irksome trouble shee abraid;  
And then perceiuing, that it was indeed  
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her vpbraid,  
With loofenesse of her loue, and loathly deed,  
Shee was astonisht with exceeding dreed,  
And would haue wak't the *Satyre* by her side;  
But hee her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,  
To saue his life, ne let him be deftride,  
But barken to his lore, and all his counsell hide.

51  
Tho, gan he her perswade, to leaue that lewd  
And loathsome life, of God and man abhord,  
And home returne, where all should be renewd  
With perfect peace, and bands of fresh accord,  
And shee recei'd againe to bed and bord,  
As if no trespass euer had beene donne:  
But shee it all refused at one word,  
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne;  
But chose amongst the iolly *Satyres* still to wonne.

52  
Hee wooed her, till day spring hee espide;  
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,  
Who butted him with hornes on euery side,  
And trode downe in the dirt, where his hore beard  
Was foully dight, and he of death affeard.  
Early before the heauens fairest light  
Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,  
The heards out of their folds were loosed quight,  
And he amongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

53  
So soone as hee the Prison doore did pass,  
Hee ranne as fast as both his feete could beare,  
And neuer looked who behind him was,  
Ne scarcely who before: like as a Beare  
That creeping close, amongst the hives to reare  
An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,  
And him asslaying, fore his carcasse teare,  
That hardly he away with life does flie,  
Ne staves, till safe himselfe hee see from icopardy.

54  
Ne staid he, till he came vnto the place  
Where late his threasure he entombed had;  
Where when he found it not (for, *Trompart* base  
Had it purloyned for his maister bad:)  
With extreame fury he became quite mad,  
And ran away, ran with himselfe away:  
That who so strangely had him seene bestad,  
With vpstart haire, and staring eyes difmay,  
From *Limbo* lake him late escaped lure would say.

55  
High over hilles and over dales he fled,  
As if the wind hin on his wings had borne,  
Ne bank nor bush could stay him, when he sped  
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:  
Griefe, and despight, and icalousie, and scorne  
Did all the way him followe hard behind:  
And he himselfe, himselfe loath'd so forlorne,  
So shamefully forlorne of woman-kind;  
That, as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mind.

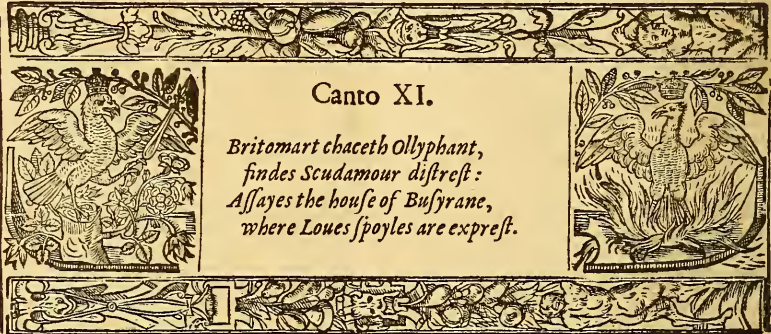
56  
Still fled he forward, looking backward still,  
Ne staid his sight, nor fearefull agony,  
Till that he came vnto a rocky hill,  
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,  
That liuing creature it would terrifie  
To looke adowne, or vpward to the hight:  
From thence he threw himselfe despiteously,  
All desperat of his fore-damned spright,  
That seem'd no help for him was left in liuing sight.

57  
 But through long anguish, and selfe-murding thought,  
 Hee was so wasted and fore-pined quight,  
 That all his substance was consum'd to nought,  
 And nothing left, but like an airie Spright,  
 That on the rocks he fell to sit and light,  
 That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,  
 But chaunced on a craggy cliffe to light;  
 VVhence he with crooked claws so long did crawl,  
 That at the last he found a Cave with entrance small.

58  
 Into the same hee creepes, and thence-forth there  
 Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion,  
 In dreary darknesse, and continuall feare  
 Of that rocks fall; which euer and anon  
 Threats with huge ruine him to fall vpon,  
 That he dare neuer sleepe, but that one eye  
 Still ope he keeps for that occasion;  
 Ne euer rests he in tranquillity,  
 The roaring billowes beate his bowre so boistrouly.


59  
 Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,  
 But toades and frogs (his pasture poysonous)  
 VVhich in his cold complexion do breed  
 A filthy bloud, or humour rancorous,  
 Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,  
 That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,  
 Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,  
 Crosse-cuts the liuer with internall smart,  
 And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

60  
 Yet can he neuer die, but dying liues,  
 And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,  
 That death and life attonce vnto him giues,  
 And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.  
 There dwels he euer, miserable swaine,  
 Hatefull both to himselfe, and euery wight;  
 Where he through priuy griefe, and honour vaine,  
 Is woxen so deform'd that he has quight  
 Forgot hee was a man, and *Icalouffe* is hight.



## Canto XI.

*Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,  
 findes Scudamour distrest:  
 Assayes the house of Busyrane,  
 where Loues spoyle are exprest.*

1  
 Hatefull hellish Snake, what fury furst  
 Brought thee fro' balefull house of *Proserpine*,  
 Where in her bosom shee thee long had nurst,  
 And fostred vp with bitter milke of tine,  
 Foule *Icalouffe*, that turnest loue divine  
 To ioylesse dread, and mak'st the louing hart  
 VVith hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,  
 And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?  
 Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

2  
 O! let him farre be banished away,  
 And in his stead let Loue for euer dwell;  
 Sweet Loue, that doth his golden wings embay  
 In blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasures Well,  
 Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.  
 And yee faire Ladies, that your kingdoms make  
 In th' harts of men, them gouerne wisely well,  
 And of faire *Britomart* ensample take,  
 That was as true in loue, as *Turtle* to her make.

3  
 VVho with Sir *Satyrane* (as earst yce red)  
 Forth riding from *Malbecco*s hostile house,  
 Far off elpide a young man, the which fled  
 From an huge Giant, that with hideous  
 And hatefull out-rage long him chased thus;  
 It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother deare  
 Of that *Argenté* vile and vitious,  
 From whom the *Squire of Dames* was rest whylere;  
 This all as bad as shee, and worse, if worse ought were.

4  
 For, as the sifter did in feminine  
 And filthy lust exceed all woman-kind,  
 So hee surpased his sex masculine,  
 In beastly vice that I did euer find;  
 Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behind  
 The fearefull boy so greedily pursew,  
 Shee was emmoued in her noble mind,  
 T'employ her puissaunce to his reskew,  
 And pricked fiercely forward, where she him did view.

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behind,  
 But with like fierceneffe did enue the chace:  
 Whom, when the Giant saw, he soone resign'd  
 His former suit, and from them fled apace;  
 They after both, and boldly bade him bace,  
 And each did striue the other to out-goe:  
 But he them both out-ran a wondrous space,  
 For, he was long, and swift as any Roc,  
 And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe.

It was not *Satyrane* whom he did feare,  
 But *Britomart*, the floure of chastity;  
 For, he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,  
 But alwaies did their drad encounter fly:  
 And now so fast his feete he did apply,  
 That he has gotten to a forest neare,  
 VVhere hee is throwed in security:  
 The wood they enter, and search euery where,  
 They searched diuersly; so both diuided were.

Faire *Britomart* so long him followed,  
 That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,  
 By which there lay a knight all wallowed  
 Vpon the grassy ground, and by him neare  
 His habergeon, his helmet, and his speare;  
 A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,  
 On which the winged boy in colours cleare  
 Depainted was, full easie to be knowne,  
 And he thereby, where-euer it in field was showne.

His face vpon the ground did groueling lye,  
 As if he had been slumbring in the shade,  
 That the braue Maid would not for courtesie,  
 Out of his quiet slumber him abrade,  
 Nor seeme too suddainly him to invade:  
 Still as shee stood, she heard with grieuous throb  
 Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,  
 And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,  
 That pity did the *Virgins* hart of patience rob.

At last, forth breaking into bitter plaints,  
 He said: O soueraigne Lord that sitst on hie,  
 And raig'n'st in blis amongst thy blessed Saints,  
 How sufficst thou such shamefull cruelty,  
 So long vnwreaked of thine enemy?  
 Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?  
 Or doth thy iustice sleepe, and silently?  
 What booteth then the good and righteous deed,  
 If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse no meed?

If good find grace, and righteousnesse reward,  
 Why then is *Amoret* in caytiue band,  
 Sith that more bountious creature neuer far'd  
 On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?  
 Or if that heavenly iustice may withstand  
 The wrongfull out-rage of vnrighteous men,  
 Why then is *Eustrane* with wicked hand  
 Suffred, these teauen months day, in secret den  
 My Lady and my loue so cruelly to pen?

My Lady and my Loue, is cruell pend  
 In dolefull darknesse from the view of day,  
 Whilst deadly torments do her chaste breast rend,  
 And the sharp Steele doth rite her hart in tway,  
 All for the *Scudamore* will not deny.  
 Yet thou, vile man, vile *Scudamore*, art found,  
 Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;  
 Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,  
 For whom so faire a Lady feelles so sore a wound.

There an huge heape of singults did oppresse  
 His struggling soule, and swelling throbs empeach  
 His soltring tongue with pangs of drerinesse,  
 Choking the remnant of his plantife speach,  
 As if his daies were come to their last reach.  
 Which when shee heard, and saw the gattly fit,  
 Threatning into his life to make a breach,  
 Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,  
 Fearing least from her cage the weary soule would sit.

Tho, stooping downe, shee him amoued light;  
 Who there-with some-what starting, vp gan looke;  
 And seeing him behind a stranger knight,  
 Where-as no liuing creature he mistooke,  
 With great indignance hee that sight forsooke,  
 And downe againe himselfe disdainefully  
 Abiecting, th' earth with his faire forehead strooke:  
 Which the bold *Virgin* seeing, gan apply  
 Fit medicine to his grieffe, and spake thus curtesly:

Ah! gentle knight, whose deepe conceived grieffe  
 Well seemes t' exceed the powre of patience,  
 Yet if that heavenly grace some good reliefe  
 You send, submit you to high prouidence;  
 And euer in your noble hart prepenie,  
 That all the sorrow in the world, is lesse  
 Then vertues might, and values confidence:  
 For, who will bide the burden of distresse,  
 Must not heere thinke to lue, for, life is wretchednesse:

Therefore (faire Sir) doe comfort to you take,  
 And freely read, what wicked felon so  
 Hath out-rag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.  
 Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,  
 And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe,  
 At least, it faire endeavour will apply.  
 Those feeling words so neere the quick did goe,  
 That vp his head he reared easily;  
 And leaning on his elbow, these few words let fly:

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,  
 And sowe vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,  
 Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,  
 Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,  
 Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?  
 For, he (the Tyrant) which her hath in ward  
 By strong enchantments, and black Magicke leare,  
 Hath in a dungeon deep her close embard,  
 And many dreadfull fiends hath poiated to her gard.

17  
There he tormenteth her most terribly,  
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,  
Because to yield him loue she doth deny,  
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:  
But yet by torture he would her constraîne  
Loue to conceiue in her disdainfull brest;  
Till fo she doe, shee must in doole remaine,  
Ne may by liuing meanes be thence releif:  
What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redrest?

18  
With this sad herfall of his heavy stresse,  
The warlike Damzell was compassiond sore,  
And said; Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lesse  
Then is your sorrow, certes if not more;  
For, nothing so much pittie doth implore,  
As gentle Ladies helpelesse misery.  
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,  
I will (with prooue of last extremity)  
Deliu'er her fro thence, or with her for you die.

19  
Ah! gentlest Knight aliu'e, said *Scudamore*;  
VWhat huge heroick magnanimitie  
Dwels in thy bountious brest? what could'st thou  
If she were thine, and thou as now am I? (more,  
O spare thy happy dayes, and them apply  
To better boot, but let me die that ought;  
More is more losse: one is enough to die.  
Life is not lost, said she, for which is bought  
Endlesse renowme, that more then death is to be sought.

20  
Thus, shee at length perswaded him to rise,  
And with her wend, to see what new successe  
Mote him befall vpon new enterprize.  
His armes, which he had vow'd to disprofesse,  
She gathered vp, and did about him dresse,  
And his forwandred steed vnto him got:  
So forth they both yfere make their progresse,  
And march not past the mount'naunce of a shot,  
Till they arriu'd, where-as their purpose they did plot.

21  
There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold,  
And stoutly came vnto the Castle gate;  
Where-as no gate they found them to with-hold,  
Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late;  
But in the Porch (that did them sore amate)  
A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldring smoke,  
And stinking Sulphure, that with grisly hate  
And dreadfull horrour did all entrance choke,  
Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

22  
Greatly threat was *Britomart* dismaid,  
Ne in that stownd wist, how her selfe to beare;  
For, danger vaine it were, to haue assaid  
That cruell element, which all things feare,  
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:  
And turning back to *Scudamore*, thus sayd;  
What monitrous enmy prouoke we here,  
Foole-hardy, as th'Earthes children, the which made  
Battell against the Gods? fo we a God invade.

23  
Danger without discretion to attempt,  
Inglorious and beast-like is: therefore, Sir knight,  
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,  
And how we with our foe may come to fight.  
This is, quoth he, the dolorous despight,  
Which earst to you I plained: for, neither may  
This fire be quencht by any wit or might,  
Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away,  
So mighty be th'enchantments, which the same do say.

24  
What is there else, but cease these fruitlesse paines,  
And leaue me to my former languishing?  
Faire *Amoret* must dwell in wicked chaines,  
And *Scudamore* here die with sorrowing,  
Perdy not fo, said she; for, shamefull thing  
It were t'abandon noble cheuissance,  
For shew of perill, without venturing:  
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,  
Then enterprised praise for dread to disaunce.

25  
There-with, resolv'd to proue her vtmost might,  
Her ample shield she threw before her face,  
And (her swords point directing forward right)  
Assaid the flame, the which estloones gaue place,  
And did it selfe diuide with equall space,  
That through she passed; as a thunder-bolt  
Peareth the yielding ayre, and doth displace  
The soring clouds into sad shoures ymolt;  
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

26  
Whom, when as *Scudamore* saw past the fire,  
Safe and vntoucht, he likewise gan assay,  
With greedie will, and enuious desire,  
And bade the stubborne flames to yield him way:  
But cruell *Muliber* would not obey  
His threatfull pride; but did the more augment  
His mighty rage, and his imperious sway  
Him forc't (maulgre) his fiercenesse to relent,  
And back retire, all scorcht and pittifully brent.

27  
With huge impatience he inly swelt,  
More for great sorrow that he could not pass,  
Then for the burning torment which he felt,  
That with fell woodnesse he efferred was,  
And wilfully him throwing on the grafs,  
Did beat and bounse his head and breast full sore:  
The whiles, the *Championesse* now entred has  
The vtmost roome, and past the formost dore,  
The vtmost roome abounding with all precious store.

28  
For, round about, the wals yclothed were  
With goodly Arras of great maiesty,  
Wouen with gold and silke so close and nere,  
That the rich metall lurked priuily,  
As faining to be hid from enuious eye;  
Yet here, and there, and euery where vnwares  
It shewed it selfe, and shone vnwillingly;  
Like a discolour'd Snake, whose hidden snares (clares.  
Throgh the greene grafs, his long bright burnisht back de-  
And

29  
And in those Tapets weren fashioned  
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feater:  
And all of loue, and all of lusty-hed,  
As seemed by their femblaunt, did entreat;  
And eke all *Cupids* warres they did repeat,  
And cruell battels, which he whilome fought  
Gainst all the gods, to make his empire great;  
Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought  
On mighty Kings and Kefars, into thraldome brought.

30  
Therein was writ, how often thundring *Ioue*  
Had felt the point of his heart-pearcing dart,  
And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roue  
In strange disguise, to slake his scalding smart;  
Now like a Ram, faire *Hellé* to peruart,  
Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdrawe:  
Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender heart  
Did liuely seeme to tremble, when she sawe  
The huge seas vnder her t'obay her seruants lawe!

31  
Soone after that into a golden shoure  
Him-selfe he chang'd faire *Danaë* to vew,  
And through the roofof her strong brasen towre  
Did raine into her lap an hony dew,  
The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew  
Of such deceipt, kept th'yr on dore fast bard,  
And watcht, that none should enter nor isswe;  
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,  
When as the god to golden hew him selfe transfard.

32  
Then was he turn'd into a snowy Swan,  
To win faire *Leda* to his lonely trade:  
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,  
That her in daffadillies sleeping made,  
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade:  
Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his feathers wide,  
And brushing his faire breast, did her inuade;  
She slept, yet twixt her eye-lids closely spide,  
How towards her he rusht, and smyled at his pride.

33  
Then shew'd it, how the *Thebane* *Semelee*,  
Deceiv'd of iealous *Iuno* did require  
To see him in his soueraine maiestee,  
Arm'd with his thunder-bolts and lightning fire,  
Whence dearely she with death bought her desire.  
But faire *Alcmena* better match did make,  
Ioying his loue in likencels more entire;  
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake  
He then did put, his pleasures lenger to partake.

34  
Twice was he scene in soaring Eagles shape,  
And with wide wings to beate the buxome ayre:  
Once when he with *Aserié* did scape;  
Again, when as the *Troiane* boy so faire  
He snatcht from *Ida* hill, and with him bare:  
Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,  
How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,  
Trembling through feare least down he fallen should,  
And often to him calling, to take surer holde.

35  
In *Satyres* shape, *Antiopa* he snatcht:  
And like a fire, when he *Aegins* assayd:  
A sheheard, when *Mnemosyné* he catcht:  
And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* mayd,  
Whiles thus on earth great *Ioue* these pageants playd,  
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,  
And scoffing thus vnto his mother sayd,  
Lo, now the heauens obey to me alone,  
And take me for their *Ioue*, whiles *Ioue* to earth is gone.

36  
And thou, faire *Phæbus*, in thy colours bright  
Wast there euwouen, and the sad distresse  
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight  
That thou bewraidst his mothers wantonnesse,  
When she with *Mars* was meyn't in ioyfulnesse:  
For-thy he thurld thee with a leaden dart,  
To loue faire *Daphné*, which thee loued lesse:  
Lesse she thee lov'd, then was thy iust defart;  
Yet was thy loue her death, & her death was thy smart.

37  
So louedst thou the lusty *Hyacinth*,  
So louedst thou the faire *Coronis* deare:  
Yet both are of thy haples hand extinct,  
Yet both in flowres do liue, and loue thee beare,  
The one a Paunce, the other a sweet beare;  
For grieft whereof, ye more haue liuely seene  
The god himselfe rending his golden heare,  
And breaking quite his girlond euer greene,  
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

38  
Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,  
The sonne of *Clymené* he did repent,  
Who bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,  
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,  
And all the world with flashing fire brent,  
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.  
Yet cruell *Cupid*, not herewith content,  
Forc't him eertoones to follow other game,  
And loue a Shepheards daughter for his dearest Dame.

39  
He loued *Issé* for his dearest Dame,  
And for her sake her cattell fed awhile,  
And for her sake a cow-heard vile became,  
The seruant of *Admetus* cow-heard vile,  
Whiles that from heauen he suffered exile.  
Long were to tell each other louely fit,  
Now like a Lion, hunting after spoile,  
Now like a Hag, now like a Falcon fir:  
All which in that faire arras was most liuely writ.

40  
Next vnto him was *Neptune* pictured,  
In his diuine resemblance wondrous like:  
His face was rugged, and his hoary head  
Dropped with brackish dew; his three-forkt Pyke  
He stearely shooke, and therewith fierce did strike  
The raging billowes, that on euery side  
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,  
That his swift charet might haue passage wyde,  
Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in teme-wise tide.

41  
His sea-horſes did ſeeme to ſnort amaine,  
And from their noſethrilles blowe the briny ſtreame,  
That made the ſparkling waves to ſmoake againe,  
And flame with gold: but the white foamy creame  
Did ſhine with ſiluer, and ſhootforth his beame.  
The god himſelfe did penſiue ſeem and ſad;  
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:  
For, priuy loue his breſt empearced had;  
Ne ought, but deare *Bifaltis*, ay could make him glad.

42  
He loued eke *Ipbimedia* deare,  
And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arné* hight;  
For whom he turnd himſelfe into a Steare,  
And fed on fodder, to beguile her ſight.  
Alſo to win *Dencalions* daughter bright,  
Her turnd him ſelfe into a Dolphin faire;  
And like a winged horſe he tooke his flight,  
To ſnaky-lock *Meduſa* to reaire,  
On whom he got faire *Pegasus*, that flitteth in the ayre.

43  
Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,  
That ſullein *Saturne* euer weend to loue?  
Yet loue is ſullein, and *Saturne*-like ſcene,  
As he did for *Evigone* it proue.)  
That to a *Centaure* did him ſelfe tranſmoue.  
So proov'd it eke that gracious god of wine,  
When for to compaſſe *Philliras* hard loue,  
He turnd him ſelfe into a fruitfull vine,  
And into her faire boſome made his grapes decline.

44  
Long were to tell the amorous aſſayes,  
And gentle pangs, with which he mak'd meeke  
The mighty *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:  
How off for *Venus*, and how often eeke  
For many other Nymphes before did ſreake;  
With womaniſh tears, and with vnwarlike ſmarts,  
Priuely moiſtning his horrid check.  
There was he painted full of burning darts,  
And many wide wounds lanced through his inward parts.

45  
Ne did he ſpare (ſo cruell was the Elſe)  
His owne deare mother, (ah why ſhould he ſo!)  
Ne did he ſpare ſometime to prick himſelfe,  
That he might taſte the ſweet conſuming woe,  
Which he had wrought, to many others moe.  
But, to declare the mournfull Tragedies,  
And ſpoiles, wherewith he all the ground did ſtrowe,  
More eath to number, with how many eyes  
High heauen beholds ſad lovers nightly theeueries.

46  
Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, Knights & Damzels gent,  
Were hap't together with the vulgar ſort,  
And mingled with the rascall rablement,  
Without reſpect of perſon or of port,  
To ſhew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort:  
And round about, a border was entrayld  
Of broken boawes and arrowes ſhuered, ſhort,  
And a long bloody riuer through them rayld,  
So liuely and ſo like, that lining ſenſe it fayld.

47  
And at the vpper end of that faire rowme,  
There was an Altar built of precious ſtone,  
Of paſſing valew, and of great renowme,  
On which there ſtood an Image all alone,  
Of maſſie gold, which with his owne light ſhone;  
And wings it had with ſundry colours dight,  
More ſundry colours, then the proud *Pawone*  
Bears in his boated fan, or *Iris* bright, (bright,  
When her diſcolour'd boaw ſhe ſpreds through heauen

48  
Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fiſt  
A mortall boaw and arrowes keene did hold,  
With which he ſhot at random, when him liſt,  
Some headed with ſad lead, ſome with pure gold;  
(Ah man beware, how thou thoſe darts behold.)  
A wounded Dragon vnder him did lie,  
Whoſe hideous taile his left foot did enfold,  
And with a ſhaft was ſhot through eyther eye,  
That no man forth might drawe, ne no man remedy.

49  
And vnderneath his feet was written thus,  
*Vnto the Victor of the gods this bee:*  
And all the people in that ample houſe  
Did to that image bow their humble knee,  
And oft committed fowle Idolatree.  
That wondrous ſight faire *Eritonart* amazed,  
Ne ſeeing could her wonder ſatiſfie,  
But euer more and more vpon it gazed,  
The whiles the paſſing brightneſſe her fraile ſenſes dazed.

50  
Tho, as ſhe backward caſt her buſie eye,  
To ſearch each ſecret of that goodly ſted,  
Ouer the dore thus written ſhe did ſpye  
*Be bold:* the oft and oft it ouer-read,  
Yet could not finde what ſenſe it figured:  
But what-ſo were therein or writ or ment,  
She was no whit thereby diſcouraged  
From proſeuting of her fiſt intent,  
But forward with bolde ſteps into the next roome went.

51  
Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,  
And richlyer by many parts arrayd:  
For, not with arras made in painfull loome,  
But with pure gold it al was ouer-layd,  
Wrought with wild Antieks, which their follies playd,  
In the rich metall, as they liuing were:  
A thouſand monſtrous formes therein were made,  
Such as falſe loue doth oft vpon him wear.  
For, loue in thouſand monſtrous formes doth oft appeare.

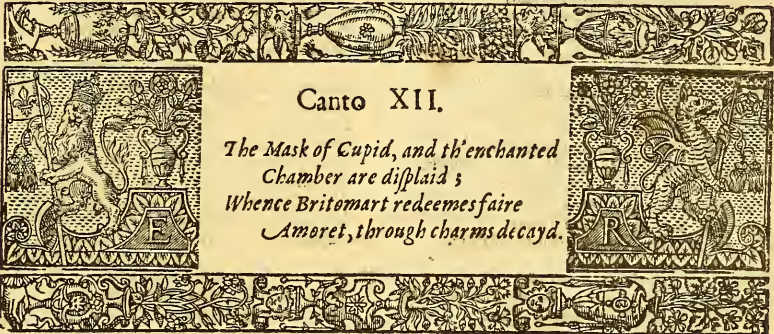
52  
And all about, the gliſtring walles were hong  
With warlike ſpoiles, and with victorious prayes  
Of mighty Conquerors and Captaines ſtrong,  
Which were whilome captiued in their dayes  
To cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:  
Their ſwords & ſpeares were broke, & hauberques rents  
And their proud girlonds of triumph bayes  
Troden in duſt with fury inſolent,  
To ſhew the Victors might and mercileſſe intent.

53  
The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly  
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,  
Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfie  
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:  
But more the meruaile, that no footings trace,  
Nor wight appear'd, but wastefull emptinesse,  
And solemne silence ouer all that place:  
Strange thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse  
So rich puruycance, ne them keep with carefulnesse.

54  
And as she lookt about, she did behold,  
How ouer that same dore was likewise writ  
*Be bold, Be bold,* and euery where *Be bold*;  
That much she muz'd, yet could not constue it

By any riddling skill, or common wit.  
Atlast the spide, at that roomes vpper end,  
Another iron dore, on which was writ  
*Be not too bold*: whereto though she did bend  
Her earnest mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

55  
Thus there she waited vntill euentide,  
Yet liuing creature none she sawe appeare:  
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hide,  
From mortall view, and wrap in darknesse dreare;  
Yet n'ould she d'off her weary armes, for feare  
Of secret danger, ne let sleepe oppresse  
Her heauy eyes with Natures burden deare,  
But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,  
And her wel-pointed weapons did about her dresse.



Canto XII.  
*The Mask of Cupid, and th' enchanted  
Chamber are displaid;  
Whence Britomart redeemes faire  
Amoret, through charms de caya.*

1  
**H**o, when as chearlesse Night ycouered had  
Faire heauen with an vniuersall cloud,  
That euery wight, dismayd with darknesse sad,  
In silence and in sleepe themselues did shroud,  
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound aloud,  
Signe of nigh battell, or got victory:  
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,  
But rather stird to cruell enmity,  
Expecting euer, when some foe she might descry.

2  
With that, an hideous storme of wiade arose,  
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,  
And an earth-quake, as if it streight would lose  
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;  
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt  
Entewd, whose noyance filld the fearefull sted,  
From the fourth houre of night vntill the fixt;  
Yet the bold *Britonesse* was nought ydred,  
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still perseuered.

3  
All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew  
Throughout the house, that clappd euery dore:  
With which, that iron wicket open flew,  
As it with mighty leuours had been tore:

And forth isscw'd, as on the ready flore  
Of some Theatre, a graue peronage,  
That in his hand a branch of laurel bore,  
With comely haucour and count'nance sage,  
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

4  
Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand,  
As if in mind he somewhat had to say;  
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,  
In signe of silence, as to heare a Play,  
By liuely actions he gan bewray  
Some argument of matter passioned;  
Which doen, he backe rettyred soft away:  
And passing by, his name discouered,  
*Ease*, ou his robe in golden letters cyphered.

5  
The noble mayd, still standing, all this viewd,  
And merueild at his strange intendiment;  
With that, a ioyous fellowship isscw'd  
Of Minstrals, making goodly meriment,  
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent;  
All which together sung full chearefully  
A lay of loues delight, with sweet concent:  
After whom, marcht a iolly company,  
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

6

The whiles a most delicious harmony,  
 In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,  
 That the rare sweetnesse of the melody  
 The feeble senses wholly did confound,  
 And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround:  
 And when it ceast shrill trompets loud did bray,  
 That their report did fare away rebound,  
 And when they ceast, it gan again to play,  
 The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim array.

7

The first was *Fancy*, like a louely boy,  
 Of rare aspect, and beauty without peare;  
 Matchable eyther to that impe of *Troy*,  
 Whom *Ioue* did loue, and chose his cup to beare,  
 Or that same dainty lad, which was so deare  
 To great *Alcides*, that when as he dide,  
 Hewailed womanlike with many a teare,  
 And euery wood and euery valley wide  
 He filld with *Hylas* name; the Nymphes eke *Hylas* cride.

8

His garment neither was of silke nor say,  
 But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,  
 Like as the sun-burnt *Indians* do array  
 Their tawny bodies, in their proudest plight:  
 As those same plumes, so seem'd he vaine and light,  
 That by his gate might easily appeare;  
 For, still he far'd as dancing in delight,  
 And in his hand a winny fan did beare,  
 That in the idle aire he mov'd still here and there.

9

And him beside marcht amorous *Desire*,  
 Who seem'd of riper yeares, then th' other *Swaine*;  
 Yet was that other swaine this elders fyre,  
 And gaue him being, common to them twaine:  
 His garment was disguis'd very vaine,  
 And his embrodered Bonet far awry;  
 Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did straine,  
 Which still he blew, and kindled busily,  
 That soone they life conceiv'd, & forth in flames did fly.

10

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yelad  
 In a discolour'd cote, of strange disguise,  
 That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,  
 And steues dependant *Albanese*-wife:  
 He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,  
 And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,  
 Or that the flore to shrinke he did auyfe,  
 And on a broken reed he still did stay  
 His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard thereon he lay.

11

With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged weed,  
 Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made:  
 Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need  
 Strange horror, to deform his grisly shade;  
 A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade  
 In th' other was: this Mischiefe, that Misshap;  
 With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,  
 With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap;  
 For, whom he could not kill, he practiz'd to churap:

12

Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from top to toe,  
 Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,  
 But feard each shadow mouing to and fro:  
 And his owne armes when glitering he did spy,  
 Or clashing heeld, he fast away did fly,  
 As ashes pale of hew, and wingy-heeld;  
 And euermore on danger fixt his eye,  
 Gaintt whom he alwaies bent a brazen shield,  
 Which his right hand vnarm'd fearefully did wield.

13

With him went *Hope* in ranke, a handsome Mayd,  
 Of chearefull looke and loudly to behold;  
 In silken samite she was light arrayd,  
 And her faire lockes were wouen vp in gold;  
 She alway smyl'd, and in her hand did hold  
 An holy water Sprinkle, dipt in deawe,  
 With which she sprinkled fauours manifold,  
 On whom she list, and did great liking shewe;  
 Great liking vnto many, but true loue to fewe.

14

And after them *Dissemblance* and *Suspect*  
 Marcht in one ranke, yet an vnequall paire:  
 For, she was gentle, and of milde aspect,  
 Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,  
 Goodly adom'd, and exceeding faire:  
 Yet was that all but painted, and purloynd, (haire,  
 And her bright browes were deckt with borrow'd  
 Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,  
 And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she wynd.

15

But he was foule, ill-fauoured, and grim,  
 Vnder his eye-brows looking still ascaunce;  
 And euer as *Dissemblance* laught on him,  
 He lowrd on her with dingerous eye-glance;  
 Shewing his nature in his countenance;  
 His rolling eyes did neuer rest in place,  
 But walkt each where, for feare of had mischaunce,  
 Holding a lattice still before his face,  
 Through which he still did peepe, as forward he did pace.

16

Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;  
*Griefe*, all in sable sorrowfully clad,  
 Downe-hanging his dull head, with heany chere,  
 Yet inly being more, then seeming sad:  
 A paire of pincers in his hand he had,  
 With which he pinched people to the heart,  
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,  
 In wilfull languour and consuming smart,  
 Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

17

But *Fury* was full ill appareild  
 In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,  
 With ghastfull lookes and dreadfull drierid;  
 For, from her backe her garments she did teate,  
 And from her head oft rent her snarled heare:  
 In her right hand a fire-brand she did tosse  
 About her head, still roming here and there;  
 As a dismayed Deere in chace embost,  
 Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.



18

After them, went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*;  
 He looking lompish and full sulliein sad,  
 And hanging downe his heavy countenance;  
 She chearefull fresh and full of ioyance glad,  
 As if no sorrow she ne felt, ne drad;  
 That euill marched paire they seem'd to bee:  
 An angry Waspe th'one in a viall had:  
 Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee;  
 Thus marched these sixe couples forth in faire degree.

19

After all these, there marcht a most faire Dame,  
 Led of two gryfic velleins, th'one *Despight*,  
 The other cleped *Cruelty* by name:  
 She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,  
 Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,  
 Had Deaths owne image figur'd in her face,  
 Full of sad signes, fearful to liuing sight;  
 Yet in that horror shew'd a seemly grace;  
 And with her feeble feet did mouea comely pace.

20

Her breast all naked, as net iuory,  
 Without adorne of gold or siluer bright,  
 Wherewith the Craftel-man wons it beautife,  
 Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,  
 And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)  
 Entrenched deepe with knife accursed keene,  
 Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright  
 (The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,  
 That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleane.

21

At that wide orifice, her trembling heart  
 Was drawne forth, and in siluer basin layd,  
 Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,  
 And in her blond yet steeming fresh embayd:  
 And those two velleins, which her steps vpstayd,  
 When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,  
 And fading vitall powers gan to fade,  
 Her forward still with torture did constraîne,  
 And euermore increased her consuming paine.

22

Next after her, the winged God himselfe  
 Came riding on a Lion ranenous,  
 Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe,  
 That man and beast with powre imperious  
 Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:  
 His blindfold eyes he bade a while vnbind,  
 That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous  
 Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind;  
 Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell mind.

23

Of which full proud, himselfe vp rearing bye,  
 He looked round about with iterne disdain;  
 And did surauy his goodly company:  
 And marshalling the euill ordered traine,  
 With that the darts which his right hand did straine,  
 Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,  
 And clapt on lie his coloured wings twaine,  
 That all his many it affraide did make:  
 Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

24

Behinde him was *Reproache*, *Repentance*, *Shame*;  
*Reproache* the first, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind:  
*Repentance* feeble, sorrowfull and lame:  
*Reproache* despightfull, carelesse, and vnkinde;  
*Shame* most ill fauour'd, bestiall, and blind:  
*Shame* lowrd, *Repentance* sigh't, *Reproache* did scould;  
*Reproache* tharpe stings, *Repentance* whips entwyn'd,  
*Shame* burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:  
 All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

25

And after them, a rude confused rout  
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:  
 Emongst them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,  
 Vnquiet *Care*, and fond *Enthwartthead*,  
 Lewd *Losse of Time*, and *Sorrow* learning dead,  
 Inconstant *Change*, and false *Disloyaltie*,  
 Consuming *Ruotise*, and guilty *Dread*  
 Of heavenly vengeance, Lint *Infirmities*,  
 Vile *Pouertie*, and lastly *Death* with infamie.

26

There were full many moe like maladies,  
 Whose names and natures I n'ote readen well;  
 So many moe, as there be phantasies  
 In wauering womens wit, that none can tell,  
 Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell;  
 And which disguised marcht in masking wise,  
 About the chamber with that Damozell,  
 And then returned (hauing marched thrice)  
 Into the inner roome, from whence they first did rise.

27

So soone as they were in, the dore streight way  
 Fast locked, driuen with that stormy blast,  
 Which first it opened, and bore all away.  
 Then the braue Maid, which all this while was plac't,  
 In secret shade, and sawe both first and last,  
 Issued forth, and went vnto the dore,  
 To enter in, but found it locked fast:  
 It vaine she thought with rigorons vprone  
 For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

28

Where force might not auaille, there sleights and art  
 She cast to vie, both fit for hard emprize;  
 For-thy, from that same roome uot to depart  
 Till morrow next, she did her selfe auize,  
 When that same Maske againe should forth arise.  
 The morrow next appear'd with ioyous cheare,  
 Calling men to their daily exercise,  
 Then she, as morrowe fresh, her selfe did reare  
 Out of her secret stand, that day for to out-weare.

29

All that day the out-wore in wandering,  
 And gazing on that chambers ornament,  
 Till that againe the second euening  
 Her couered with her sable vestiment,  
 Wherewith the worlds faire beauty she hath blent:  
 Then when the second watch was almost past,  
 That brasen dore flew open, and in went  
 Bold *Britomart*, as she had late forecast,  
 Neither of idle shiewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

Q 3

So

30  
So soone as she was entred, round about  
She cast her eyes, to see what was become  
Of all those persons, which she saw without:  
But lo, they straight were vanisht all and some,  
Ne liuing wight the sawe in all that roome,  
Saw that same woefull Lady; both whose hands  
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,  
And her small waste girt round with iron bands,  
Vnto a brazen pillour, by the which she stands.

31  
And her before the vile Enchaunter fate,  
Figuring strange characters of his art:  
With liuing blood he those characters wrote,  
Dreadfully dropping from her dying heart,  
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart;  
And all perforce to make her him to loue.  
Ah! who can loue the worker of her smart?  
A thousand charmes he formerly did proue;  
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast heart remoue.

32  
Soone as that virgin knight he sawe in place,  
His wicked books in haste he ouerthrew,  
Not caring his long labours to deface;  
And fiercely running to that Lady trew,  
A murderous knife out of his pocket drew;  
The which he thought, for villainous despight,  
In her tormented body to embrew:  
But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,  
His cursed hand withheld, and mastered his might.

33  
From her, to whom his fury first he ment,  
The wicked weapon rashly he did wret;  
And turning to her selfe his fell intent,  
Vnwares it strooke into her snowy chest,  
That little drops empurpled her faire breast.  
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,  
Albe the wound were nothing deep impruist,  
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,  
To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

34  
So mightily she smote him, that to ground  
He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should haue flaine,  
Had not the Lady which by him stood bound,  
Dernely vnto her called to abstaine,  
From doing him to dy. For, else her paine  
Should be remediless, sith none but hee,  
Which wrought it, could the same recure againe.  
Therewith she staid her hand, loth staid to bee;  
For, life she him enuide, and longd reuenge to see:

35  
And to him sayd, Thou wicked man, whose meed  
For so huge mischief, and vile villany,  
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,  
Be sure, that nought may saue thee from to dy,  
But if that thou this Dame doe presently  
Restore vnto her health, and former state;  
This doe and liue, else die vndoubtedly.  
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,  
Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date.

36  
And rising vp, gan straight to ouerlook  
Those cursed leaues; his charmes backe to reuerse;  
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke  
He read, and meaur'd many a sad verse,  
That horror gan the virgins heart to perse,  
And her faire lockes vp stared stiffe on end,  
Hearing him those same bloody lines rehearse;  
And all the while he read, she did extend  
Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

37  
Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake,  
And all the doores to rattle round about;  
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,  
Nor slacke her threatfull hand for dangels doubt;  
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout  
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.  
At last, that mighty chaine, which round about  
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,  
And that great brazen pillour broke in peeces small.

38  
The cruell Steele which thrid her dying heart,  
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord:  
And the wide wound, which lately did dispart  
Her bleeding breast, and riuen bowels gor'd,  
Was closed vp, as it had not been bor'd;  
And euery part to safety full sound,  
As she were neuer hurt, was soone restor'd.  
Tho, when she felt her selfe to be vnbound;  
And perfect whole, prostrate she fell vnto the ground:

39  
Before faire *Britomart*, she fell prostrate,  
Saying; Ah noble knight, what worthy meed  
Can wretched Lady, quit from woefull state,  
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?  
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,  
Euen immortal praise, and glory wide,  
Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,  
Shall through the world make to be notiside,  
And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tride.

40  
But *Britomart*, vprearing her from ground,  
Sayd, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene  
For many labours more, then I haue found,  
This, that in safety now I haue you seene,  
And meane of your deliuerance haue bene:  
Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,  
And put away remembrance of late teene;  
In stead therof knowe, that your louing Make  
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake.

41  
She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,  
Whom of all liuing wights she loued best.  
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond  
Vpon th'enchaunter, which had her distrest  
So fore, and with foule outrages opprest:  
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo  
He bound that pitious Lady prisoner, now releast,  
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,  
And captiue with her led to wretchednesse and woe.

42

Returning backe, those goodly roomes, which erst  
 She saw so rich and royally arrayd,  
 Now vanisht vterly, and cleaine subuert  
 She found, and all their glory quite decayd,  
 That sight of such a change her much dismayd.  
 Thence, forth descending to that perious Porch,  
 Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd,  
 And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,  
 That erst all entres went so cruelly to scorch.

43

More easie islew now, then entrance late  
 She found: for, now that fained dreadfull flame,  
 Which chok't the porch of that enchanted gate,  
 And passage bard to all, that thither came,  
 Was vanisht quite, as it were not the fate,  
 And gaue her leaue at pleasure forth to pass.  
 Th' Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame,  
 To haue efforc't the loue of that faire las,  
 Seeing his work now wasted, decepe engriued was.

44

But when the Victorelle arriued there,  
 Where late she left the pensiue *Scudamore*  
 With her owne trusty Squire, both full of feare,  
 Neither of them she found where she them lore:  
 Th' eat her noble heart was stonisht fore;  
 But most, faire *Amores*, whose gentle spright  
 Now gan to feede on hope, which she before  
 Conceiued had, to see her owne deare knight,  
 Being therof beguyld was filld with new affright.

45

But he sad man, when he had long in dreed  
 Awayted there for *Britomartis* returne,  
 Yet sawe her not nor signe of her good speed,  
 His expectation to despair did turne,  
 Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne;  
 And therefore gan aduize with her old Squire,  
 Who her deare nourlings losse no lesse did mourne,  
 Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire:  
 Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe require.

*The end of the third Booke.*

Q 4

A



# A Vision upon this conceipt of the Faerie

QUEENE.

**M**E thought I sawe the Graue, where *Laur* lay,  
Within that Temple, where the vestall flame  
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,  
To see that buried dust of lining fame,  
Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,  
All suddenly I sawe the Faery Queene:  
At whose approache the soule of *Petrarke* wept,  
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene.  
For, they this Queene attended, in whose fteed  
Obluion laid him downe on *Laur*'s herse:  
Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,  
And grones of buried ghosts the heauens did perse;  
Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for griefe,  
And curst th'accesse of that celestiall thiete.

*Another of the same.*

**T**He praise of meaner wits this worke like profite brings,  
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when *Philumena* sings.  
If thou hast formed right true Vertues face herein:  
Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they written bin,  
If thou hast Beauty prayfd, let her sole lookes diuine  
Iudge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her eyne.  
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,  
Behold her Princely minde aright, and wright thy Queene anew.  
Meane while she shall perceiue, how farre her vertues fore  
About the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore:  
And thereby will excuse aud fauour thy good will:  
Whose vertue cannot be exprest, but by an Angels quill.  
Of me no lines are lovd, nor letters are of price,  
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy deuiice.

W. R.

## To the learned Shepheard.

**C**ollin, I see by thy new taken task,  
Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,  
That leades thy Muse in haughty vesse to maske,  
and loath the layes that loue to lovely swaynes,  
That list thy notes from Shepheards vnto kings,  
So like the luely Larke that mounting sings.

Thy iouely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,  
and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight.  
Thy changed heart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,  
those pretty pypes that did thy mates delight;  
Those trusty mates, that loued thee so well,  
Whom thou gau'st mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou eat'st with thy sweet roundelayes,  
d'ast stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:  
So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes,  
delight the dainty eares of higher powers.  
And so mought they in their deepe scanning skill  
Allow and grace our Collins flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queene of thine,  
in whose faire eyes loue linke with vertue sits:  
Enfusing, by those beauties siers diuine,  
such high conceits into thy humble wits,  
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,  
From rusticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redcrosse knight with happy hand  
victorious be in that faire Islands right,  
Which thou dost vaile in type of Faery land,  
Elyza's blessed field, that Albion hight:  
That shields her friends, and warres her mighty foes,  
Yet still with people, peace, and plenty flows.

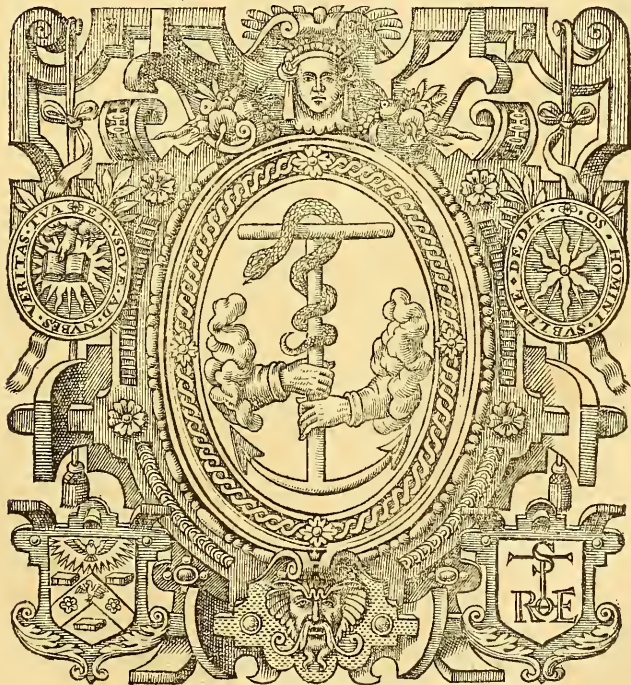
But (iolly Shepheard) though, with pleasing stile,  
thou feast the humour of the courtly traine:  
Let not conceit thy settled sense beguile,  
ne daunted be through enuy or disdain.  
Subiect thy doome to her Empyring spright,  
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

Hobynoll.

THE  
SECOND  
PART OF THE  
FAERIE QUEENE:

Containing  
THE } FOURTH,  
      } FIFT, &  
      } SIXT BOOKE.

By Ed. Spenser.



Imprinted at London for *Mathew Lowmes.*

1609.





# THE FOVRTH BOOK OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

The Legend of CAMBEL & TELAMOND,

OR

*Of Friendship.*

**H**e rugged forehead, that with graue foresight  
Wields kingdoms cautes, & affaires of State,  
My looser times, I wote, doth sharply wite,  
For praying loue as I haue done of late,  
And magnifying louers deare debate;

By which, fraile youth is oit to folly led,  
Through false allurement of that pleasing baite,  
That better were in vertues discipled,  
Then with vaine poems weeds to haue their fancies fed.

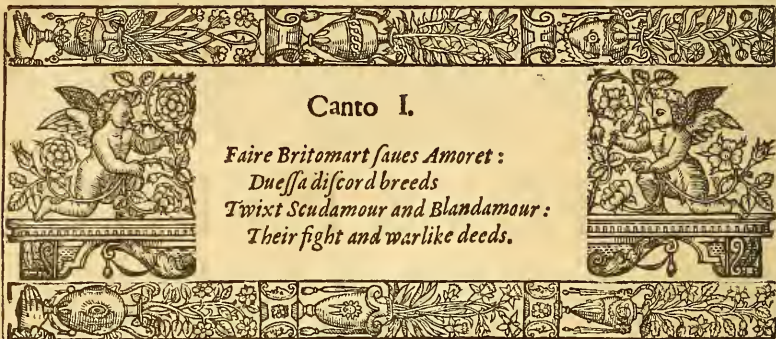
**S**uch ones ill iudge of loue, that cannot loue,  
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame:  
For-thy they ought not thing ynknowne reprove,  
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,  
For fault of few that haue abus'd the same.  
For, it of honor and all vertue is  
The roote, and brings forth gloriously flowres of fame,  
That crowne true louers with immortal blis,  
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amis.

**W**hich who so list look backe to former ages,  
And call to count the things that then were donne,  
Shall find, that all the workes of those wise sages,  
And braue exploits which great Heröes wonne,

In loue were either ended or begunne:  
Witnesse the father of Philosophie,  
Which to his *Critias*, shaded off from sunne,  
Of loue full many lessons did apply,  
The which these Stoicke Censours cannot well deny.

**T**o such therefore I doe not sing at all;  
But to that sacred Saint my soueraigne Queene,  
In whose chaste breast all bounty naturall,  
And treasures of true loue enlocked beene,  
Boue all her sexe that euer yet was seene;  
To her I sing of loue, that loueth best,  
And best is lov'd of all aliae I weene:  
To her, this song most fitly is addrest,  
The Queene of loue, & Prince of peace from heauen blest.

**W**hich that she may the better deigne to heare,  
Do thou drad infant, *Venus* dearing doue,  
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,  
And vse of awfull Maestieremoue:  
In stead whereof with drops of melting loue,  
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten  
From thy sweet smyling mother from aboue,  
Sprinkle her heart, and haughty courage soften,  
That she may hearke to loue, and reade this lesson often.



## Canto I.

*Faire Britomart saues Amoret :*  
*Duessa discord breeds*  
*Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour :*  
*Their fight and warlike deeds.*



<sup>1</sup>  
 Flowers sad calamities of old,  
 Full many piteous stories do remaine:  
 Put none more piteous euer was ytold,  
 Then that of *Amorets* hart-binding chaine,  
 And this of *Florimels* vnworthy paine:  
 The deare compassion of whose bitter fit  
 My softened heart so sorely doth constraîne,  
 That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,  
 And oftentimes doe wish it neuer had been writ.

<sup>2</sup>  
 For, from the time that *Scudamour* her bought  
 In perilous fight, she neuer ioyed day,  
 A perilous fight when he with force her brought  
 From twenty knights, that did him all assay:  
 Yet fairely well he did them all dismay:  
 And with great glory both the shield of loue,  
 And eke the Lady selfe he brought away;  
 Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,  
 A new vnknown mischiefe did from him remoue.

<sup>3</sup>  
 For, that same vile Enchaunter *Busyran*,  
 The very selfe same day that she was wedded,  
 Amidst the bridale feast, whil'ft every man  
 Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill headed,  
 All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,  
 Brought in that Maske of loue which late was shouen:  
 And there the Lady ill of friends bestedded,  
 By way of sport, as oft in Maskes is known,  
 Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknown.

<sup>4</sup>  
 Seauen months he so her kept in bitter smart,  
 Because his sinfull lust she would not serue,  
 Vntill such time as noble *Britomart*  
 Released her, that else was like to sterue,  
 Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerue.  
 And now she is with her vpon the way,  
 Marching in louely wise, that could deserue  
 No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay  
 To blot her with dishonour of so faire a prey.

<sup>5</sup>  
 Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell  
 The diuerse vsage and demeanure daint,  
 That each to other made, as oft befell.  
 For, *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,  
 Left she with blame her honour should attain,  
 That euery word did tremble as the spake,  
 And euery looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,  
 And euery limbe that touched her did quake:  
 Yet could she not but courteous countenance to her make,

<sup>6</sup>  
 For, well she wist, as true it was indeed,  
 That her liues Lord, and Patrone of her health,  
 Right well deserued as his duefull meed,  
 Her loue, her seruice, and her vmost wealth.  
 All is his iustly, that all freely deaith:  
 Nathlesse her honour, dearer then her life,  
 She fought to saue, as thing referu'd from stealth;  
 Die had she leuer with Enchanters knife,  
 Then to be false in loue, profest a virginc wife.

<sup>7</sup>  
 Thereto her feare was made so much the greater  
 Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd:  
 Who, for to hide her fained sex the better,  
 And maske her wounded minde, both did and sayd  
 Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,  
 That well she wist not what by them to ghesse:  
 For, other whiles to her the purpose made  
 Of loue, and other whiles of lustfulnesse,  
 That much the fear'd his mind would growe to som excess.

<sup>8</sup>  
 His will she fear'd; for him she surely thought  
 To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;  
 And much the more, by that he lately wrought,  
 When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,  
 For which no seruice she too much esteemed;  
 Yet dread of shame, and doubt of foule dishonor,  
 Made her not yeeld so much, as due she deemed.  
 Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,  
 As well became a knight, and did to her all honor,



9  
It fo befell one enening, that they came  
Vnto a Castell, lodged there to bee,  
VWhere many a Knight, and many a louely Dame  
VWas then assembled, deedes of armes to see:  
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,  
That many of them mou'd to eye her fore.  
The custome of that place was such, that hee  
Which had no Loue nor Lemman there in store,  
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

10  
Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,  
Who beeing asked for his Loue, avow'd  
That fairest *Amoret* was his by right,  
And offered that to iustifie alowd.  
The war-like Virgine, seeing his so proud  
And boastfull challenge, waxed inly wroth,  
But for the present did her anger shrowd;  
And said, her Loue to lose she was full loth,  
But either he should neither of them haue, or both.

11  
So forth they went, and both together giusted;  
But that same younker soone was over-throwne,  
And made repent, that he had rashly lusted  
For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:  
Yet sith he seemed valiant, though vnknowne,  
She that no lesse was courteous and stout,  
Cast how to saue, that both the custome shewne  
Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out:  
That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far in dout.

12  
The Seneschall was call'd to deeme the right:  
Whom she requir'd, that fittest faire *Amoret*  
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight,  
That did her win, and free from challenge set:  
Which straight to her was yeelded without let.  
Then sith that strange Knights loue from him was  
She claim'd that to herselfe, as Ladies det, (quitted,  
He as a Knight might iustly be admitted:  
So none should be out-flint, sith all of Loues were fitted.

13  
With that, her glistering helmet shee vnaced;  
Which doft, her golden locks, that were vp-bound  
Still in a knot, vnto her heeles downe traced,  
And like a silken veile in compasse round  
About her back and all her body wound:  
Like as the shining sky in summers night,  
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,  
Is crested all with lines of fire light,  
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

14  
Such when those Knights and Ladies all about  
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,  
And euery one gan growe in secret dout  
Of this and that, according to each wit.  
Some thought, that some enchantment fained it;  
Some, that *Bellona* in that war-like wife  
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;  
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:  
So diuersly each one did sundry doubts deuise.

15  
But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed  
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,  
Ten thousand thanks did yield her for her meed,  
And doubly overcome, her ador'd:  
So did they all their former strife accord:  
And eke faire *Amoret*, now freed from feare,  
More franke affection did to her afford,  
And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,  
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance there.

16  
Where, all that night they of their Loues did treat,  
And hard adventures twixt themselves alone,  
That each the other gan with passion great,  
And griefe-full pittie priuately be-mone.  
The morrow next, so soone as *Titan* shone,  
They both vp-rose, and to their waies them dight:  
Long wandred they, yet nener met with one  
That to their willes could them direct aright,  
Or to them tydings tell, that more their harts delight.

17  
Lo, thus they rode, till at the last they spide  
Two armed Knights, that toward them did passe,  
And each of them had riding by his side  
A Lady, seeming in so faire a space:  
But Ladies none they were, albee in face  
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;  
For, vnder maske of beauty and good grace,  
Vile treason and foule falshood hidden were,  
That mote to, none but to the wary wife appeare.

18  
The one of them, the false *Duessa* high,  
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew:  
For, she could d'on so many shapen in sight,  
As euer could Chameleon colours new;  
So could she forge all colours, laue the trew.  
The other, no whit better was then shee,  
But that such as she was, she plaine did shew;  
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,  
And daily more offensue vnto each degree.

19  
Her name was *Até*, mother of debate,  
And all dissension, which doth daily growe  
Amongst fraile men, that many a publique state  
And many a priuate oft doth over-throwe.  
Her, false *Duessa*, who full well did knowe  
To be most fit to trouble noble knights  
VWhich hunt for honour, raised from belowe,  
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,  
Where she in darknes waxes her curled daies and nights.

20  
Hard by the gates of Hell her dwelling is,  
There where-as all the plagues and harmes abound,  
VWhich punish wicked men, that walke amiss:  
It is a darksome delue farre vnder ground,  
With thornes and barren brakes enuiour round,  
That none the same may easily out-win;  
Yet many waies to enter may be found,  
But none to issue forth when one is in:  
For, discour'd harder is to end then to begin.

21  
 And all within, the riuen walles were hung,  
 VVith ragged monuments of times fore-past;  
 All which, the sad effects of discord sang:  
 There were rent robes, and broken scepters plac't,  
 Alears defil'd, and holy things defac't,  
 Dissluiered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,  
 Great Cities ranlackt, and strong Castles ras't,  
 Nations captiu'd, and huge armies flaine:  
 Of all which ruines there some reliques did remaine.

22  
 There was the signe of antique Babylon,  
 Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raign'd long,  
 Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,  
 For memory of which, on high there hong  
 The golden Apple (cause of all their wrong)  
 For which the three faire Goddesse did strue:  
 There also was the name of Nimrod strong,  
 Of Alexander, and his Princes fue,  
 Which shar'd to them the spoyles that he had got aliue.

23  
 And there the reliques of the drunken fray,  
 The which amongst the *Lapithees* befell,  
 And of the bloody feast, which sent away  
 So many *Centaures* drunken soules to hell,  
 That vnder great *Alcides* furie fell:  
 And of the dreadfull discord, which did driue  
 The noble *Argonauts* to out-rage fell,  
 That each of life sought others to deprue,  
 All mindlesse of the Golden-fleece, which made the strue.

24  
 And eke of priuate persons many moe,  
 That were too long a worke to count them all;  
 Some of sworne friendes, that did their faith forgoe;  
 Some of borne brethern, prov'd vnnatural;  
 Some of deare Louers, foes perpetuall:  
 Witnesse their broken bands there to be scene,  
 Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;  
 The monuments whereof there byding beene,  
 As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and Greene.

25  
 Such was her house within; but all without,  
 The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,  
 Which shee her selfe had sowne all about,  
 Now grown great, at first of little feedes,  
 The feedes of euill words, and factious deedes;  
 Which when to ripeness due they grown are,  
 Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds  
 Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iarre,  
 The which most often end in blood-shed and in warre.

26  
 And those same cursed feedes doe also serue  
 To her for bread, and yield her liuing food:  
 For, life it is to her, when others sterue  
 Through mischieuous debate, and deadly food,  
 That shee may suck their life, and drink their blood,  
 With which shee from her childhood had been fed.  
 For, shee at first was borne of hellish brood,  
 And by infernall Furies nourished,  
 That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

27  
 Her face most foule and filthy was to see,  
 With quinted eyes contrary waies intended,  
 And loathly mouth, vnmeet a mouth to bee,  
 That nought but gall and venim comprehended,  
 And wicked words, that God and man offended:  
 Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,  
 And both the parts did speake, and both contended;  
 And as her tongue, so was her hart disceid,  
 That neuer thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

28  
 Als as shee double spake, so heard shee double,  
 With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,  
 Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,  
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,  
 That still are led with euery light report.  
 And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,  
 And much vnlike; th'one long, the other short,  
 And both misplac't; that when th'one forward yode,  
 The other back retired, and contrary trode.

29  
 Likewise vnequall were her handes twaine:  
 That one did reach, the other puist away;  
 That one did make, the other mard againe,  
 And sought to bring all things vnto decay;  
 VVherby great riches, gathered many a day,  
 She in short space did often bring to nought,  
 And their possessours often did dismay.  
 For, all her study was, and all her thought, (wrought.  
 How shee might overthrowe the things that Concord

30  
 So much her malice did her might surpasse,  
 That euen th' Almighty selfe shee did maligne,  
 Because to man so mercifull he was,  
 And vnto all his creatures so benigne,  
 Sith shee her selfe was of his grace indigne:  
 For, all this worlds faire workmanship shee tride,  
 Vnto his last confusion to bring,  
 And that great golden chaine quite to diuide,  
 With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

31  
 Such was that hag, which with *Duessa* rode;  
 And seruing her in her malicious vse,  
 To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,  
 To sell her borrowed beauty to abuse.  
 For, though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,  
 Shee old and crooked were, yet now of late,  
 As fresh and fragrant as the Flowre-deluce  
 Shee was become, by change of her estate,  
 And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.

32  
 Her mate hee was a iolly youthfull Knight,  
 That bore great sway in armes and chiuallrie,  
 And was indeede a man of mickle might:  
 His name was *Blandamour*, that did descry  
 His fickle mind full of inconstancie.  
 And now himselfe he fitted had right well,  
 With two companions of like qualitie,  
 Faithlesse *Duessa*, and false *Paridell*,  
 That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

Now when this gallant, with his goodly crew,  
 From farre elpide the famous *Britomart*,  
 Like knight adventurous in outward view,  
 With his faire Paragon (his conquests part)  
 Approching nigh, estoones his wanton hart  
 Was tickled with delight, and iesting laid;  
 Lo there, Sir *Paridell*, for your defart,  
 Good lucke presents you with yond louely mayd,  
 For pittie that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

By that, the louely paire drew nigh to hond:  
 Whom when as *Paridell* more plainly beheld,  
 Albe in hart he like affection fond,  
 Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld,  
 That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,  
 He had small lust to buy his Loue fo deare:  
 But answerd, Sir, him wife I neuer held,  
 That hauing once escaped perill neare,  
 VVould afterwards afresh the sleeping euill reare.

This knight too late his manhood and his might  
 I did assay, that me right dearly cost;  
 Ne list I for revenge prouoke new fight,  
 Ne for light Ladies loue, that soone is lost.  
 The hot-spurre youth fo scornino to be crost,  
 Take thee to you this Dame of mine, quoth he,  
 And I without your perill or your cost,  
 Will challenge yond fame other for my fee:  
 So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

The warlike *Britoness* her loone addrest,  
 And with such vncouth welcome did receaue  
 Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,  
 That beeing fore't his saddle soone to leaue,  
 Himselfe he did of his new Loue deceaue:  
 And made himselfe th'en sample of his folly.  
 VVhich done, she passed forth not taking leaue,  
 And left him now as sad, as whilome iolly,  
 VVell warned to beware with whom he dur'd to dally.

VVhich when his other company beheld,  
 They to his succour ran with ready ayd:  
 And finding him vnable once to weld,  
 They reared him on horse-back, and vp-stayd,  
 Till on his way they had him forth conuayd:  
 And all the way with wondrous grieffe of mind  
 And shame, hee shew'd himselfe to be dismayd,  
 More for the Loue which he had left behind,  
 Then that which he had to Sir *Paridell* resign'd.

Nath'lesse, he forth did march well as he might,  
 And made good semblance to his company,  
 Dissembling his disease and euill plight;  
 Till that ere long they chanced to cipy  
 Two other knights, that towards them did ply  
 With speedy courte, as bent to charge them new.  
 VVhom, when as *Blandamour*, approaching nie,  
 Perceiu'd to be such as they seem'd in view,  
 Hee was full wo, and gan his former grieffe renew.

For, th' one of them he perfectly descride  
 To be Sir *Scudamour*, by that he bore  
 The God of Loue, with wings displayed wide;  
 VVhom mortally he hated euermore,  
 Both for his worth (that all men did adore)  
 And eke because his Loue he wonne by right:  
 VVhich when he thought, it grieved him full sore,  
 That through the bruises of his former fight,  
 He now vnable was to wreake his old despight.

For-thy, he thus to *Paridell* bespake,  
 Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,  
 That as I late adventured for your sake,  
 The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,  
 Yee will me now with like good turne repay,  
 And iustifie my cause on yonder Knight.  
 Ah Sir! said *Paridell*, doe not dismay  
 Your selfe for this; my selfe will for you fight,  
 As yee haue done for mee: the left hand rubs the right,

VVith that, he put his spures vnto his steed,  
 With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,  
 Like flast out of a boaw preuenting speed.  
 But *Scudamour* was shortly well aware  
 Of his approche, and gan himselfe prepare  
 Him to receiue with entertainment meet.  
 So furiously they met, that either bare  
 The other downe vnder their horses feete,  
 That what of them became, themselves did scarcely weete.

As when two billowes in the frist fowndes,  
 Forcibly driuen with contrary tydes,  
 Doe meet together, each aback rebowndes  
 VVith roring rage; and dashing on all sides,  
 That filleth all the sea with some, diuides  
 The doubtfull current into diuers waies:  
 So fell those two in spight of both their prides;  
 But *Scudamour* himselfe did soone vp-raise,  
 And mounting light, his foe for lying long vpbraies.

Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in fownd,  
 All carelesse of his taunt and bitter raile:  
 Till that the rest him seeing lye on ground,  
 Ran hastily, to weet what did him ayle.  
 Where, finding that the breath gan him to faile,  
 With busie care they stroue him to awake,  
 And doft his helmet, and vndid his maile:  
 So much they did, that at the last they brake  
 His slumber, yet so mazed, that he nothing spake.

Which when-as *Blandamour* beheld, he said,  
 Falsse fairour *Scudamour*, that hast by flight  
 And foule advantage this good knight dismayd,  
 A knight much better then thy selfe behight;  
 Well falles it thee that I am not in plight,  
 This day, to wreake the damage by thee donne:  
 Such is thy wont, that full when any Knight  
 Is weaken'd, then thou doost him over-ronne:  
 So hast thou to thy selfe falsse honour often wonne.

45  
 Hee little answer'd, but in manly hart  
 His mighty indignation did forbear;  
 Which was not yet so secret, but some part  
 Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:  
 Like as a gloomy cloud, the which doth beare  
 An hideous storme, is by the Northerne blast  
 Quite over-blowne, yet doth not passe fo cleare,  
 But that it all the sky doth over-cast  
 With darknes drad, and threatens all the world to wast.

46  
 Ah! gentle knight, then false *Duessa* said,  
 V Why doe ye striue for Ladies loue so sore,  
 Whose chiefe desire is loue and friendly ayd  
 Mongst gentle Knights to nourish euermore?  
 Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamore* therefore,  
 That she your Loue list loue another knight,  
 Ne doe your selfe dislike a whit the more;  
 For, loue is free, and led with selfe delight,  
 Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or night.

47  
 So false *Duessa*: but vile *Aréthus*;  
 Both foolish Knights, I can but laugh at both,  
 That striue and storme with stirre out-rageous,  
 For her that each of you alike doth loth,  
 And loues another, with whom now she go'th  
 In louely wise, and sleeps, and sports, and plays;  
 Whil' st both you here with many a cursed oth,  
 Swear she is yours, and stirre vp bloody frays,  
 To win a Willow-bough, whil' st other weares the Bayes.

48  
 Vile hag, sayd *Scudamore*, why doost thou lye?  
 And falsly seek'it a vertuous wight to shame?  
 Fond Knight, said shee, the thing that with this eye  
 I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?  
 Then tell, quoth *Blandamour*, and feare no blame,  
 Tell what thou saw'it, maulgre who-so it heares.  
 I saw, quoth she, a stranger Knight, whose name  
 I wote nor well, but in his shield he beares  
 (That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares.

49  
 I saw him haue your *Amoret* at will,  
 I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,  
 I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,  
 All many nights, and many by in place,  
 That present were to testifie the case.  
 Which when as *Scudamore* did heare, his hart  
 Was thrild with inward grieffe, as when in chace  
 The Parthian strikes a Stag with shiuering dart,  
 The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.

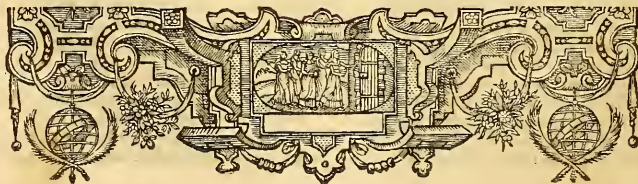
50  
 So stood Sir *Scudamore* when this he heard;  
 Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,  
 But lookt on *Glauce* grim, who wox affeard  
 Of out-rage for the words which she heard say,  
 Albe vntre the wift them by assay.  
 But *Blandamour*, when-as he did espy  
 His change of cheare, that anguish did bewray,  
 He wox full blithe, as he had got thereby,  
 And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

51  
 Lo, recreant, said he, the fruitlesse end  
 Of thy vaine boast, and spoyle of loue misgotten,  
 Whereby the name of knight-hood thou doost spend,  
 And all true Louers with dishonour blotten:  
 All things not rooted well, will soone be rotten.  
 Fie, fie, false knight, then false *Duessa* cryde,  
 Vnworthy life that loue with guile hast gotten;  
 Be thou, where-er cut thou doe goe or ride,  
 Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights deside.

52  
 But *Scudamore* (for passing great despight)  
 Staid not to aunswer, scarcely did retrain,  
 But that in all those knights and Ladies sight,  
 He for reuenge had guilelesse *Glauce* flaine:  
 But beeing past, he thus began amaine;  
 False traytour Squire, false Squire of fallst Knight,  
 Why doth mine hand from thine auenge abstaine,  
 Whose Lord hath done my Loue this foule despight?  
 Why doe I not it wreake, on thee, now in my might?

53  
 Discourteous, disloyall *Britomart*,  
 Vntre to God, and vnto man vnuiuft,  
 VWhat vengeance thou can equal thy desert,  
 That hast with shamefull (pot of sinfull lust  
 Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?  
 Let vgly shame, and endlesse infamy  
 Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust.  
 Yet thou false Squire his fault: that deare aby,  
 And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

54  
 The aged Dame him seeing so enraged,  
 Was dead with feare: nath'lesse as need required,  
 His flaming furie sought to haue asswaged  
 VWith sober words, that sufferance desired,  
 Till time the tryall of her truth expired:  
 And euermore sought *Britomart* to cleare.  
 But he the more with furious rage was fired,  
 And thrice his hand to kill her did vpreare,  
 And thrice he drew it backe: so did at last forbear.



## Canto II.

*Blandamour winnes false Florimell,  
Paridell for her strines,  
They are accorded: Agape  
doth lengthen her sonnes liues.*

**I**rebrand of Hell, first tind in *Pheleton*,  
By thousand Furies, & from thence out-thrown  
Into this world, to worke confusion,  
And set it all on fire (by force vnkown)  
Is wicked Discord; whose small sparks, once blowne,  
None but a God, or god-like man can flake;  
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when strife was grown  
Amongst those famous impes of *Greece*, did take  
His siluer Harp in hand, and shortly friends them make.

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,  
That when the wicked fiend his Lord tormented,  
With heavenly notes, that did all other pass,  
The out-rage of his furious fit relented.  
Such musick is wise wounds with time conected,  
To moderate stiffe mundes, dispos'd to struie;  
Such as that prudent *Romane* well invented,  
What time his people into parts did riuie,  
Them reconcil'd againe, and to their homes did driue.

Such vs'd wife *Glauce* to that wrathfull Knight,  
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:  
Yet *Blandamour*, with tearmes of foule despight,  
And *Paridell* her fornd, and set at nought,  
And old and crooked, and not good for ought.  
Both they vnwise, and warelesse of the euill,  
That by themselues, vnto themselues is wrought,  
Through that false Witch, and that foule aged dreuill,  
The one a fiend, the other, an incarnate deuill.

With whom, as they thus rode accompanide,  
They were encountred of a lustie Knight,  
That had a goodly Lady by his side,  
To whom he made great dalliance and delight.  
It was to weete the bold Sir *Ferraugh* hight,  
He that from *Braggadocchio* whilome rest  
The snowy *Florimell*, whose beauty bright  
Made him seeme happy for so glorious theft;  
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

Which, when as *Blandamour* (whose fancie light  
Was alwaies sitting, as the wauering wind,  
After each beauty that appear'd in sight)  
Beheld, eftsouces it prickt his wanton mind  
With sting of lust, that reasons eye did blind,  
That to Sir *Paridell* these words he sent;  
Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,  
Since so good fortune doth to you present  
So faire a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?

But *Paridell*, that had too late a triall  
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,  
Lift not to harke, but made this faire deniall;  
Last turne was mine, well proud to my paine:  
This now be yours, God send you better gaine.  
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,  
Fiercely forth prickt his steed, as in disdain  
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne;  
By meanes whereof, he hath him lightly over-borne.

Who, with the suddaine stroke astonisht sore,  
Vpon the ground awhile in slumber lay;  
The whiles, his Loue away the other bore,  
And shewing her, did *Paridell* vpbray;  
Lo, sluggish Knight, the Victors happy pray:  
So fortune friends the bold. Whom *Paridell*  
Seeing so faire indeed (as he did say)  
His hart with secret envy gan to swell,  
And inly grudge at him, that he had sped so well.

Nath'lesse, proud man himselfe the other deemed,  
Hauing so peerlesse paragon ygot:  
For, sure the fairest *Florimell* him seemed,  
To him was fallen for his happy lot,  
Whose like aliuie on earth he weened not:  
Therefore he her did court, did serue, did wooe,  
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,  
And all things did deuise, and all things doo,  
That might her loue prepare, and liking win thereto.

9  
 Shee, in regard thereof, him recompenc't  
 With golden words, and goodly countenance,  
 And such fond fauours sparingly dispenc't;  
 Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,  
 And cōy looks temp'ring with loose dalliance;  
 Some-times estranging him in sterner wise,  
 That hauing cast him in a foolish trance,  
 Hee seem'd brought to bed in Paradise, (wife.  
 And prou'd himselfe most foole, in what hee seem'd most

10  
 So great a mistresse of her art shee was,  
 And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,  
 That though therein himselfe he thought to pass,  
 And by his false allurements wylie craft,  
 Had thousand women of their loue draft,  
 Yet now he was surpriz'd: for, that false spright,  
 Which that same Witch had in this forme engraft,  
 Was so expert in euery subtle sight,  
 That it could over-reach the wisest earthly sight.

11  
 Yet hee to her did daily seruice more,  
 And daily more deceiued was thereby;  
 Yet *Paridell* him enuid therefore,  
 As seeming plac't in sole felicitie:  
 So blind is lust, false colours to descry.  
 But *Ate* soone discovering his desire,  
 And finding now fit opportunity  
 To stir vp strife, twixt loue, and spight, and ire,  
 Did priuily put coales vnto his secret fire.

12  
 By sundry meanes there-to shee prickt him forth;  
 Now with remembrance of those spightfull speeches,  
 Now with opinion of his owne more worth,  
 Now with recounting of like former breaches  
 Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:  
 And euer when his passion is allayd,  
 Shee it reuiues, and new occasion reaches:  
 That on a time, as they together way'd,  
 Hee made him open challenge, and thus boldly sayd:

13  
 Too boastfull *Blandamour*, too long I beare  
 The open wrongs thou doost mee day by day;  
 Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sweare,  
 The couenaunt was, that euery spoyle or pray  
 Should equally be shar'd betwixt vs tway:  
 Where is my part then of this Lady bright,  
 VWhom to thy selfe thou takest quite away?  
 Render therefore therein to me my right,  
 Or answer for thy wrong, as shall fall out in fight.

14  
 Exceeding wroth therat was *Blandamour*,  
 And gan this bitter answer to him make;  
 Too foolish *Paridell*, that fayrest floure  
 Would'st gather haire, and yet no paines would'st take:  
 But not so easie will I her forsake;  
 This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend.  
 With that, they gan their shiuering speares to shake,  
 And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,  
 Forgetfull each to haue been euer others friend.

15  
 Their fry steeds, with so vnram'd force,  
 Did beare them both to fell auenges end,  
 That both their speares with pittilesse remorse,  
 Through shield and maile, and haberjeon did wend,  
 And in their flesh a grieisly passage rend,  
 That with the furie of their owne affret,  
 Each other horfe and man to ground did send;  
 VWhere lying still awhile, both did forget  
 The perillous present sound, in which their liues were set:

16  
 As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,  
 VWith muir'drous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,  
 Doe meet together on the watty lea,  
 They stemme each other with so fell despight,  
 That with the shock of their owne heedlesse might,  
 Their woodden ribs are shaken nigh afunder;  
 They which from shore behold the dreadful sight  
 Of flashing fire, and heare the ordnance thonder,  
 Do greatly stand amaz'd at such vnwonted wonder.

17  
 At length, they both vpstart in amaze;  
 As men awaked rashly out of dreame,  
 And round about themselves awhile did gaze,  
 Till seeing her, that *Florimell* did seme,  
 In doubt to whom the victory should deeme,  
 There-with their dulled spights they edg'd anew,  
 And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,  
 Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew, (hew.  
 And shields did share, and mailes did raffe, and helmes did

18  
 So furiously each other did assaile,  
 As if their soules they would at once haue rent  
 Out of their breasts, that streames of bloud did raile  
 Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;  
 That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,  
 And all their armours stained with bloody gore:  
 Yet scarcely once to breathe would they relent;  
 So mortall was their malice and so fore,  
 Become of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

19  
 And that which is for Ladies most besitting,  
 To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,  
 Was from those Dames so far and so vnfitting,  
 As that in stead of praying them surcease,  
 They did much more their cruelty encrease;  
 Bidding them fight for honour of their loue,  
 And rather die then Ladies cause release.  
 With which vaine termes so much they did them moue,  
 That both resolv'd the last extremities to proue.

20  
 There they (I weene) would fight vntill this day,  
 Had not a Squire (euen he the Squire of Dames)  
 By great adventure trauelled that way;  
 Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,  
 And both of old well knowing by their names,  
 Drew nigh, to weet the cause of their debate:  
 And first, layd on those Ladies thousand blames,  
 That did not seeke to appease their deadly hate,  
 But gazed on their harmes, not pitying their estate.

21

And then, those Knights he humbly did beseech  
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken:  
Who lookt a little vp at that his speech,  
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,  
Both greedy fierce on other to be wroken.  
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,  
And them coniu'r'd by some well known token,  
That they at last, their wrothfull hands let fall,  
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

22

First, he desir'd their cause of strife to see:  
They said, it was for loue of *Florimell*.  
Ah! gentle knights, quoth he, how may that bee,  
And she so farre astray, as none can tell.  
Fond Squire, full angry then said *Paridell*,  
Secst not the Lady there before thy face?  
Hee looked backe, and her avising well,  
VVend as he said, by that her outward grace,  
That fayrest *Florimell* was present there in place.

23

Glad man was he to see that ioyous sight  
(For, none aliue but ioy'd in *Florimell*)  
And lowly to her louting, thus behight:  
Fairest of faire, that fairenesse doost excell,  
This happy day I haue to greet you well,  
In which you life I see, whom thousand late  
Misdoubted lost through mischief that befell;  
Long may you liue in health and happy state.  
Shee little aunswer'd him, but lightly did aggregate.

24

Then, turning to those Knights, he gan anew;  
And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,  
That for this Lady present in your view,  
Haue rays'd this cruell warre and out-rage fell,  
Certes (mee seemes) been not advised well:  
But rather ought in friendship for her sake  
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell  
That seeke perforce her from you both to take;  
And of your gotten spoyle, their owne triumph to make.

25

There-at, Sir *Blandamour*, with count'nance sterne,  
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;  
Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,  
That dare fro mee thinke *Florimell* to take.  
Not one, quoth he, but many doe partake  
Heerein, as thus: It lately so befell,  
That *Satyrane* a girdle did vp-take,  
VVell knowne to appertaine to *Florimell*;  
Which for her sake he wore, as him becomed well.

26

But, when as shee herselfe was lost and gone,  
Full many Knights, that loued her like deare,  
Ther-at did greatly grudge, that he alone  
That lost fayre Ladies ornament should weare,  
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare:  
Which he to shun, and stop vile envies sting,  
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where  
A solemne feast, with publique turneyng,  
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

27

And of them all, shee that is fairest found,  
Shall haue that golden girdle for reward;  
And of those Knights who is most stout on ground,  
Shall to that fairest Lady be prefard.  
Sith therefore she herselfe is now your ward,  
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,  
Against all those that challenge it to gard,  
And saue her honour with your ventrous paines;  
That shall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.

28

When they the reason of his words had hard,  
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,  
And with their honours and their loues regard,  
The furious flames of malice to asswage.  
Tho, each to other did his faith engage,  
Like faithfull friends thence-forth to ioyne in one  
With all their force, and battell strong to wage  
Gainst all those knights, as their professed sone,  
That challeng'd ought in *Florimell*, saue they alone.

29

So well accorded, forth they rode together  
In friendly sort, that lasted but awhile;  
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather:  
Yet all was forg'd, and spred with golden foyle,  
That vnder it hid hate and hollow guile.  
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,  
How-cuer gay and goodly be the stile,  
That doth ill cause or euill end endure:  
For, vertue is the band, that bindeth harts most sure.

30

Thus, as they marched all in close disguise  
Of fained loue, they chaunc't to over-take  
Two knights, that linked rode in louely wife,  
As if they secret counsels did partake;  
And each not farre behind him had his Make,  
To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,  
That twixt themselues did gentle purpose make,  
Vnmindfull both of that discordfull crew,  
The which with speedie pace did after them pursue.

31

Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,  
Deceming them doughty as they did appeare,  
They sent that Squire afore, to vnderstand  
What mote they be: who viewing them more neare  
Returned ready newes, that those same were  
Two of the prowrest Knights in Faery lond;  
And those two Ladies their two Louers deare,  
Courageous *Cambell*, and stout *Triamond*,  
With *Canacee* and *Cambine*, linkt in louely bond.

32

Whylome, as antique stories tellen vs,  
Those two were foes, the fellonst on ground,  
And battell made, the draddest dangerous  
That euer shrilling trumpet did resound;  
Though now their acts be no where to be found,  
As that renowned Poet them compiled,  
VVith watlike numbers, and Heroick found,  
Dan *Chaucer* (Well of English vndcified)  
On Fames eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed.

33  
But wicked *Time*, that all good thoughts doth waste,  
And workes of noblest wits to nought out-weare,  
That famous moniment hath quite defac't,  
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,  
The which mote haue enriched all vs heare.  
O cursed Eld! the canker-worme of wits;  
How may these times (so rude as doth appeare)  
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits  
Are quite deuour'd, and brought to nought by little bits?

34  
Then pardon, O most sacred happy spirit,  
That I thy labours lost may thus reuiue,  
And steale from thee the meed of thy due merit,  
That none durst euer whilst thou wast aliue,  
And being dead, in vaine yet many strue:  
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweet  
Of thine owne spirit (which doth in me suruiue)  
I follow heere the footing of thy feet,  
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meet.

35  
*Cambelloes* sister was faire *Canacee*,  
That was the learnedst Lady in her dayes,  
Well feene in euery Science that mote bee,  
And euery secret worke of Natures wayes,  
In witty riddles, and in wise soothsayes,  
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds:  
And (that augmented all her other praye)  
Shee modest was in all her deeds and words,  
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of Knights & Lords.

36  
Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,  
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,  
Ne euer was with fond affection moued,  
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly gouernment,  
For dread of blame, and honours blemishment:  
And eke vnto her looks a law she made,  
That none of them; once out of order went;  
But like to warie Centonels well stayd,  
Still watcht on euery side, off secret foes affraid.

37  
So much the more as she refus'd to loue,  
So much the more she loued was and sought,  
That oftentimes vnquiet strife did moue  
Amongst her Louers and great quarrels wrought:  
That oft for her in bloudie armies they fought.  
Which, when-as *Cambell* (that was stout and wise)  
Perceiu'd would breed great mischiefe, he bethought  
How to preuent the perill that mote rise,  
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

38  
One day, when all that troupe of war-like woovers  
Assembled were, to seee whose shee should bee;  
All mightie men, and dreadfull derring dooers  
(The harder it to make them well agree)  
Amongst them all this end he did decree:  
That of them all which loue to her did make,  
They by consent should chuse the stoutest three,  
That with himselfe should combat for her sake,  
And of them all, the Victor should his sister take.

39  
Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,  
And courage full of haughty hardiment,  
Approou'd oft in perils manifold,  
Which hee archieud to his great ornament:  
But yet his sisters skill vnto him lent  
Most confidence and hope of happy speed,  
Conceiu'd by a ring, which shee him sent;  
That amongst the many vertues (which we reed)  
Had power to staunch all wounds that mortally did bleed.

40  
Well was that rings great vertue knowen to all;  
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,  
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,  
That none of them durst vndertake the fight:  
More wise they weend to make of loue delight,  
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;  
And yet vncertaine by such outward sight  
(Though for her sake they all that perill tooke)  
Whether she would them loue, or in her liking brooke.

41  
Amongst those Knights, there were three brethren bold  
(Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne)  
Borne of one mother in one happy morn;  
Borne at one burden in one happy morne;  
Thrice happy mother, and thrice happy mome,  
That bore three such, three such not to be fond:  
Her name was *Agapé*, whose children werne  
All three as one; the first hight *Priamond*,  
The second, *Diamond*, the youngest, *Triamond*.

42  
Stout *Priamond*, but not so strong to strike;  
Strong *Diamond*, but not so stout a knight;  
But *Triamond* was stout and strong alike:  
On horse-backe vsed *Triamond* to fight,  
And *Priamond* on foot had more delight,  
But horte and foote knew *Diamond* to wield:  
With curtax vsed *Diamond* to smite,  
And *Triamond* to handle speare and shield,  
But speare and curtax both vs'd *Priamond* in field.

43  
These three did loue each other dearly well,  
And with so firme affection were aliide,  
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,  
Which did her powre into three parts diuide;  
Like three faire branches budding far and wide,  
That from one root deriu'd their vitall sap:  
And like that root that doth her life diuide,  
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap,  
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

44  
Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill  
Of secret things, and all the powres of Nature,  
Which shee by art could vse vnto her will,  
And to her seruice bind each liuing creature,  
Through secret vnderstanding of their feature.  
There-to shee was right faire, when-so her face  
Shee list discover, and of goodly stature;  
But she (as Fayes are wont) in priuy place  
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forrests wilde to space.



45  
There, on a day, a noble youthly knight,  
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,  
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,  
As shee fate carelesse by a cryftall flood,  
Combing her golden lockes, as seem'd her good:  
And vnawares vpon her laying hold,  
That stroue in vaine him long to haue withstood,  
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told) (bold.  
Got these three louely babes, that prov'd three champions

46  
VWhich shee, with her, long fostred in that wood,  
Till that to ripenesse of mans stare they grew:  
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,  
They loued armes, and knight-hood did ensue,  
Seeking adventures where they any knew.  
Which when their mother saw, she gan to doubt  
Their safetie; least by searching dangers new,  
And rash prouoking perils all about,  
Their daies more be abridged thogh their courage stout.

47  
Therefore, desirous th'end of all their dayes  
To knowe, and them t'enlarge with long exte,  
By wondrous skill, and many hidden wayes,  
To the three fatal Sisters house she went.  
Farre vnder ground from tract of liuing went,  
Downe in the bottom of the deepe *Abyss*,  
Where *Demogorgon* in dull darknesse pent,  
Farre from the view of Gods and heauens blis,  
The hideous *Chaos* keeps, their dreadful dwelling is.

48  
There shee them found, all sitting round about  
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid;  
And with vnwearied fingers drawing out  
The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.  
Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid  
By grielesly *Lachesis* was spun with paine,  
That cruell *Atropos* estdoones vndid,  
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:  
Most wretched mē, whose dayes depend on thrids so vaine!

49  
Shee them saluting, there by them fate still,  
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:  
And when at last she had beheld her fill,  
Trembling in hart, and looking pale and wan,  
Her cause of comming thee to tell began.  
To whom, fierce *Atropos*; Bold *Fay*, that durst  
Come see the secreet of the life of Man,  
VWell woorthy thou to be of *Ioue* accurst,  
And eke thy childrens thrids to be afinder burst.

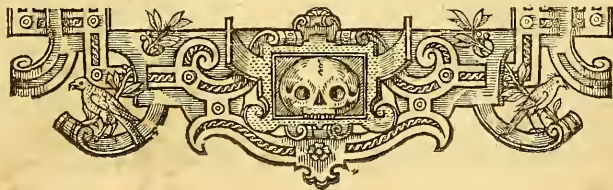
50  
Where-at she fore affrayd, yet her besought  
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,  
That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,  
And know the measure of their vmost date,  
To them ordained by eternal Fate.  
Which *Clotho* granting, shewed her the same:  
That when shee saw, it did her much amate,  
To see their thrids so thin, as spyders frame,  
And eke so short, that seem'd their ends out shortly came.

51  
She then began them humbly to intreate  
To draw them longer out, and better twine,  
That so their liues might be prolonged late.  
But *Lachesis* thereat gan to repine,  
And sayd, Fond Dame, that deem'st of things diuine  
As of humane, that they may a'tred bee,  
And chang'd at pleasure for those Impes of thine.  
Not so; for, what the Fates doe once decree,  
Not all the Gods can change, nor *Ioue* himselfe can free.

52  
Then sith, quoth shee, the tearme of each mans life  
For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee.  
Graunt this, that when ye shor with fatal knife  
His line, which is the eldest of the three,  
Which is of them the shortest, as I seee,  
Estdoones his life may passe into the next:  
And when the next shall likewise ended bee,  
That both their liues may likewise be annex  
Vnto the third, that his may lo be trebly wext.

53  
They granted it; and then that carefull *Fay*  
Departed thence with full contented mind;  
And comming home, in warlike fresh array  
Them found all three according to their kind:  
But vnto them what destiny was assign'd,  
Or how their liues were eekt, shee did not tell;  
But euermore, when shee fit tyme could find,  
She warned them to tend their safeties well,  
And loue each other deare, what-euer them befell.

54  
So did they surely during all their dayes,  
And neuer discord did amongst them fall;  
Which much augmented all their other praise.  
And now t'increate affection naturall,  
In loue of *Canacee* they ioyned all:  
Vpon which ground this same great battell grew  
(Great matter growing of beginning small;)  
The which for length I will not here pursue,  
But rather will reserue it for a Canto new.





## Canto III.

*The battell twixt three brethren, with  
Cambell for Canacee.  
Cambina with true friendships bond  
doth their long strife agree.*



**1**  
**W**hy doe wretched men so much desire  
 To draw their dayes vnto the vtmost date,  
 And doe not rather wish them soone expire,  
 Knowing the misery of their estate,  
 And thousand perils which them still awate,  
 Tossing them like a boate amid the Maine,  
 That euer howre they knock at Deathes gate?  
 And hee that happy seemes, and leaft in paine,  
 Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth plaine.

**2**  
 Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,  
 The which in seeking for her children three  
 Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine:  
 Yet whil' st they liued, none did euer see  
 More happy creatures then they seem'd to bee,  
 Nor more ennobled for their curtesie:  
 That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;  
 Ne more renowned for their cheualrie:  
 That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

**3**  
 These three that hardie challenge tooke in hand,  
 For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight:  
 The day was set, that all might vnderstand,  
 And pledges pawnd the fame to keepe aright.  
 That day (the dreddest day that liuing wight  
 Did euer see vpon this world to shine)  
 So soone as heauens window shewed light,  
 These warlike Champions, all in armour shine,  
 Assembled were in field, the challenge to define.

**4**  
 The field with listes was all about enclos'd,  
 To barre the prease of people farre away;  
 And at th'one side six Iudges were dispos'd,  
 To view and deeme the deeds of armes that day:  
 And on the other side, in fresh array,  
 Faire *Canacee* vpon a stately stage  
 Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,  
 And to be seene, as his most worthy wage,  
 That could her purchase with his liues aduentur'd gage.

**5**  
 Then entred *Cambell* first into the list,  
 With stately steps, and fearelesse countenance,  
 As if the conquest his he surely wist.  
 Soone after, did the brethren three advance,  
 In braue array, and goodly threameance,  
 With scatchins gilt, and banners broad displayd:  
 And marching thrice in warlike ordinance,  
 Thrice louted lowly to the noble Mayd,  
 The whiles shrill trumpets & loud clarions sweetly playd.

**6**  
 Which doen, the doughty Challenger came forth,  
 All arm'd to poynnt his challenge to abet;  
 Gaiust whom, Sir *Priamond* with equall worth,  
 And equall armes himselfe did forward fet.  
 A trumpet blew; they both together met,  
 With dreadfull force, and furious intent,  
 Carelesse of perill in their fierce asstret,  
 As if that life to losse they had forelent,  
 And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.

**7**  
 Right practicke was Sir *Priamond* in fight,  
 And throughly skild in vie of shield and speare;  
 Ne lesse approued was *Cambelloes* might,  
 And lesse his skill in weapons did appeare,  
 That hard it was to weene which harder were.  
 Full many mighty strokes on either side  
 Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare:  
 But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,  
 That they avoyded were, and vainely by did flyde.

**8**  
 Yet one of many was so strongly bent  
 By *Priamond*, that with vn lucky glaunce,  
 Through *Cambels* shoulder it vnwarely went,  
 That forced him his shield to disadvaunce:  
 Much was hee grieued with that gracelesse chaunce;  
 Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,  
 But wondrous paine, that did the more enhance  
 His haughty courage to avengement fell: (swell.  
 Smart daunts not mightie harts, but makes them more to  
 With

9  
 With that, his poynant speare he fierce auentred,  
 With doubled force close vnderneath his shield,  
 That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,  
 And there arresting, ready way did yield,  
 For blood to gush forth on the grassie field;  
 That he for paine himselfe n'ote right vp-reare,  
 But to and fro in great amazement reel'd,  
 Like an old Oake, whose pith and sap is seare,  
 At puffed at euery storme doth stagger here and there.

10  
 Whom so dismaid when *Cambell* had espide,  
 Again he droue at him with double might,  
 That nought mote stay the Steele, till in his side  
 The mortall poynt most cruelly empight:  
 Where fast infix'd, whilst he sought by slight  
 It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,  
 And left the head behind: with which despight  
 Hee all enrag'd, his shining speare did shake,  
 And charging him afresh, thus felly him bespake:

11  
 Lo faitour, there thy meede vnto thee take,  
 The meed of thy mischallenge and abet:  
 Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,  
 Haue I thus long thy life vnto thee let:  
 But to forbear, doth not forgive the det.  
 The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow;  
 And passing forth with furious assest,  
 Peare't through his beuer quite into his brow,  
 That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

12  
 There-with asunder in the midst it brast,  
 And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;  
 The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,  
 Out of his head-peece *Cambell* fiercely rest:  
 And with such fury back at him it heft,  
 That making way vnto his dearest life,  
 His weafand pipe it through his gorget cleft:  
 Thence streames of purple blood, illusing rise,  
 Let forth his weary ghost, and made an end of strife.

13  
 His weary ghost, asoyld from fleshy band,  
 Did not (as others wont) directly fly  
 Vnto her rest in *Platoes* grieftly land;  
 Ne into ayre did vanish presently,  
 Ne changed was into a starre in sky:  
 But through translation was estoones deriued,  
 Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,  
 Into his other brethren, that foruiued;  
 In whom he liu'd anew, of former life depriued.

14  
 Whom, when on ground his brother next beheld,  
 Though sad and sorry for so heauy sight,  
 Yet leaue vnto his sorrow did not yield:  
 But rather stir'd to vengeance and despight,  
 Through secret feeling of his generous spright,  
 Rusht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,  
 As in reuerfion of his brothers right;  
 And chalenging the Virgin as his dew.  
 His foe was soone adrest: the trumpets freshly blew.

15  
 With that, they both together fiercely met,  
 As if that each meant other to deuoure;  
 And with their axes both so forely bet,  
 That neither plate nor maile, where-as their powre  
 They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,  
 But riued were, like rotten wood asunder,  
 Whilst through their rifts the ruddy blood did showre,  
 And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,  
 That fill'd the lookers on atonce with ruth and wonder.

16  
 As when two Tigers prickt with hungers rage,  
 Haue by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,  
 On which they weene their famine to asswage,  
 And gaue a feastfull gurdion of their toyle,  
 Both falling out, doe stirre vp strife-full broyle,  
 And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,  
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,  
 But either sdeignes with other to partake:  
 So cruelly these Knights stroue for that Ladies sake.

17  
 Full many stroakes, that mortally were ment,  
 The whiles were enterchanged twixt them two;  
 Yet they were all with so good wariment  
 Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,  
 That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe:  
 Till *Diamond*, disdeigning long delay  
 Of doubtfull fortune wauering to and fro,  
 Resolv'd to end it one or other way;  
 And heau'd his murderous axe at him with mighty sway.

18  
 The dreadfull stroake, in case it had arriued,  
 Where it was meant (so deadly was it ment)  
 The soule had sure out of his body riued,  
 And stinted all the strife incontinent.  
 But *Cambells* fate that fortune did preuent:  
 For, seeing it at hand, he swar'd aside,  
 And so gaue way vnto his fell intent:  
 Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,  
 Was with the force nigh fel'd, whilst his right foot did slide.

19  
 As when a Vulture greedy of his pray,  
 Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,  
 Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,  
 That from his force seemes nought may it defend;  
 The wary fowle, that spies him toward bend,  
 His dreadfull soule avoydes, it shunning light,  
 And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;  
 That with the weight of his owne weeldicse might,  
 He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recouereth flight.

20  
 Which sure adventure when *Cambello* spide,  
 Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover,  
 From dangers dread to ward his naked side,  
 He can let driue at him with all his power,  
 And with his axe him smote in euill howre,  
 That from his shoulders quite his head he rest:  
 The headlesse trunk, as heedlesse of that stower,  
 Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,  
 Till feeling life to faile, it fell, and deadly slept.

21

They, which that pittious spectacle beheld,  
 VVere much amaz'd the head-lesse trunk to see  
 Stand vp so long, and weapon vaine to weld,  
 Vnweeting of the Fates diuine decree,  
 For lifes succcession in those brethren three.  
 For, notwithstanding that one soule was rest,  
 Yet had the body not dismembred bee,  
 It would haue liued, and reuiued left;  
 But, finding no fit seate, the life-lesse corse it left.

22

It left: but that same soule which therein dwelt,  
 Straight entering into *Triamond*, him filld  
 With double life, and griefe; which when he felt,  
 As one whose inner parts had been ythrild  
 With poynt of Steele, that close his hart-bloud spild,  
 He lightly leapt out of his place of rest,  
 And rushing forth into the empty field,  
 Against *Cambello* fiercely him addrest;  
 Who, him affronting, soone to fight was ready prest.

23

Well mote ye wonder, how that noble Knight  
 After he had so often wounded bene,  
 Could stand on foot, now to renew the fight.  
 But had ye then him forth aduancing scene,  
 Some new-borne might ye would him surely weene:  
 So fresh he seem'd, and so fierce in fight;  
 Like as a Snake, whom weary Winters teene  
 Hath worne to nought, now feeling Sommers might,  
 Casts off his ragged skin, and freshly doth him dight.

24

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,  
 The which not onely did not from him let  
 One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore  
 His weakned powers, and dull'd spirits whet,  
 Through working of the stone therein yset.  
 Else how could one of equall might with most,  
 Against so many no lesse mighty met,  
 Once thinke to match three such on equall cost?  
 Three such as able were to match a puissant host.

25

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adred,  
 Ne desperate of glorious victory,  
 But sharply him assayld, and fore bested,  
 VVith heapes of stroakes, which he at him let fly,  
 As thicke as hayle forth poured from the sky:  
 He strooke, he soust, he foyn'd, he hew'd, he lasth,  
 And did his iron brond fo fast apply,  
 That from the same the fiery sparkles flasht,  
 As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rock are dash't.

26

Much was *Cambello* daunted with his blowes:  
 So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,  
 That he was forc't (from danger of the throwes)  
 Backe to retire, and some-what to relent,  
 Till th'heat of his fierce fury he had spent:  
 VVhich when for want of breath gan to abate,  
 He then afresh, with new encouragement,  
 Did him assaile, and mightily amate,  
 As fast as forward eurst, now backward to retrate.

27

Like as the tyde that comes fro th' Ocean maine,  
 Floues vp the Shenan with contrary force,  
 And over-ruling him in his owne raine,  
 Drives backe the current of his kindly course,  
 And makes it seeme to haue some other source:  
 But when the flood is spent, then backe againe  
 His borrowed waters forc't to redisbourne,  
 He sends the sea his owne with double gaunce,  
 And tribute eke withall, as to his Soueraigne.

28

Thus did the battell vary to and fro,  
 VVith diuers fortune doubtfull to be deem'd:  
 Now this the better had, now had his foe;  
 Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seem'd;  
 Yet Victors both themselves alwaies esteem'd.  
 And all the while, the disentrayld bloud  
 Adowne their sides like little riuers strem'd;  
 That with the wasting of his vitall flood,  
 Sir *Triamond* at last, full faint and feeble stood.

29

But *Cambell* still more strong and greater grew,  
 Ne felt his bloud to waste, ne powes emperisht,  
 Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,  
 Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherish't,  
 And all his wounds, and all his bruses guarisht:  
 Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle  
 Is often scene full freshly to haue florisht,  
 And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,  
 As fresh as when it first was planted in the foyle.

30

Through which advantage, in his strength he rose,  
 And smote the other with so wondrous might,  
 That through the same, which did his hauberk close,  
 Into his throat and life it pierc'd quight,  
 That downe he fell, as dead in all mens sight:  
 Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,  
 As all men doe, that lose the liuing spright:  
 So did one soule out of his body fly  
 Vnto her natue home, from mortall misery.

31

But nathelasse, whilst all the lookers on  
 Him dead behight, as he to all appear'd,  
 All vnawares he started vp anon,  
 As one that had out of a dreame bene rear'd,  
 And fresh assayld his foe; who halfe afraid  
 Of th'vnouth fight, as hee some ghost had scene,  
 Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sword;  
 Till hauing often by him stricken bene,  
 He forced was to strike, and saue himselfe from teene.

32

Yet, from thence-forth, more warily he fought,  
 As one in feare the *Styrian* gods t'offend,  
 Ne follow'd on so fast, but rather sought  
 Himselfe to saue, and danger to defend.  
 Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.  
 Which *Triamond* perceiuing, weened sure  
 He gan to faint, toward the battels end,  
 And that he should not long on foote endure;  
 A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

33

Whereof full blithe, eftsfoones his mighty hand  
He heay'd on high, in mind with that fame blowe  
To make an end of all that did withstand:  
Which *Cambell* seeing come, was nothing slowe  
Him selfe to saue from that so deadly throwe;  
And at that instant reaching forth his sword  
Close vnderneath his shield, that scarce did showe,  
Strooke him, as he his hand to strike vp-reard;  
In th' arm-pit ful, that through both sides the wound appeard.

34

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his waie,  
And falling heayn on *Cambelloes* crest,  
Strooke him so hugely, that in swowne he lay;  
And in his head an hideous wound imprest:  
And sure, had it not happily found rest  
Vpon the brim of his broad plated shield;  
It would haue cleft his braine downe to his breast.  
So both at once fell dead vpon the field,  
And each to other seem'd the victory to yield.

35

Which when as all the lookers on beheld,  
They weened sure the warre was at an end,  
And Iudges rose, and Marshalls of the field  
Broke vp the listes, their armes away to rend:  
And *Canaace* gan wyle her dearest friend,  
All suddenly they both vpstart light,  
The one out of the swownd, which him did blend,  
The other breathing now another spright,  
And fiercely each assaying, gan afresh to fight.

36

Long while they then continued in that wize,  
As if but then the battell had begonne:  
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,  
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,  
Desirous both to haue the battell donne;  
Ne either cared life to saue or spill,  
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne.  
So weary, both of fighting had their fill,  
That life it selfe seem'd loathsome, and long safety ill.

37

Whil' it thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,  
Vnsure to whether side it would incline,  
And all mens eyes and hearts which there among  
Stood gazing, filled were with rusefull tine,  
And secret feare to see their fatall fine;  
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyse,  
That seem'd some perillous tumult to define,  
Confus'd with womens cries, and shouts of boyes,  
Such as the troubled Theaters oft-times annoyes.

38

Threat the Champions both stood still a space,  
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment;  
Lo, where they spide with speedy whirling pafe,  
One in a charet of strange furniment,  
Towards them drining like a storme out sent,  
The charet decked was in wondrous wize,  
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,  
After the Persian Monarks antique guise  
Such as the maker selfe could best by art deuise.

39

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)  
Of two grim lions, taken from the wood,  
In which their powre all others did excell:  
Now made forget their former cruell mood,  
To obey their riders hest, as seemed good.  
And therein fate a Lady passing faire  
And bright, that seemed borne of Angels brood,  
And with her beauty, bounty did compare,  
Whether of them in her should haue the greater share.

40

Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,  
And all the artes, that subtil wits discouer,  
Hauing therein been trayned many a yeare,  
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,  
That in the same she fare excel'd all other.  
Who vnderstanding by her mighty art,  
Of th' euill plight, in which her dearest brother  
Now stood, came forth in haste to take his part,  
And pacifie the strife, which cauld so deadly smart.

41

And as she passed through th' vnruely preace  
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,  
Her angry teame breaking their bonds of peace,  
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,  
For haste did ouer-rutne, in dust enrould;  
That thorough rude confusion of the rout,  
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,  
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,  
And some that would seem wise, their wonder turnd to dout.

42

In her right hand a rod of peace she bore,  
About the which two Serpents weren wound,  
Entrayled mutually in loucly lore,  
And by the tayles together firmly bound,  
And both were with one olue garland crown'd,  
Like to the rod which *Maias* sonne doth wield,  
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound.  
And in her other hand a cup she hild,  
The which was with *Nepenthe* to the brim vp-fild.

43

*Nepenthe* is a drink of soueraigne grace,  
Deuized by the gods, for to asswage  
Hearts grieffe, and bitter gall away to chace,  
Which stirs vp anguish and contentious rage:  
In stead therof, sweet peace and quiet age  
It doth establish in the troubled mind.  
Fewe men, but such as sober are and sage,  
Are by the gods to drink thereof assyn'd;  
But such as drink, eternall happinesse do finde.

44

Such famous men, such Worthies of the earth,  
As *Tone* will haue aduanced to the skie,  
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,  
For their high merits and great dignity,  
Are wont, before they may to heauen flie,  
To drink hereof: whereby, all cares forepast  
Are wast away quite from their memory.  
So did those olde Heröes hereof taste,  
Before that they in blis amongst the gods were plac't.

45

Much more of price and of more gracious powre  
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,  
The which *Rinaldo* drunke in happy houre,  
Described by that famous Tuscan penne:  
For, that had might to change the hearts of men  
Fro loue to hate, a change of euill choise:  
But this doth hatred make in loue to brenne,  
And heauy heart with comfort doth reioyce.  
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

46

At last, arriuing by the listes side,  
She with her rod did softly smite the aile;  
Which streight flew ope, and gaue her way to ride.  
Eftsoones out of her Coach she gan auaile,  
And pasing fairely forth did bid All haile,  
First to her brother, whom she loued deare,  
That so to see him made her heart to quaille:  
And next to *Cambell*, whose sad ruefull cheare  
Made her to change her hew, and hidden loue t' appeare.

47

They lightly her requit (for, small delight  
They had as then her long to entertaine.)  
And est them turned both againe to fight.  
Which when she sawe, downe on the bloody Plaine  
Her selfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;  
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,  
And (with her prayers, reasons to restrain  
From bloody strife, and blessed peace to seeke)  
By all that vnto them was deare, did them beseeke.

48

But when as all might nought with them preuaile,  
She smote them lightly with her powerfull wand.  
Then suddenly as if their hearts did faile,  
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,  
And they like men astonisht still did stand.  
Thus whil'ft their minds were doubtfully distraught,  
And mighty spirits bound with mightier band,  
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,  
Whereof full glad for thirst, each drunk an heary draught.

49

Of which so soone as they once tasted had  
(Wonder it is that sudden change to see.)  
In stead of strokes, each other kissed glad,  
And louely haulft from feare of treason free,  
And plighted hands for euer friends to be.  
When all men saw this sudden change of things,  
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,  
For passing joy, which so great maruaile brings,  
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heauen rings.

50

All which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld,  
In haste she from her lofty chaire descended,  
To weet what sudden tidings was befel:  
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,  
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,  
In louely wise she gan that Lady greet,  
Which had so great dismay so well amended;  
And entertaining her with cur'ties meet,  
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

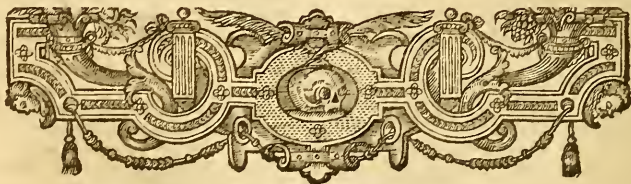
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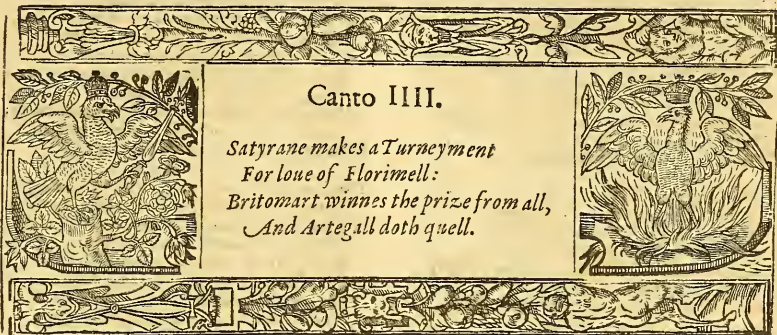
Thus when they all accorded goodly were,  
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,  
Thence to depart with glee and gladforme cheere.  
Those warlike Champions both together chose,  
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose:  
And wise *Cambina*, taking by her side  
Faire *Canacee* as fresh as morning rose,  
Vnto her Coach remounting, home did ride,  
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorified.

52

Where making joyous feasts their dayes they spent  
In perfect loue, deuoid of hatefull strife,  
Allide with bands of mutuall couplement;  
For, *Triamond* had *Canacee* to wife,  
With whom he led a long and happy life;  
And *Cambel* took *Cambina* to his fere,  
The which as life were each to other liefe.  
So all alike did loue, and loued were,  
That since their daies such louers were not found elsewhere.

Canto





## Canto IIII.

*Satyrane makes a Turneyment  
For loue of Florimell:  
Britomart winnes the prize from all,  
And Artegall doth quell.*

**T** often fals (as here it carst befell)  
That mortall foes, do turne to faithfull friendes;  
And friends profest, are chang'd to foe-men fell:  
The cause of both, of both their minds depēds;  
And th'en d of both, likewise of both their ends.  
For, enmity, that of no ill proceeds,  
But of occasion, with th'occasion ends;  
And friendship, which a faine affection breeds  
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds.

That well (me seemes) appeares, by that of late  
Twixt *Cambell* and Sir *Triamond* befell;  
As als by this, that now a new debate  
Scird vp twixt *Scudamour* and *Paridell*,  
The which by course befalls me here to tell:  
Who, having those two other knights espide  
Marching afore, as ye remember well,  
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both descride,  
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

Who, backe returning, tolde as he had scene,  
That they were doughty knights of dreaded name;  
And those two Ladies, their two loues vnscene;  
And therefore wisit them without blot or blame,  
To let them pass at will, for dread of shame.  
But *Blandamour* full of vainglorious spright,  
And rather sturd by his discordfull Dame,  
Vpon them gladly would haue prov'd his might,  
But that he yet was fore of his late lucklesse fight.

Yet nigh approaching, he them fowle bespake,  
Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,  
As was his wont; so weening way to make  
To Ladies loue, where-so he came in place,  
And with lewd tearmes their louers to deface.  
Whose sharpe prouokement them incenst so fore,  
That both were bent t'auenge his visage base,  
And gan their shields addresse them selues afore:  
For, euill deeds may better then bad words be bore.

But faire *Cambina*, with perswasions mild,  
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,  
That for the present they were reconcyl'd,  
And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,  
And strange aduentures, all the way they rode:  
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,  
Of that great turney, which was blazed broad,  
For that rich girle of faire *Florimell*,  
The prize of her, which did in beauty most excell.

To which folke-mote they all with one consent,  
Sith each of them his Lady had him by,  
Whose beauty each of them thought excellent,  
Agreed to trauell, and their fortunes try.  
So as they passed forth, they did espie  
One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,  
That toward them his course seem'd to apply,  
Gainst whom Sir *Paridell* him selfe addrest,  
Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to haue represt.

Which th'other seeing, gan his course relent,  
And wanted speare cōfoones to disaduance,  
As if he nought but peace and pleasure ment,  
Now falne into their fellowship by chance;  
Whereat they shewed courteous countenance.  
So as he rode with them accompnide,  
His rousing eye did on the Lady glaunce,  
Which *Blandamour* had riding by his side:  
Whom sure he weend, that he somwhere tofore had cyde.

It was to weat, that snowy *Florimell*,  
Which *Ferrau* late from *Brage adocchio* wonne;  
Whom he now seeing, her remembered well,  
How having rest her from the witches sonne,  
He soone her lost: wherefore he now begonne  
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,  
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,  
And proffer made by force her to reprise:  
Which scornfull offer *Blandamour* gan soone despise.

And sayd, Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,  
Whom he that hath, were loth to lose so light,  
(For, so to lose a Lady, were great shame)  
Yee shall her winne, as I haue done in fight:  
And lo shee shall be placed here in fight,  
Together with this Hag beside her set,  
That who-so winnes her, may her haue by right:  
But he shall haue the Hag that is ybet,  
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.

That offer pleased all the company,  
So *Florimell* with *Até* forth was brought;  
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:  
But *Braggadocchio* sayd, he neuer thought  
For such an Hag, that seemed worse then nought,  
His person to imperill so in fight.  
But if to match that Lady they had sought,  
Another like, that were like faire and bright,  
His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,  
As scorning his vnmanly cowardise:  
And *Florimell* him fowly gan reuile,  
That for her sake refus'd to enterprife  
The battell, offred in so knightly wise.  
And *Até* eke prouok't him priuily,  
With loue of her, and shame of such mesprife.  
But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,  
For, in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

But *Cambell* thus did shut vp all in left,  
Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong  
To stirre vp strife, when most vs needeth rest,  
That we may vs reuene both fresh and strong,  
Against the Turnement which is not long;  
When who-so list to fight, may fight his fill:  
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;  
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,  
Whether shall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady still.

They all agreed: so turning all to game,  
And pleasant bord, they past forth on their way.  
And all that while, where-so they rode or came,  
That masked Mock-knight was their sport and play.  
Till that at length vpon th'appointed day,  
Vnto the place of turneyment they came;  
Where they before them found in fresh array  
Many a braue knight, and many a dainty dame  
Asssembled, for to get the honour of that game.

There this faire crew arriuing, did diuide  
Them selues afunder: *Blandamour* with those  
Of his, on th'one; therest on th'other side.  
But boastfull *Braggadocchio* rather chose,  
For glory vaine their fellowship to lose,  
That men on him the more might gaze alone.  
The rest them selues in troups did else dispose,  
Like as it seemed best to euery one;  
The knights in couples marcht, with Ladies linkt attone.

Then first of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,  
Bearing that precious relique in an arke  
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not profane:  
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,  
He open shew'd, that all menit mote marke;  
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost  
With pearle & precious stone, worth many a marke;  
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:  
It was the same, which lately *Florimell* had lost.

That same aloft he hong in open vew,  
To be the prize of beauty and of might;  
The which estfoones, discourced, to it drew  
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,  
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,  
That all men threw out vovues and wishes vaine.  
Thrice happy Ladie, and thrice happy knight,  
Them seemd, that could fo goodly riches gaine,  
So worthy of the perill, worthy of the paine.

Then tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand  
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,  
And vauncing forth from all the other band  
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,  
Shewing him selfe all ready for the field.  
Gainst whom, there singled from the other side  
A Painim knight, that well in armes was skild,  
And had in many a battell oft ben tride,  
Hight *Bruncheval* the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

So furiously they both together met,  
That neither could the others force sustaine.  
As two fierce Bulls, that strue the rule to get  
Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,  
That both rebutted, tumble on the Plaine:  
So these two Champions to the ground were feld,  
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,  
And in their hands their idle troocheons held,  
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

Which when the noble *Ferramont* espide,  
He pricked forth in ayde of *Satyrane*;  
And him against, Sir *Blandamour* did ride  
With all the strength and stiffece that he can.  
But the more strong and stify that he ran,  
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,  
That on a heape were tumbled horse and man.  
Vnto whose reskew forth rode *Paridell*;  
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

Which *Braggadocchio* seeing, had no will  
To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,  
Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,  
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd.  
But *Triamond* halfe wroth to see him staid,  
Sternly stepped forth, and raught away his speare,  
With which so fore he *Ferramont* assaid,  
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,  
That neither could in haste them selues again vpreare.



21

Which to auenge, Sir *Dewin* him did dight,  
 But with no better fortune then the rest:  
 For, him likewise he quickly downe did smight,  
 And after him, Sir *Douglas* him adrest,  
 And after him, Sir *Palinor* forth prest:  
 But none of them against his strokes could stand;  
 But all the more, the more his praise increast.  
 For, either they were left vpon the land,  
 Or went away fore wounded of his haples hand.

22

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,  
 Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;  
 And looking round about, like one dismayd,  
 When as he saw the merciflesse affray,  
 Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,  
 Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,  
 His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,  
 For very gall, that rather wholly dead  
 Himselfe he wisht haue beene, that in so bad a stead.

23

Essoones he gan to gather vp around  
 His weapons, which lay scattered all abroad;  
 And as it fell, his steed he ready found.  
 On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,  
 Like sparke of fire, that from the anvile glode,  
 There where he sawe the valiant *Triamond*  
 Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,  
 That none his force were able to withstonde,  
 So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

24

With that, at him his beam-like speare he aymed,  
 And thereto all his powre and might applyde:  
 The wicked steele for mischief first ordained,  
 And hauing now misfortune got for guide,  
 Staid not, till it arrited in his side,  
 And therein made a very grieuifull wound,  
 That streames of bloud his armour all bedide.  
 Much was he daunted with that direfull sound,  
 That scarce he him vpheld from falling in a found.

25

Yet as he might, himselfe he soft with-drew  
 Out of the field, that none perceiud it plaine.  
 Then gan the part of Chalengets anew  
 To range the field, and Victor-like to raine,  
 That none against them battell durst maintaine.  
 By that, the gloomy euening on them fell,  
 That forced them from fighting to refraine,  
 And trumpets sound to cease did them compell.  
 So *Satyrane* that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

26

The morrow next the Turney gan anew,  
 And with the first the hardy *Satyrane*  
 Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:  
 On th' other side, full many a warlike swaine  
 Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.  
 But mongst them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,  
 Vnable he new battell to darraigne,  
 Through grienance of his late receiued wound.  
 That doubly did him grieue, when-so himselfe he found.

27

Which *Cambell* seeing, though he could not salue,  
 Ne done vndoe, yet for to salue his name,  
 And purchase honour in his friends behalue,  
 This goodly counterfeisance he did frame.  
 The shield and armes well knowne to be the same,  
 Which *Triamond* had worne, vnwares to wight,  
 And to his friend vnwist, for doubt of blame,  
 If he misdid; he on himselfe did dight,  
 That none could him discerne, and so went forth to fight.

28

There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found,  
 Triumphant in great ioy and iolity;  
 Gaiust whom none able was to stand on ground;  
 That much he gan his glory to enuy,  
 Anst cast t' auenge his friends indignity.  
 A mighty speare estoones at him he bent;  
 Who seeing him come on so furiously,  
 Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,  
 That forcibly to ground, they both together went.

29

They vp againe themselues can lightly reare,  
 And to their tryed swords themselues betake;  
 With which they wrought such wondrous maruels there  
 That all the rest it did amazed make,  
 Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;  
 Now cuffing close, now chasing to and fro,  
 Now hurtling round, aduantage for to take:  
 As two wild Boares together grappling goe,  
 Chaufing, and foming cholere, each against his foe.

30

So as they court, and turneyd here and there,  
 It chaunst Sir *Satyrane* his steed at last,  
 Whether through foundring or through sodein feare,  
 To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;  
 Which vantage *Cambell* did pursue so fast,  
 That ere he himselfe he had recouered well,  
 So fore he swift him on the compact creast,  
 That forced him to leaue his lofty sell,  
 And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horse feete fell.

31

Lightly *Cambello* leapt downe from his steed,  
 For to haue rent his shield and armes away,  
 That whylome wont to be the Victors meed;  
 When all vnwares he felt an hideous sway  
 Of many swords that load on him did lay.  
 An hundred knights had him enclosed round,  
 To rescue *Satyrane* out of his pray;  
 All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,  
 In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground.

32

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,  
 But with stout courage turnd vpon them all,  
 And with his bronchion round about him layd;  
 Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:  
 Like as a Lion that by chance doth fall,  
 Into the hunters toyle, doth rage and rore,  
 In royall heart disdainning to be thrall;  
 But all in vaine: for what might one doe more?  
 They haue him taken captiue, though it grieue him fore.

33  
Whereof when newes to *Triamond* was brought,  
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot;  
And starting vp, straight for his armour sought :  
In vaine he fought; for, there he found it not;  
*Cambello* it away before had got :  
*Cambelloes* armes therefore he on him threw,  
And lightly islew forth to take his lot.  
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,  
Leading his friend away, full sory to his view.

34  
Into the thickest of that knightly preace  
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,  
Caried with feruent zeale; ne did he casse,  
Till that he came where he had *Cambell* scene,  
Like captiue thral two other Knights atweene,  
There he amongst them cruell havoc makes ;  
That they which lead him, soone enforced beene  
To let him loose to faue their proper stakes:  
Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

35  
With that he driues at them with dreadfull might,  
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,  
And in reuengement of his owne despight;  
So both together giue a new allarme,  
As if but now the battell waxed warme.  
As when two greedy Wolves do breake by force  
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,  
They spoile and raune without all remorse ;  
So did these two through all the field, their foes enforce.

36  
Fiercely they follow'd on their bolde emprise,  
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest ;  
Then all with one consent did yield the prize  
To *Triamond* and *Cambell* as the best.  
But *Triamond* to *Cambell* it releast.  
And *Cambell* it to *Triamond* transferd ;  
Each labouring t' aduance the others gett,  
And make his praise before his owne preferd :  
So that the doom was to another day differd.

37  
The last day came, when all those knights againe  
Assembled were, their deeds of arms to shew.  
Full many deeds that day were shewed plaine :  
But *Satyrane* boue all the other crewe,  
His wondrous worth declar'd in all mens view.  
For, from the first he to the last endured:  
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,  
Yet enermore his honour he recured,  
And with vnwearied powre his party still assured.

38  
Ne was there Knight that euer thought of armes,  
But that his utmost prowesse there made knownen,  
That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,  
By shinered speares, and swords all vnder strowen,  
By scattered shields was cast to be showen.  
There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,  
Whose lucklesse riders late were overthrowen ;  
And Squiers make haste to helpe their Lords fordonne:  
But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne ;

39  
Till that there entred on the other side,  
A stranger knight, from whence no man could reed.  
In queynt disguise, full hard to be descride.  
For, all his armour was like saluage weed,  
With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed  
With oaken leanes attrapt, that seemed fit  
For saluage wight, and thereto well agreed  
His word which on his ragged shield was writ,  
*Saluagesse sans finesse*, shewing secret wit.

40  
He at his first in-comming, charg'd his speare  
At him, that first appeared in his sight :  
That was to weete, the front Sir *Sangliere*,  
Who well was knowne to be a valiant Knight,  
Approued oft in many a perulous fight.  
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,  
And ouer-bore beyond his crouper quight,  
And after him another Knight, that hote  
Sir *Briamor*, so fore, that none him life behote.

41  
Then ere his hand he reard, he overthrow  
Seuen Knights, one after other as they came :  
And when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,  
The instrument of wrath, and with the same  
Far'd like a lion in his bloody game,  
Hewing, and flashing shields, and helmets bright,  
And beating downe what euer nigh him came ;  
That euery one gan shun his dreadfull fight,  
No lesse then death it selfe in dangerous affright.

42  
Much wondred all men, what or whence he came,  
That did amongst the troupses fo tyrannize ;  
And each of other gan enquire his name.  
But when they could not learne it by no wise,  
Most answerable to his wild disguise  
It seemed, him to tearm the saluage knight.  
But certes his right name was otherwise,  
Though knowne to few, that *Arthegall* he hight,  
The doughnest knight that liv'd that day, & most of might.

43  
Thus was Sis *Satyrane* with all his band,  
By his sole manhood and atchiuement stout  
Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,  
But beaten were, and chafed all about.  
So he continued all that day throughout,  
Till euening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.  
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout  
A stranger knight, that did his glory shend ;  
So, nought may be esteemed happy till the end.

44  
He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare  
At *Arthegall*, in midst of his prides ;  
And therewith smote him on his *Vmbriere*  
So fore, that to mbling backe, he downe did slide  
Ouer his horses taile aboute a stride ;  
Whence little lust he had to rise againe.  
Which *Cambell* seeing, much the same enuide,  
And ran at him with all his might and maine ;  
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the Plaine.

Where-

45

Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,  
 And cast r'euenge the shame doen to his friend:  
 But by his friend, himselfe eke toone he fond,  
 In no lesse need of help, then him he weend.  
 All which when *Elandamour* from end to end  
 Beheld, he woxe therewith displeas'd fore,  
 And thought in mind it shortly to amend:  
 His speare he feuted, and at him it bore;  
 But with no better fortune, then the rest afore.

46

Full many others at him likewise ran:  
 But all of them likewise dismounted were.  
 Ne certes wonder; for, no powre of man  
 Could bide the force of that enchanted speare,  
 The which this famous *Britomart* did beare;  
 With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieued,  
 And ouerthrew what euer came her neare,  
 That all those stranger knights full fore agrieued,  
 And that late weaker band of challengers relieued.

47

Like as in sommers day when raging heat  
 Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers dry,  
 That all brute beasts forc't to refraine fro meate,  
 Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,  
 And missing it, faime from themselves to flie;  
 All trauellers tormented are with paine:  
 A waty cloud doth ouercast the skie,  
 And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,  
 That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

48

So did the warlike *Britomart* restore  
 The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day  
 (Which else was like to haue been lost) and bore  
 The prayfe of prowesse from them all away.  
 Then shrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,  
 And bade them leaue their labours and long toyle,  
 To ioyous feast and other gentle play,  
 Where beauties prize should win that precious spoyle:  
 Where I with sound of trumpe will also rest awhile.



## Canto V.

*The Ladies for the girdle strue  
 Of famous Florimell.  
 Scudamour, comming to Cares house,  
 Doth sleepe from him expell.*



1

**T**Hath been through all ages euer seene,  
 That with the prayfe of armes and cheualry,  
 The prize of beauty still hath ioyned been;  
 And that for reasons speciall priuity:  
 For, eyther doth on other much rely.  
 For, he me fermes most fit the faire to ferue,  
 That can her best defend from villeny;  
 And the most fit his seruice doth deserue,  
 That fairest is, and from her faith will neuer swerue.

2

So fitly now here commeth next in place,  
 After the prooffe of prowesse ended well,  
 The controuerse of beauties soueraigne grace;  
 In which to her that doth the most excell,  
 Shall fall the girdle of faire *Florimell*:  
 That many wish to win for glory vaine,  
 And not for vertuous vse, which some do tell  
 That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,  
 Which Ladies ought to loue, and seeke for to obtaine.

3

That girdle gaue the vertue of chaste loue,  
 And wiuehood true, to all that did it beare;  
 But whofoeuer contrary doth proue,  
 Might not the fame about her middle weare,  
 But it would loose, or else asunder teare.  
 Whylome it was (as Faeries wont report)  
 Dame *Venus* girdle, by her steerned deare,  
 What time she vs'd to liue in wiuely fort;  
 But layd aside, when lo she vs'd her loofer sport.

4

Her husband *Vulcan* whylome for her sake,  
 When first he loued her with heart entire,  
 This precious ornament they say did make,  
 And wrought in *Lemo* with vnquenched fire:  
 And afterwards did for her loucs first hire,  
 Giue it to her for euer to remaine,  
 Therewith to bind lasciuious desire,  
 And loose affections freightly to restraine;  
 Which vertue it for euer after did retainne.

5  
The same one day, when she her selfe dispos'd  
To visite her beloued Paramoure,  
The god of warre, she from her middle loos'd,  
And left behind her in her secret bowre,  
On *Aridalian* mount, where many an howre  
She with the pleasant *Graces* went to play.  
There *Florimell* in her first ages flowre  
Was fostred by those *Graces*, (as they say)  
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

6  
That goodly belt was *Cestras* hight by name,  
And as her life by her esteemed deare.  
No wonder then, if that to winne the same  
So many Ladies fought, as shall appeare;  
For, peerlesse she was thought, that did it beare.  
And now t' y this, heir feat all being ended,  
The iudges which thereto selected were,  
Into the Martian field adowne descended,  
To deeme this doubtfull case, for which they all contended.

7  
But first was question made; which of those Knights  
That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne:  
There was it iudged by those worthy wights,  
That *Satyrané* the first day best had donne:  
For, he last ended, hauing first begonne.  
The second was to *Triamond* be hight,  
For that he sav'd the Victour from fordonne:  
For, *Cambell* Victour was in all mens fight,  
Till by mishap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

8  
The third dayes prize vnto the stranger Knight,  
Whom all men teard Knight of the Heberespeare,  
To *Britomart* was gien by good right;  
For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare  
The *Saluage* Knight, that Victour was whilecare,  
And all the rest, which had the best afore,  
And to the last vnconquer'd did appeare;  
For, last is deemed belt. To her therefore  
The fairest Lady was adiudg'd for Paramore.

9  
But therat greatly grudged *Arthegalls*,  
And much reyn'd, that both of Victors meede,  
And eke of honour she did him forestall.  
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreed;  
But inly thought of that despightfull deed  
Fit time t'awaite auenged for to bee,  
This being ended thus, and all agreed,  
The next ensew'd the Paragon to see  
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fairest her due fee.

10  
Then first *Cambello* brought vnto their view  
His faire *Cambina*, couered with a veale;  
Which being once withdrawne, most perfect hew  
And passing beauty did effsoones reucale,  
That able was weake hearts away to steale.  
Next, did Sir *Triamond* vnto their fight  
The face of his deare *Canacee* vnheale;  
Whose beauties beame effsoones did shine so bright,  
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

11  
And after her did *Paridell* produce  
His false *Duesssa*, that she might be seene;  
Who with her forged beaurty did seduce  
The hearts of some, that fairest her did weene;  
As diuers wits affected diuers beene.  
Then did Sir *Ferramont* vnto them shew  
His *Lucida*, that was full faire and sheene,  
And after these an hundred Ladies moe  
Appeard in place, the which each other did out-goe.

12  
All which who-so dare thinke for to enchace,  
Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene,  
To tell the feature of each goodly face.  
For, since the day that they created beene,  
So many heavenly faces were not seene  
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought  
For *Chian* folke to pourtraict bewties *Queene*,  
By view of all the fairest to him brought,  
So many faire did see, as here he might haue fought.

13  
At last, the most redoubted *Britonnesse*,  
Her louely *Amoree* did open shewe;  
Whose face discouered, plainly did expresse  
The heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew.  
Well weened all, which her that time did view,  
That she should surely beare the bell away,  
Till *Blandamour*, who thought he had the trew  
And very *Florimell*, did her display:  
The fight of whome oncescene did all the rest dismay.

14  
For, all afore that seem'd faire and bright,  
Now base and contemptible did appeare,  
Compar'd to her, that shone as *Phobés* light,  
Amongst the lesser starrs in euening cleare.  
All that her sawe, with wonder ravisht were,  
And weend no mortall creature she should be,  
But some celestially shape, that flesh did beare:  
Yet all were glad there *Florimell* to see;  
Yet thought that *Florimell* was not so faire as shee.

15  
As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill,  
With golden foyle doth finely ouer-sped  
Some baser metall, which commend he will  
Vnto the vulgar for good gold insted,  
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed,  
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:  
So hard, this Idole was to beared,  
That *Florimell* her selfe in all mens view  
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

16  
Then was the golden belt by doome of all  
Graunted to her, as to the fairest Dame.  
Which being brought, about her middle small  
They thought to gird, as best it her became;  
But by no means they could it thereto frame.  
For, euer as the y fastned it, it loos'd  
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.  
Full oft about her waste she it endos'd;  
And it as oft was from about her waste disclos'd.

17  
That all men wondred at the vncouth fight,  
And each one thought, as to their fancies came.  
But she her selfe did think it doen for spight,  
And touched was with secret wrath and shame  
Therewith, as thing deuiz'd her to defame.  
Then many other Ladies likewise tride,  
About their tender loynes to knit the same;  
But it would not on none of them abide,  
But when they thought it fast, effoones it was vntide.

18  
Which when that scornfull *Squire of Dames* did view,  
He loudly gan to laugh and thus to iest;  
Alas for pitie that so faire a crew,  
As like can not be seene from East to West,  
Cannot find one this girdle to ineest.  
Fie on the man, that did it first inuent,  
To shame vs all with this, *Vnvert vnblest.*  
Let neuer Lady to his loue assent,  
That hath this day so many to vnmanly shent.

19  
Therewith all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre;  
Till that at last the gentie *Amoret*  
Likewise assaid, to proue that girdles powre;  
And hauing it about her middleset,  
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.  
Wherewith the rest gan greatly to enuy:  
But *Florimell* exceedingly did fret,  
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily  
The belt againe, about her body gan it tie.

20  
Yet nathemore would it her body fit;  
Yet nathelittle to her, as her dew right,  
It yeelded was by them, that iudged it:  
And the her selfe adiudged to the Knight,  
That bore the Hebeue speare, as wonne in fight.  
But *Britomart* would not thereto assent,  
Nether owne *Amoret* forgoc so light  
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment  
She lesse esteem'd, then th'others vertuous government.

21  
Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,  
They were full glad, in hope themselves to get her:  
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.  
But after that, the Iudges did arrear her  
Vnto the second best, that lov'd her better;  
That was the *Saluage Knight*: but he was gone  
In great displeasure, that he could not get her.  
Then was she iudged *Triamond* his one;  
But *Triamond* lov'd *Cancee*, and other none.

22  
Tho, vnto *Satyras* she was adiudged,  
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:  
But *Blandamour* therewith full greatly grudged,  
And little prais'd his labours euill speed,  
That for to winne the faddell, lost the steed.  
Nefesse therewith did *Paridell* complaine,  
And thought 't'appeale from that which was decreed,  
To single combate with Sir *Satyras*.  
Thereto him *Até* stir'd, new discord to maintaine.

23  
And eke with these, full many other Knights  
She through her wicked working did incense,  
Her to demanda, and challenge as their rights,  
Deferred for their perils recompense.  
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretense  
Stept *Braggadochio* forth, and as his thrall  
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long since:  
Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call;  
Who being askt accordingly confessed all.

24  
Therewith exceeding wroth was *Satyras*;  
And wroth with *Satyras* was *Blandamour*;  
And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Eriuan*;  
And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure.  
So all together stir'd vp strifefull floure,  
And ready were new battell to darraine.  
Each one profest to be her paramour,  
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;  
Ne iudges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restraine.

25  
Which troublous stirre when *Satyras* auiz'd,  
He gan to cast how to appease the same;  
And to accord them all, this meanes deuiz'd:  
First in the middl to set that fairest Dame,  
To whom each one his challenge should disclaime,  
And he himselfe his right would eke releaue:  
Then look to whom the voluatory came,  
He should without disturbance her possesse:  
Sweet is the loue that comes alone with willingnesse.

26  
They all agreed: and then that snowy Mayd  
Was in the middelt plac't among them all;  
All on her gazing wish, and vowe, and prayd,  
And to the Queene of beauty close did call,  
That she vnto their portion might befall.  
Then when the long had lookt vpon each one,  
As though she wished to haue pleas'd them all,  
At last to *Braggadochio* selfe alone  
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

27  
Which when they all beheld, they chaf't and rag'd,  
And woxe nigh mad for very hearts despight,  
That from reuenge their willes they scarce asswag'd:  
Some thought from him her to haue rest by might;  
Some profier made with him for her to fight.  
But he nought car'd for all that they could say:  
For, he their words as wind esteemed light.  
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,  
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

28  
They which remaynd, so soone as they percei'd,  
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,  
And follow'd them, in mind her to haue reau'd  
From wight vnworthy of so noble meed.  
In which pursuit how each one did succed,  
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.  
But now of *Britomart* it here doth neede  
The hard aduentures and strange haps to tell;  
Since with the rest she went not after *Florimell*.

29  
 For, soone as she them sawe to discord set,  
 Her list no longer in that place abide;  
 But taking with her lovely *Amoret*,  
 Vpon her first aduerture forth did ride,  
 To seek her lov'd, making blind Loue her guide.  
 Vnlucky Mayd to seeke her enemy!  
 Vnlucky Mayd to seeke him farre and wide,  
 Whom, when he was vnto her selfe most nic,  
 She through his late disguizement could him not descric.

30  
 So much the more her grieffe, the more her toyle:  
 Yet neither toyle nor grieffe she once did spare,  
 In seeking him, that should her paine affoile;  
 Whereto great comfort in her selfe misfare  
 Was *Amoret*, companion of her care:  
 Who likewise fought her louer long mis-went,  
 The gentle *Scudamour*, whose heart whilecare  
 That stryfefull hag with ieaalous discontent  
 Had filld, that he to fell reuenge was fully bent;

31  
 Bent to reuenge on blamelesse *Britomart*  
 The crime, which curst *Ate* kindled earft,  
 The which like thornes did pricke his ieaalous heart;  
 And through his soule like poysoned arrow pearc't,  
 That by no reason it might be reuert,  
 For ought that *Glaucé* could or doe say.  
 For, aye the more that she the same rehearft,  
 The more it gauld, and griu'd him night and day,  
 That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote defray.

32  
 So as they travelled, the drouping night  
 Couered with cloudy storm and bitter showre,  
 That dreadfull seem'd to euery living wight,  
 Vpon them fell, before her timely howre;  
 That forced them to seeke some couert bowre,  
 Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,  
 And shrowd their persons from that stormy stowre.  
 Not farre away, not meete for any guest  
 They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

33  
 Vnder a steepe hilles side it placed was,  
 There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;  
 And fast beside a little brooke did pass  
 Of muddy water, that like puddle stank;  
 By which, fewe crooked fallowes grewe in ranke:  
 Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound  
 Of many iron hammers beating ranke,  
 And answering their weary turnes around,  
 That seem'd some black-smith dwelt in that desert ground.

34  
 There entring in, they found the goodman selfe,  
 Full busily vnto his worke ybent;  
 Who was to weet, a wretched wearish elfe,  
 With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks forspent,  
 As if he had in prison long been pent:  
 Full blacke and grisly did his face appeare,  
 Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent;  
 With ragged beard, and hoary shagged heare,  
 The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely sheare.

35  
 Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,  
 Ne better had he, ne for better cared:  
 With blistred hands emongft the cinders brent,  
 And fingers filthy, with long nayles vnpared,  
 Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.  
 His name was *Cares*; a black-smith by his trade,  
 That neither day nor night, from working spared,  
 But to small purpose iron wedges made;  
 Those be vnquiet thoughts, that carefull minds inuade.

36  
 In which his worke he had fixe seruants prest,  
 About the Andvile standing cuermore,  
 With huge great hammers, that did neuer rest  
 From heaping stroakes, which thereon souled fore:  
 All fixe, strong groomes, but one then fouder more;  
 For, by degrees they all were disagreed;  
 So likewise did the hammers which they bore,  
 Like belles in greatnesse orderly succed,  
 That he which was the last, the first did fare exceed.

37  
 He like a monstrous Giant seem'd in fight,  
 Farre passing *Brouteus*, or *Pyracmon* great,  
 The which in *Lipari* doe day and night  
 Frame thunder-bolts for *Ioues* auengefull throat.  
 So dreadfully he did the anduile bear,  
 That seem'd to dust he shortly would it driue:  
 So huge his hammer and so fierce his heat,  
 That seem'd a rock of Diamond it could riuie,  
 And rend asunder quite, if he therto list striue.

38  
 Sir *Scudamour* there entring, much admired  
 The manner of their worke and weary paine;  
 And hauing long beheld, at last enquired  
 The cause and end thereof: but all in vaine;  
 For, they for nought would from their work refraine,  
 Ne let his speeches come vnto their care.  
 And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,  
 Like to the Northren wind, that none could heare:  
 Those *Penfuenes* did moue; and *Sighes* the bellowes were.

39  
 Which when that Warriour sawe, he said no more,  
 But in his armour laid him downe to rest:  
 To rest, he layd him downe vpon the flore,  
 (Whilome for ventrous knights the bedding best)  
 And thought his weary limbs to haue redrest.  
 And that olde aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,  
 Her feeble ioints layd eke adowne to rest;  
 That needed much her weake age to desire,  
 After so long a trauell, which them both did tire.

40  
 There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting,  
 When gentle sleepe his heavy eyes would close;  
 Oft changing sides, and oft new place electing,  
 Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;  
 And oft in wrath he thence againe vprofe;  
 And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.  
 But wherefoeuer he did himselfe dispose,  
 He by no means could wishd ease obtaine:  
 So euery place seem'd painefull, and each changing vaine.

41  
 And euermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,  
 The hammers found his fenies did molest;  
 And euermore, when he began to winke,  
 The bellows noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,  
 Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.  
 And all the night the dogs did barke and houle  
 About the house, at fent of stranger guest:  
 And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle  
 Lowde shriking him afflicted to the very soule.

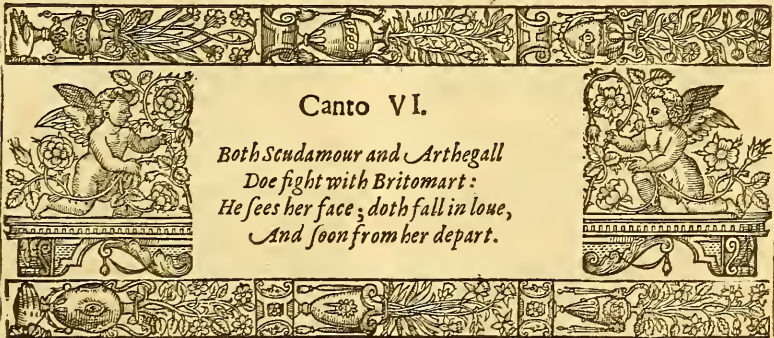
42  
 And if by fortune any litle nap,  
 Vpon his heauy eye-lids chaunc't to fall,  
 Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap  
 Vpon his head-peece with his yron mall;  
 That he was soone awaked therewithall,  
 And lightly started vp as one affraid;  
 Or as if one him suddenly did call.  
 So, oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,  
 And then lay mazing long, on that him ill apayd.

43  
 So long he muzed, and so long he lay,  
 That at the last his weary sprite opprest  
 With fleshly weakenefe, which no creature may  
 Long tme resist, gaue place to kindly rest,  
 That all his senses did full soone arrest:  
 Yet in his soundest sleepe, his dayly feare  
 His ydle braine gan busily molest,  
 And made him dreame those two disloyall were:  
 The things that day most minds, at night do most appeare.

44  
 With that, the wicked carle, the master Smith,  
 A paire of red-hot iron tonges did take  
 Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,  
 Vnder his side him nip't; that for't to wake,  
 He felt his heart for very paine to quake,  
 And started vp auenged for ro be  
 On him, the which his quiet slomber brake:  
 Yet looking round about him none could see;  
 Yet did the smut remaine, though he him selfe did flee.

45  
 In such disquiet and heart-fretting paine,  
 He all that night, that too long night did passe.  
 And now the day out of the Ocean maine  
 Began to peepe about this earthly masse,  
 With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:  
 Then vp he rose like heauy lump of lead;  
 That in his face, as in a looking glasse,  
 The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,  
 And ghesse the man to be dismayd with ieaious dread.

46  
 Vnto his lofty steede he clombe anone,  
 And forth vpon his former voyage fared,  
 And with him eke that aged Squire attone;  
 Who, whatsoeuer perill was prepared,  
 Both equall paines, and equall perill shared:  
 The end whereof and dangerous euent  
 Shall for another canticle be spard.  
 But here my weary teeme nigh ouer-spent  
 Shall breath it selfe awhile, after so long a went.



## Canto VI.

*Both Scudamour and Arthegall  
 Doe fight with Britomart:  
 He sees her face; doth fall in loue,  
 And soon from her depart.*

1  
 What equall torment to the griefe of mind,  
 And pynning anguish hid in gentle heart,  
 That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts vnkinde,  
 And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?  
 What medicine can any Leaches art  
 Yeeld such a fore, that doth her grieuance hide,  
 And will to none her maladic impart?  
 Such was the wound that *Scudamour* did gride;  
 For which, *Dan Phobus* selfe cannot a saluc prouide.

2  
 Who, hauing left that restless house of *Care*,  
 The next day, as he on his way did ride,  
 Full of melancholy and sad misfere,  
 Through misconceit; all vnwares espide  
 An armed knight vnder a Forrest side,  
 Sitting in shade beside his grazing steed;  
 Who, soone as them approaching he descride,  
 Gan towards them to pricke with eager speed,  
 That seem'd he was full bent to some mischieuous deed.

Which

3  
Which, *Scudamour* perceiuing, forth issued  
To haue r'encountred him in equall race:  
But, soone as th'other, nigh approaching, viewed  
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase.  
And void his course: at which so iuddein case  
He wondred much. But th'other thus can say;  
Ah gentle *Scudamour*, vnto your grace  
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,  
That almost had againt you trespassed this day.

4  
Whereto thus *Scudamour*, Small harme it were  
For any knight, vpon a ventrous knight  
Without displeasance for to proue his speare.  
But reade you Sir, sith ye my name haue hight,  
What is your owne? that I mote you requite.  
Certes, sayd he, ye mote as now excuse  
Me from discouering you my name aright:  
For, time yet serues that I the same refuse,  
But call ye me the *Saluage Knight*, as others vse.

5  
Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight*, quoth he, areed;  
Or, doe you here withiu this Forrest wonne?  
(That seemeth well to answer to your weed)  
Or, haue ye it for some occasion donne?  
That rather seemes, sith knowne armes ye shonne.  
This other day, sayd he, a stranger knight  
Shame and dishonour hath vnto me donne;  
On whom I wait to wreak that foule despight,  
When-euer he this way shall passe by day or night.

6  
Shame be his meede, quoth he, that meaneth shame.  
But what is he, by whom ye shamed were?  
A stranger knight, sayd he, vnknowne by name,  
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,  
With which, he all that met him, downe did beare.  
He in an open Turney lately held,  
From me the honour of that game did reare;  
And hauing me, all weary earst, downe feld,  
The fyrest Lady rest, and euer since withheld.

7  
When *Scudamour* heard mention of that speare,  
He wist right well, that it was *Britomart*,  
The which from him his fairest Loue did beare.  
Tho, gan he swell in euery inner part,  
For fell despight, and gnaw his ieaalous heart,  
That thus he sharply sayd; Now by my head,  
Yet is northis the first vnknighthly part,  
Which that same knight, whom by his lance I read,  
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

8  
For, lately he my Loue hath fro me rest,  
And eke desired with foule villanie  
The sacred pledge, which in his faith was left,  
In shame of knighthood and fidelity;  
The which ere long full deare he shall abie.  
And if to that auenge by you decreed  
This hand may help, or succour ought supply,  
It shall not faile, when-so ye shall it need.  
So both to wreak their wrathes on *Britomart* agreed.

9  
Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away  
A knight lost riding towards them they spyde,  
Attyr'd in fortaine armes and strange array:  
Whom when they nigh approacht, they plaine descride  
To be the same, for whom they did abide.  
Sayd then *Lir Scudamour*, Sir *Saluage* knight  
Let me this craue, sith first I was deide,  
That first I may that wrong to him requite:  
And if I hap to faile, you shall recure my right.

10  
Which being yeilded, he his threatfull speare  
Gan fester, and againt her fiercely ran.  
Who, soone as she him sawe approaching neare  
With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan  
To dight, to welcome him, well as she can:  
But entertained him in fo rude a wise,  
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;  
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,  
But on their common harmes together did deuide.

11  
But *Artegall*, beholding his mischance,  
New matter added to his former fire;  
And est'auentering his Steele-headed lance,  
Againt her rode, full of dispiteous ire,  
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require.  
But to himselfe his felonous intent  
Returning, disappointed his desire,  
Whiles vnawares his saddle he forwent,  
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

12  
Lightly he started vp out of that found;  
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,  
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound  
Thrust to an Hynd within some couert glade,  
Whom without perill he cannot inuade.  
With such fell greedinesse he her assayed,  
That though she mounted were, yet he her made  
To giue him ground (so much his force preuayled)  
And thus his mighty strokes, gainst which no arms auailed.

13  
So as they coursed here and there, it chaunc't  
That in her wheeling round, behind her crest  
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunc't  
Adowne her backe, the which it euery blest  
From foule mischance; ne did it euer rest,  
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;  
Where biting deepe, so deadly it imprest,  
That quite it chyn'd his back behind the fell,  
And to alight on foote her algates did compell:

14  
Like as the lightning brond from riuen skie,  
Throwne out by angry *Ioue* in his vengeance,  
With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie;  
Which battring, down it on the Church doth glaunce,  
And teares it all with terrible mischance.  
Yet she no whit dismayd, her steed forsook,  
And casting from her that enchanted lance,  
Vnto her sword and shield her soone betooke;  
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.



15  
So furiously shee strooke in her first heat,  
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,  
That she him forced backward to retreat,  
And yielde vnto her weapon way to pass:  
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor brasse  
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went.  
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the grass;  
That all his maile yri'd, and plates yrent,  
Shew'd all his body bare vnto the cruell dent.

16  
At length, when as he saw her haſtie heat  
Abate, and panting breath begin to faile,  
He through long ſufferance growing now more great,  
Roſe in his ſtrength, and gan her freſh aſſaile,  
Heaping hnge ſtroakes, as thicke as ſhowre of haile,  
And laſhing dreadfully at euery part,  
As if he thought her ſoule to diſentraile.  
Ah! cruell hand, and thrice more cruell hart,  
That work'ſt ſuch wreck on her, to whom thou deareſt art.

17  
What iron courage euer could endure,  
To worke ſuch outrage on ſo faire a creature?  
And in his madneſſe thinke with hands in pure  
To ſpoyle ſo goodly workmanſhip of Nature,  
The Maker ſelſe reſembling in her feature?  
Certes, ſome helliſh furie, or ſome fiend  
This miſchiefe fram'd, for their firſt lous deſeateure,  
To bathe their hands in bloud of deareſt friend,  
There-by to make their lous beginning, their lues end.

18  
Thus long they tract, and trauerſt to and fro,  
Sometimes purſewing, and ſometimes purſew'd,  
Still as advantage they eſpide thereto:  
But toward th' end, Sir *Arthegall* renew'd  
His ſtrength ſtill more, but the ſtill more decreew'd.  
At laſt, his luckleſſe hand he heau'd on hie,  
Hauing his forces all in one decreew'd;  
And there-with ſtrooke at her fo hideouſly,  
That ſeem'd nought but death mote be her deſtinie.

19  
The wicked ſtroke vpon her helmet chaunc't,  
And with the force, which in it ſelſe it bore,  
Her ventaile ſhar'd away, and thence forth glaunc't  
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.  
With that, her Angels face (vnſcene afore)  
Like to the ruddy morne appear'd in fight,  
Deaw'd with ſiluer drops, through ſweating ſore;  
But ſomewhat redder then beſeem'd aright,  
Through toyleſome heat, and labour of her weary fight.

20  
And round about the ſame, her yellow haire  
Hauing through ſtirring looſ'd their wonted band,  
Like to a golden border did appeare,  
Fram'd in Goldſmithes forge with cunning hand:  
Yet Goldſmiths cunning could not vnderſtand  
To frame ſuch ſubtile wire, ſo ſhinie cleare.  
For, it did gliſter like the golden ſand,  
The which *Pactolus* with his waters there,  
Throws forth vpon the riuaige round about him nere.

21  
And as his hand he vp againe did reare,  
Thinking to worke on her his vtmoſt wrack,  
His powreleſſe arme benumb'd with ſecret feare,  
From his reuengefull purpoſe ſhrunke aback;  
And cruell ſword out of his fingers ſlack  
Fell downe to ground, as if the ſteele had ſenſe,  
And felt ſome ruth, or ſenſe his hand did lacke:  
Or both of them did thinke, obedience  
To doe to ſo diuine a beauties excellence.

22  
And he himſelſe, long gazing there-vpon,  
At laſt, fell humbly downe vpon his knee,  
And of his wonder made religion,  
Weening ſome heauenly goddeſſe he did ſee,  
Or elſe vnweeting what it elſe might bee;  
And pardon her beſought his errour fraile,  
That had done our-rage in ſo high degree:  
Whil'ſt trembling horriour did his ſenſe aſſaile,  
And made each member quake, & manly hart to quaille.

23  
Nath'leſſe, ſhe full of wrath for that late ſtroke,  
All that long while vp-held her wrathfull hand,  
With fell intent, on him to beene ywroke,  
And looking ſterne, ſtill over him did ſtand,  
Threatning to ſtrike, vnleſſe he would withſtand:  
And bad him riſe, or ſurely he ſhould die.  
But die or liue, for nought he would vp-ſtand,  
But her of pardon prayd more earnestly,  
Or wreake on him her will for ſo great iniury.

24  
Which when as *Scudamour*, who now abrayd,  
Beheld, where-as he ſtood not farre aſide,  
He was there-with right wondrously diſmayd:  
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine deſcride  
That peerceleſſe patterne of Darne Natures pride,  
And heauenly image of perfection,  
He bleſt himſelſe, as one fore terrifi'd;  
And turning feare to faint deuotion,  
Did worſhip her as ſome celeſtiall viſion.

25  
But *Glaucé*, ſeeing all that chaunc'd there,  
VWell weeting how their errour to aſſoyle,  
Full glad of ſo good end, to them drew nere,  
And her ſalewd with ſemelſe bel-accoyle,  
Ioyous to ſee her faſe after long toyle.  
Then her beſought, as ſhe to her was deare,  
To graunt vnto thoſe warriours truce awhile;  
VWhich yeelded, they their beucrs vp did reare,  
And ſhew'd themſelues to her, ſuch as indeed they were.

26  
When *Britomart* with ſharpe avizfull eye  
Beheld the louely face of *Arthegall*,  
Tempred with ſterneneſſe and itout maieſtie,  
She gan eſtoones it to her mind to call,  
To be the ſame which in her fathers hall  
Long ſince in that enchanted glaſſe ſhe ſaw.  
There-with her wrathfull courage gan appall,  
And haughty ſpirits meekely to adaw,  
That her enhaunc'd hand ſhe downe can ſoft with-draw.

27  
 Yet shee it fore't to haue againe vp-held,  
 As fainting choler, which was turn'd to cold:  
 But euer when his visage she beheld,  
 Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold  
 The wrathfull weapon gainst his countenance bold:  
 But when in vaine to fight the oft assay'd,  
 Shee arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;  
 Nath'lesse, her tongue not to her will obeyd, (said.)  
 — But brought forth speeces milde, when she wold haue mis-

33  
 Yet durst hee not make louelo suddenly,  
 Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw  
 From one to other so quite contrary:  
 Besides, her modest countenance he saw  
 So goodly graue, and full of Princely aw,  
 That it his ranging fancie did refrain,  
 And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds with-draw;  
 Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faire,  
 Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would re-  
 (straine.)

28  
 But *Scudamore*, now woxen inly glad,  
 That all his ielous feare he false had found,  
 And how that Hag his loue abused had  
 With breach of fayth, and loyaltie vnfound,  
 The which long time his grieved hart did wound,  
 He thus be-spake; Certes, Sir *Arthegall*,  
 I ioy to see you lout so lowe on ground,  
 And now become to liue a Ladies thrall,  
 That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all.

29  
 Soone as shee heard the name of *Arthegall*,  
 Her hart did leape, and all her hart-strings tremble,  
 For suddaine ioy, and secret feare with all,  
 And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,  
 To succour it, themselues gan there assemble;  
 That by the swift recourse of flushing blood  
 Right plaine appear'd, though she it would dissemble,  
 And sayned still her former angry mood,  
 + Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood:

30  
 VVhen *Glauce* thus gan vnicly vp-knit;  
 Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,  
 To be spectators of this vncooth fit,  
 Which secret fate hath in this Lady wrought,  
 Against the course of kind: ne meruaile nought,  
 Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hitherto  
 Hath troubled both your minds with idle thought,  
 Fearing least she your Loues away should woo;  
 Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants thereto.

31  
 And you Sir *Arthegall*, the saluage knight,  
 Hence-forth may not disdain, that womans hand  
 Hath conquered you anew in second fight:  
 For, whylome they haue conquered sea and land,  
 And heauen it selfe, that nought may them withstand.  
 — Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,  
 — That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band  
 — Of noble mindes deriued from aboue:  
 — Which, beeing knit with vertue, neuer will remoue.

32  
 And you faire Lady knight, my dearest Dame,  
 Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,  
 Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;  
 And wiping out remembrance of all ill,  
 Graunt him your grace; but so that he fulfill  
 The penance, which ye shall to him empart:  
 For, Louers heauen must passe by sorowes hell.  
 There-at full inly blushed *Britomart*;  
 But *Arthegall*, close smyling, ioy'd in secret hart.

34  
 But *Scudamore*, whose hart twixt dobtfull feare  
 And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,  
 Desiring of his *Amoret* to heare  
 Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,  
 Her thus bespake; But sir, without offence  
 Mote I request you tydings of my Loue,  
 My *Amoret*, sith you her freed from thence,  
 Where she captiu'd long, great woes did proue;  
 That where ye left, I may her seecke, as doth behoue.

35  
 To whom, thus *Britomart*; Certes, Sir Knight,  
 VVhat is of her become, or whither rest,  
 I cannot vnto you aread aright.  
 For, from that time I from Enchanters theft  
 Her freed, in which yce her all hopelesse left,  
 I her preferu'd from perill and from feare,  
 And enermore from villanie her kept:  
 Ne euer was there wight to me more deare  
 Then she, ne vnto whom I more true loue did beare.

46  
 Till on a day, as through a desert wilde  
 We trauelled, both weary of the way,  
 We did alight: and sat in shadow mild;  
 Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay.  
 But when as I did out of sleepe abray,  
 I found her not, where I her left whyleare,  
 But thought she wandred was, or gone astray.  
 I call'd her loud, I sought her far and neare;  
 But no where could her find, nor tydings of her beare.

37  
 VVhen *Scudamore* those heauy tydings heard,  
 His hart was thrild with poynt of deadly feare;  
 Ne in his face or blood or life appear'd,  
 But senselesse stood, like to a mazed Steare,  
 That yet of mortall stroke the sound doth beare:  
 Till *Glauce* thus; Faire Sir, be nought dismayd  
 With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare:  
 For, yet she may be safe, though some-what fraid;  
 It's best to hope the best, though of the worst affraid.

38  
 Nath'lesse, he hardly of her chearefull speach  
 Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight  
 Shew'd change of better cheare: so fore a breach  
 That sudden newes had made into his spright;  
 Till *Britomart* him fairly thus beight;  
 Great cause of sorrow, certes Sir ye haue:  
 But comfort take: for, by this heauens light  
 I vow, you dead or liuing not to leaue,  
 Till I her find, and wreake on him that her did reauce.

39  
There-with her rested, and well pleased was.  
So peace beeing confirm'd amongst them all,  
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pass,  
Vnto some resting place which mote befall;  
All being guided by Sir *Arthegall*.  
Where goodly solace was vnto them made,  
And daily feasting both in bowre and hall,  
Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,  
And weary limbes recur'd, after late vjage bad.

40  
In all which time, Sir *Arthegall* made way  
Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart* :  
And with meeke seruice and much suit did lay  
Continuall siege vnto her gentle hart ;  
Which, beeing whylome launc't with louely dart,  
More each was new impression to receiue,  
How-euer she her paind with womanish art  
To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue :  
Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceiue.

41  
So well hee woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,  
Vvith faire entreaty and sweet blindefment,  
That at the length, vnto a bay he brought her,  
So as shee to his speeches was content  
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.  
At last, through many vowes which forth he pour'd,  
And many othes, shee yielded her consent  
To be his Loue, and take him for her Lord,  
Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord.

42  
Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,  
Sir *Arthegall* (who all this while was bound  
Vpon an hard adventure yet in quest)  
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,  
To follow that, which he did long propound ;  
And vnto her his congee came to take.  
But her there-with full sore displeas'd he found,  
And loth to leaue her late betrothed Make ;  
Her dearest Loue full loth so shortly to forsake.

43  
Yet hee with strong perswasions her asswaged,  
And wonne her will to suffer him depart ;  
For which, his faith with her he fast engaged,  
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,

That all so soone as he by wit or art  
Could that atchieue, where-to he did aspire,  
He vnto her would speedily reuert :  
No longer space there-to hee did desire,  
But till the horned Moone three courses did expire.

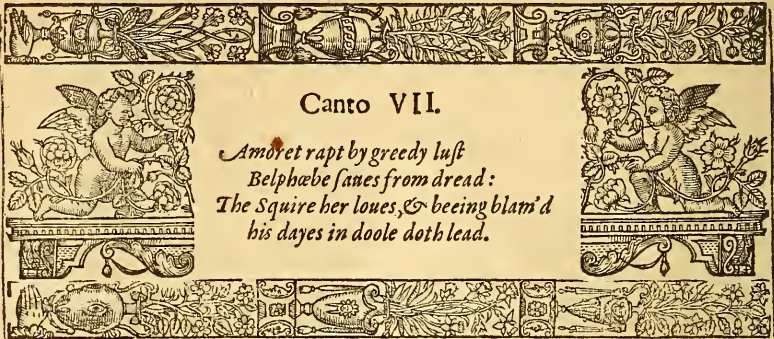
44  
With which, she for the present was appeased,  
And yielded leaue, how euer malcontent  
She inly wept, and in her miud displeated.  
So, early on the morrow next he went  
Forth on his way, to which he was ybent ;  
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,  
As whylome was the custome ancient  
Mongst Knights, when on adventures they did ride,  
Sae that she algates him awhile accompanide.

45  
And by the way, shee sundry purpose found  
Of this or that, the time for to delay,  
And of the perils where-to he was bound,  
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray :  
But all she did was but to weare out day.  
Full often-times she leaue of him did take ;  
And oft againe devis'd some-what to say,  
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make :  
So loth shee was his company for to forsake.

46  
At last, when all her speeches she had spent,  
And new occasion fayld her more to find,  
She left him to his fortunes government,  
And back returned with right heauy mind,  
To *Scudamour*, who she had left behind ;  
With whom she went to seeke faire *Amoret*,  
Her second care, though in another kind ;  
For vertues onely sake (which doth beget  
True loue and faithfull friendship) she by her did fet.

47  
Backe to that desert forest they retired,  
Where sory *Britomart* had lost her late ;  
There they her sought, and euery where inquired,  
Where they might tydings get of her estate ;  
Yet found they none. But by what haplesse fate,  
Or hard misfortune she was thence conuayd,  
And stolne away from her beloued Marc,  
Were long to tell ; therefore I heere will stay  
Vntill another tide, that I it finish may.





## Canto VII.

*Amoret rapt by greedy lust  
Belphebe saves from dread:  
The Squire her loues, & being blam'd  
his dayes in doole doth lead.*

**G**reat God of Loue, that with thy cruell darts  
Dooft conquer greatest conquerors on ground,  
And fet't thy kingdome in the captiue harts  
Of Kings and Keasars, to thy seruice bound,  
VWhat glory, or what guerdon hast thou found  
In feeble Ladies tyranning so fore;  
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,  
With which their liues thou launcedst long afore,  
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

So whylome didst thou to faire *Flormell*,  
And so and so to noble *Britomart*;  
So doost thou now to her, of whom I tell,  
The louely *Amoret*; whose gentle hart  
Thou martyrest with sorrow and with smart,  
In saluage forests, and in deserts wide,  
VWith Beares and Tigers taking heauy part,  
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide;  
That pity is to heare the perils which the tride.

So soone as she, with that brane *Britonnesse*,  
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prize,  
They trauel'd long; that now for wearinesse,  
Both of the way, and war-like exercise,  
Both through a forest riding, did deuiſe  
T'alight, and rest their weary limbes awhile.  
There, heauy sleepe the eye-lids did surprise  
Of *Britomart* after long tedious toyle,  
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

The whiles, faire *Amoret* (of nought affeard)  
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure, or for need;  
When suddenly behind her backe shee heard  
One rustling forth out of the thickest weed:  
That, ere she back could turne to taken heede,  
Had vnawares her snatched vp from the ground.  
Feebly she shriekt; but so feebly indeed,  
That *Britomart* heard not the shrilling sound,  
There where through weary trauell she lay sleeping found.

It was to meet, a wilde and saluage man;  
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,  
And eke in stature higher by a span,  
All over-growne with haire, that could awhape  
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape  
With huge great teeth, like to a tasked Bore:  
For, he liu'd all on rauin and on rape  
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,  
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,  
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging lowe,  
In which he wont the reliques of his fealt  
And cruell spoyle, which he had spar'd, to stowe:  
And over it, his huge great nose did growe,  
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood;  
And downe both sides, two wide long eares did glowe,  
And raught downe to his waste, when vp he stood,  
More great then th'eares of Elephants by *Indus* flood.

His waste was with a wreath of *Ivrie* Greene  
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:  
For, all his haire was like a garment scene;  
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,  
VWhose knotty snags were sharpened all afore,  
And beath'd in fire for Steele to be in sted.  
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,  
Of beasts, or of the earth, I haue not red:  
But cerres was with milke of *Wolues* and *Tigers* fed.

This vgly creature, in his armes her snatched,  
And through the forest bore her quite away,  
VWith bryers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;  
Ne care he had, ne pity of the pray,  
Which many a knight had sought so many a day.  
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing,  
Ran till he came to th'end of his way,  
Vnto his Caue, farre from all peoples hearing,  
And there hee threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fea-  
For

9  
 For, she (deare Lady) all the way was dead,  
 Whilſt hee in armes her bore; but when ſhe felt  
 Her ſelfe downe ſoult, ſhe waked out of dread  
 Straight into grieſe, that her deare hart nigh ſwelt,  
 And eſt gan into tender teares to melt.  
 Then, when ſhe lookt about, and nothing found  
 But darkneſſe and drad horrour where ſhe dwelt,  
 She almoſt fell againe into a ſwound;  
 Ne wiſt whether about ſhe were, or vnder ground.

10  
 VVith that, ſhe heard ſome one cloſe by her ſide  
 Sighing and ſobbing ſore, as if the paine  
 Her tender hart in peeces would diuide:  
 Which the long liſtning, ſoftly aſkt againe  
 What miſter wight it was that ſo did plaine?  
 To whom, thus answer'd was: Ah! wretched wight,  
 That ſeekes to knowe anothers grieſe in vaine,  
 Vnweeting of thine owne like hapleſſe plight:  
 Selſe to forget to mind another, is ore-ſight.

11  
 Ay me! ſaid ſhee, where am I, or with whom?  
 Emong the liuing, or emong the dead?  
 What ſhall of me vnhappy maid become?  
 Shall death be th'end, or ought elſe worſe, aread.  
 Vnhappy maid, then answer'd ſhe, whoſe dread  
 Vnride, is leſſe then when thou ſhalt it try:  
 Death is to him that wretched liſe doth lead,  
 Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,  
 That liues a loathed liſe, and wiſhing cannot die.

12  
 This diſmall day, hath thee a caytiue made,  
 And vaſſall to the vileſt wretch aliue;  
 Whoſe curſed vſage and vngodly trade  
 The heauens abhorre, and into darkneſſe drite:  
 For, on the ſpoile of women he doth liue,  
 VVhoſe bodies chaſte, when euer in his powre  
 Hee may them catch, vnable to gaine-ſtriae,  
 He with his ſhamefull luſt doth firſt deſlowre,  
 And afterward ſthemſelues doth cruelly deuoure.

13  
 Now twenty dayes (by which the ſonnes of men  
 Diuide their works) haue paſt through heauen ſheene,  
 Since I was brought into this doolefull den;  
 During which ſpace, theſe ſory eyes haue ſeene  
 Seauen women by him ſlaine, and eaten elcene.  
 And now no more for him but I alone,  
 And this old woman heere remaining beene,  
 Till then cam'ſt hither to augment our mone;  
 And of vs three, to morrow he will ſure eate one.

14  
 Ah! dreadfull tydings which thou dooſt declare,  
 Quoth ſhee, of all that euer hath been knowne:  
 Full many great calamities and rare  
 This feeble breſt endured hath, but none  
 Equall to this, where euer I haue gone.  
 But what are you, whom like vnlucky lot  
 Hath linkt with me in the ſame chaine attone?  
 To tell, quoth ſhe, that which ye ſee, needs not;  
 A woſull wretched maid, of God and man forgor.

15  
 But what I was, it irkes mee to reherſe;  
 Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree:  
 That iouy in happy peace, till Fates peruerſe  
 VVith giulefull loue did ſecretly agree,  
 To over-throwe my ſtate and dignity.  
 It was my lot to loue a gentle Swaine,  
 Yet was he but a Squire of lowe degree;  
 Yet was hee meet, vnleſſe mine eye did ſaine,  
 By any Ladies ſide for Leman to haue laine.

16  
 But for his meaneneſſe and diſparagement,  
 My Sire (who mee too dearly well did loue)  
 Vnto my choiſe by no means would aſſent,  
 But often did my folly ſoule reprove.  
 Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,  
 But whether will'd or nilled friend or foe,  
 I me reſolv'd the vtmoſt end to proue;  
 And rather then my Loue abandon ſo,  
 Both Sire, and friends, and all for euer to forgo.

17  
 Thence-ſorth, I fought by ſecret means to worke  
 Time to my will; and from his wrathfull ſight  
 To hide th'intent, which in my hart did lurke,  
 Till I therto had all things ready dight.  
 So on a day, vnweeting vnto wight,  
 I with that Squire agreed away to ſit,  
 And in a priuy place, betwixt vs hight,  
 Within a Groue appointed him to mee:  
 To which I boldly came vpon my feeble ſeete.

18  
 But ah! vnhappy howre me thither brought:  
 For, in that place where I him thought to find,  
 There was I found, contrary to my thought,  
 Of this accurſed Carle of helliſh kind;  
 The ſhame of men, and plague of woman-kind:  
 Who truſſing me, as Eagle doth his pray,  
 Me hither brought with him, as ſwiſt as wind,  
 Where yet vnouched till this preſent day,  
 I reſt his wretched thrall, the ſad *Aemylia*.

19  
 Ah! ſad *Aemylia*, then ſaid *Amoret*,  
 Thy ruſfull plight I pity as mine owne.  
 But read to mee, by what deuſe or wit,  
 Haſt thou in all this time, from him vnknowne  
 Thine honour ſau'd, though into thraldome throwne?  
 Through help, quoth ſhe, of this old woman here  
 I haue ſo done, as ſhe to mee hath ſhowne:  
 For, euer when he burnt in luſtfull fire,  
 Shee in my ſtead ſupplide his beſtiall deſire.

20  
 Thus, of their euils as they did diſcourſe,  
 And each did other much beuaile and mone;  
 Loe, where the villaine ſelfe, their ſorrowes ſourſe,  
 Came to the Cauce; and rolling thence the ſtone,  
 Which wont to ſtop the mouth thereof, that none  
 Might iſſue forth, came roudly ruſhing in;  
 And ſpreading over all the ſtore alone,  
 Gan dight himſelfe vnto his wonted ſinne:  
 Which ended, then his bloody banquet ſhould beginne.

21

VWhich, when-as fearefull *Amoret* perceiued,  
She staid not th' vtmost end thereof to try,  
But like a gastly Gelt, whose wits are reaued,  
Ran forth in haste with hideous out-cry,  
For horror of his shamefull villany.  
But after her full lightly he vp-rofe,  
And her pursfwd as fast as shee did fly:  
Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,  
Nefecles the thornes & thickets prick her tender toes.

22

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor daele she staves,  
But over-leapes them all, like *Roebuck* light,  
And through the thickets makes her nighelt wayes;  
And euer-more when with regardfull sight  
Shee looking back, espies that grieftly wight  
Approching nigh, shee gins to mend her pace,  
And makes her feare a spurre to haste her flight:  
More swift then *Myrrh* or *Daphné* in her race,  
Or any of the *Thracian* Nymphes in saluage chafe.

23

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;  
Ne liuing ayde for her on earth appears,  
But if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,  
Moued with pity of her plentious teares.  
It fortun'd *Belphebé* with her *Pecers*  
The woody Nymphes, and with that louely boy,  
VVas hunting then the *Libbards* and the *Bears*  
In these wilde woods, as was her wonted ioy,  
To banish sloth, that oft doth noble minds annoy.

24

It so befell (as oft it falls in chace)  
That each of them from other hundred were,  
And that same gentle Squire arriu'd in place,  
Where this same cursed caytiew did appear,  
Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare:  
And now he her quite over-taken had:  
And now he her away with him did beare  
Vnder his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,  
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

25

Which dreary sight the gentle Squire espying,  
Doth haste to crosse him by the nearest way,  
Led with that wofull Ladies pittious crying,  
And him assayles with all the might he may:  
Yet will not he the louely spoyle downe lay,  
But with his craggy club in his right hand,  
Defends himselfe, and saues his gotten pray.  
Yet had it been right hard him to withstand,  
But that he was full light, and nimble on the land.

26

There-to the villaine vsd craft in fight;  
For, euer when the Squire his lauelin shooke,  
He held the Lady forth before him right,  
And with her body, as a buckler, broke  
The puiffance of his intended stroke.  
And if it chaunc't (as needes it must in fight)  
VVhil' st he on him was greedy to be wroke,  
That any little blowe on her did light,  
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

27

Which subtle sleight did him encumber much,  
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear;  
For, hardly could he come the carle to touch,  
But that he her must hurt, or hazard near:  
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,  
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,  
And therein left the pike-head of his speare.  
A streame of cole-blacke blood thence gusht amaine,  
That all her silken garments did with blood bestaine.

28

With that, he threw her rudely on the flore,  
And laying both his hands vpon his glaue,  
With dreadfull strokes let driue at him so fore,  
That for't him fleie aback, himselfe to saue:  
Yet he there-with so felly still did raue,  
That scarce the Squire his hand could once vp-reare,  
But (for advantage) ground vnto him gaue,  
Tracing and traueering, now here, now there;  
For, bootlesse thing it was to thinke such blowes to beare.

29

Whil' st thus in battell they embusied were,  
*Belphebé* (raunging in that forest wide)  
The hideous noyie of their huge strokes did heare,  
And drew there-to, making her eare her guide.  
Whom, when that theefe approaching nigh espide,  
With boaw in hand, and arrowes ready bent,  
He by his former combat would not bide,  
But fled away with ghaftly drimrent,  
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

30

Whom, seeing fleie, shee speedily pursfued  
With winged feet, as nimble as the wind;  
And euer in her boaw shee ready shewed  
The arrow, to his deadly marke design'd:  
As when *Latonaes* daughter, cruell kind,  
In vengeance of her mothers great disgrace,  
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tind  
Gainst wofull *Njobés* vnhappy race,  
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

31

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,  
That ere vnto his hellish den he raught,  
Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,  
Shee sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,  
That in the very dore him over-caught,  
And in his nape arriuing; through it thrild  
His greedy throat, there-with in two did draught,  
That all his vitall spirits there-by spild,  
And all his hairy breast with gory blood was filld.

32

Whom, when on ground shee groueling saw to roule,  
She ran in haste his life to haue bereft:  
But ere she could him reach, the sinfull soule,  
Hauing his carrion corse quite senselesse left,  
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft.  
Yet ouer him she there long gazing stood,  
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft  
His mighty limbes, whil' st all with filthy blood  
The place there, over-flowne, seem'd like a suddaine flood.  
Thence,

33  
Thence, forth she past into his dreadfull den,  
Where nought but darksome drineresse she found,  
Ne creature saw, but harkned now and then  
Some little whispering, and soft groning found.  
With that, she askt, what ghosts there vnder ground  
Lay hid in horroure of eternal night?  
And bade them, if so be they were not bound,  
To come and shew themselves before the light,  
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

34  
Then forth the sad *Amylia* islewed,  
Yet trembling eury ioynt through formér feare;  
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,  
A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;  
A Lemman fit for such a Louer deare.  
That moou'd *Belphæbé* her no lesse to hate,  
Then for to rüe the others heavy cheare;  
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate.  
VVho all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

35  
Thence she them brought, toward the place where late  
She left the gentle Squire with *Amoret*;  
There shee him found by that new lonely Mate,  
Who lay the whiles in twoune, full sadly set,  
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,  
VVhich softly sild, and kissing them atweene,  
And handling soft the hurts, which shee did get.  
For, of that Carle shee forly bruz'd had bene,  
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

36  
VVhich when she saw, with suddaine glauncing eye,  
Her noble hart with sight thereof was filld  
With deepe disdain, and great indignity,  
That in her wrath she thought them both haue thrild,  
VVith that selfe arrow, which the Carle had kild:  
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance fore,  
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld;  
+ Is this the faith, she said, and said no more,  
But turn'd her face, and fled away for euermore.

37  
Hee, seeing her depart, arose vp light,  
Right sore agricued at her sharpe reproofe,  
And follow'd fast: but when he came in sight,  
He durst not nigh approche, but kept aloofe,  
For dread of her displeasures vtmost proofe.  
And euermore, when he did grace entreat,  
And framed speches fit for his behoofe,  
Her mortall arrowes shee at him did threat,  
And forc't him back with foule dishonour to retreat.

38  
At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,  
Yet found no ease of grieffe, nor hope of grace,  
Vnto those woods he turned back againe,  
Full of sad anguish, and in heauy case:  
And finding there fit solitary place  
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,  
VVhere hardly eye mote see bright heauens face  
For mossy trees, which conered all with shade  
And sad melancholy: there he his cabin made.

39  
His wonted war-like weapons all he broke,  
And threw away, with vow to vse no more,  
Ne thence-forth euer strike in battell stroke,  
Ne euer word to speake to woman more;  
But in that wildernesse (of men forlore,  
And of the wicked world forgotten quight)  
His hard mishap in dolour to deplore,  
And waste his wretched dayes in wofull plight;  
So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne despight.

40  
And eke his garment, to be there-to meet,  
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;  
And his faire locks, that wont with oyntment sweet  
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty deaw,  
Hee let to growe, and griesly to conuise,  
Vncomb'd, vncurl'd, and carelesly vnshed;  
That in short time his face they ouer-grew,  
And ouer all his shoulders did disspred,  
That who he whylome was, vncath was to be red:

41  
There he continued in this carefull plight,  
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,  
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,  
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares.  
For, other foode then that wilde forest beares,  
Ne other drinke there did he neuer taste  
Then running water, tempered with his teares,  
The more his weakened body so to waste;  
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

42  
For, on a day (by fortune as it fell)  
His owne deare Lord Prince *Arthur* came that way,  
Seeking adventures where he mote hear tell;  
And as he through the wandring wood did stray,  
Hauing espide this cabin far away,  
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne:  
Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,  
That did resort of sinful people thunne;  
Or else some wood-man throwded there from scorching  
(sunne.)

43  
Arriuing there, he found this wretched man,  
Spending his dayes in dolour and despaire;  
And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,  
All ouer-growne with rude and rugged haire;  
That albeit his owne deare Squire he were,  
Yet he him knew not, ne auiz'd at all;  
But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,  
Saluting him, gan into speech to fall,  
And pittie much his plight, that liu'd like out-cast thrall.

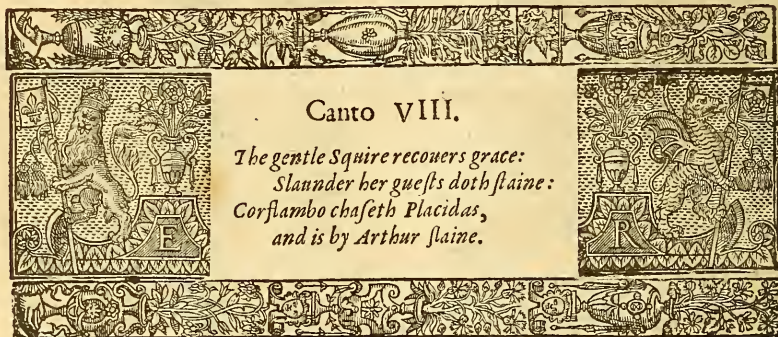
44  
But to his speech he answered no whit,  
But stood still mute, as if he had bene dum,  
Ne signe of offense did shew, ne common wit,  
As one with grieffe and anguish ouer-cum,  
And vnto eury thing did answere Mum:  
And euer when the Prince vnto him spake,  
He louted lowely, as did him becum,  
And humble homage did vnto him make,  
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

At which his vncouth guife and vſage quaint,  
 The Prince did wonder much, yet could not gheſſe  
 The cauſe of that his ſorrowfull constraint;  
 Yet weend by ſecret ſignes of manlineſſe,  
 Which cloſe appeard in that rude brutiſhneſſe,  
 That he whylome ſome gentle Swaine had beene,  
 Traind vp in feates of armes and knightlineſſe;  
 Which he obſeru'd, by that he him had ſene  
 To wield his naked ſword, and try the edges keene.

And eke by that he ſaw on euery tree,  
 How he the name of one engrauen had,  
 Which likely was his lieſt Loue to bec,  
 For whom he now ſo ſorely was betad;

VVhich was by him *BELPHOEBE* rightly rad.  
 Yet who was that *Belphæbe*, he ne wiſt;  
 Yet ſaw he often how he wexed glad,  
 When hee it heard, and how the ground he kiſt,  
 Wherein it written was, and how himſelfe he bliſt.

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,  
 And ſaw that all he ſaid and did, was vaine,  
 Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,  
 Ne ought mote eaſe or mitigate his paine,  
 He left him there in languor to remaine,  
 Till time for him ſhould remedy prouide,  
 And him reſtore to former grace againe.  
 Which, for it is too long here to abide,  
 I will deferre the end vntill another tide.



### Canto VIII.

*The gentle Squire recouers grace:  
 Slannder her gueſts doth ſtaine:  
 Corſlambo chaſeth Placidus,  
 and is by Arthur ſtaine.*

**V**ell ſaid the Wiſeman, now prov'd true by this,  
 Which to this gentle Squire did happen late;  
 That the diſpleaſure of the mighty is  
 Then death it ſelfe more drad and deſperate:

For, nought the ſame may calme, ne mitigate,  
 Till time the tempeſt doe thereof delay  
 With ſufferance ſoft, which rigour can abate,  
 And haue the ſterne remembrance wip't away  
 Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infix'd lay.

Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,  
 Whoſe tender hart the faire *Belphæbe* had  
 With one ſterne looke ſo daunted, that no ioy  
 In all his life, which afterwards he had,  
 He euer taſted; but with penance ſad,  
 And penſiue ſorrow, pin'd and wore away,  
 Ne euer laught, ne once ſhew'd countenance glad;  
 But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,  
 As blaſted blooſm through heat doth languish & decay:

Till on a day (as in his wonted wife  
 His doole he made) there chaunc'd a Turtle-Doue  
 To come, where he his dolours did denife,  
 That likewiſe late had loſt her deareſt Loue;

Which loſſe, her made like paſſion alſo proue.  
 Who ſeeing his ſad plight, her tender hart  
 VVith deare compaſſion deepe did emmove,  
 That the gan mone his vnderſerued ſmart,  
 And with her dolefull accent, beare with him a part.

Shee, ſitting by him, as on ground he lay,  
 Her mournfull notes full pittiuſly did frame,  
 And thereof made a lamentable lay,  
 So ſenſibly compyl'd, that in the ſame  
 Him ſeemed oft he heard his owne right name.  
 With that, he forth would poure fo plentious teares,  
 And beat his breſt vnworthy of ſuch blame,  
 And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,  
 That could haue pearc't the harts of Tigers & of Beares.

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did vſe,  
 Withouten dread of perill to repaire  
 Vnto his wonne; and with her mournfull Muſe  
 Him to recomfort in his greateſt care,  
 That much did eaſe his mourning and miſfare:  
 And euery day, for guerdon of her ſong,  
 He part of his ſmall feaſt to her would ſhare;  
 That at the laſt, of all his woe and wrong,  
 Companion ſhee became, and ſo continued long.



6

Vpon a day, as shee him late beside,  
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,  
Which yet with him as reliques did abide  
Of all the bounty, which *Belphebé* threw  
On him, whil' it goodly grace shee did him shew:  
Amongst the rest, a iewel rich he found,  
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,  
Shap't like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,  
And with a little golden chaine about it bound.

7

The same he tooke, and with a riband new  
(In which his Ladies colours were) did bind  
About the Turtles necke, that with the view  
Did greatly solace his engruicid mind.  
All vnawares the bird, when shee did find  
Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,  
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:  
Which suddaine accident him much dismayd,  
And looking after long, did marke which way shee straid.

8

But, when as long he looked had in vaine,  
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,  
His weary eye returned to him againe,  
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,  
That both his iewel he had lost so light,  
And eke his deare companion of his care.  
But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right  
Through the wide region of the waftfull aire,  
Vntill shee came where wonned his *Belphebé* faire.

9

There found shee her (as then it did betide)  
Sitting in couert shade of arbors sweeter,  
After late weary toyle, which shee had tride  
In saluage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.  
There shee alighting, fell before her feet,  
And gan to her, her mournfull plaint to make,  
As was her wont: thinking to let her weete  
The great tormenting griefe, that for her sake  
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did partake.

10

Shee, her beholding with attentue eye,  
At length did marke about her purple brest  
That precious iewel, which shee formerly  
Had knowne right well, with colour'd ribband drest:  
There-with shee rose in haste, and her address  
With ready hand it to haue rest away.  
But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,  
But swar'd aside, and there againe did stay;  
Shee follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

11

And euer when shee nigh approach't, the Doue  
Would stir a litle forward, and then stay  
Till shee drew neare, and then againe remoue;  
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,  
And still from her escaping soft away:  
Till that at length, into that forest wide  
Shee drew her farre, and led with slowe delay.  
In th'end, shee her vnto that place did guide,  
Where-as that wofull man in languor did abide.

12

Estfoones shee flew vnto his fearelesse hand,  
And there a pittious ditty new devis'd,  
As if shee would haue made him vnderstand,  
His sorrowes cause to be of her delphis'd,  
Whom when shee saw in wretched weedes disguiz'd,  
With heavy glib deform'd, and meiger face,  
Like ghost late risen from his Graue agryz'd,  
Shee knew him not, but pittied much his case,  
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

13

Hee her beholding, at her feet downe fell,  
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,  
And wash't the same with water, which did well  
From his moist eyes, and like two streames proceed;  
Yet spake no word, whereby shee might aread  
Whar mister wight he was, or what he ment:  
But as one daunted with her presence dread,  
Onely few ruefull lookes vnto her sent,  
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

14

Yet nathemore, his meaning shee ared,  
But wondred much at his so selcouth case;  
And by his persons secret seem'd  
Well weend, that he had been some man of place,  
Before misfortune did his hew deface:  
That being mou'd with ruth shee thus bespake.  
Ah! wofull man, what heuens hard disgrace,  
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,  
Or selfe disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

15

If heauen, then none may it redresse or blame,  
Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne:  
If wrathfull wight, then foule rebuke and shame  
Be theirs, that haue so cruell thee forlorne;  
But if through inward griefe, or wilfull scorne  
Of life it be, then better doo awise.  
For, hee whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,  
The grace of his Creator doth despise,  
That will not vs his gifts for thanklesse nigardise.

16

When so he heard her say, estfoones he brake  
His suddaine silence, which hee long had pent,  
And sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake;  
Then haue they all themselues against me bent:  
For heauen (first author of my languishment)  
Enuying my too great felicity,  
Did cloidly with a cruell consent,  
To cloud my daies in doolefull misery,  
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

17

Ne any but your selfe, ô dearest dread,  
Hath done this wrong; to wreake on worthlesse wight  
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:  
That when your pleasure is to deepe a night,  
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light.  
Which sory words, her mighty hart did mate  
VWith mild regard, to see his ruefull plight,  
That her in-burning wrath shee gan abate,  
And him receiued againe to former fauours state.

18

In which, he long time afterwards did lead  
 An happy life, with grace and good accord;  
 Fearelesse of Fortunes change, or Enuies dread,  
 And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord  
 The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word  
 Of tydings, what did vnto him betide,  
 Or what good fortune did to him afford;  
 But through the endlesse world did wandert wide,  
 Him seeking euermore, yet no where him deseride;

19

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,  
 He chaunc't to come where those two Ladies late,  
*Aemylia* and *Amoret* abode,  
 Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate;  
 The one right feeble, through the euill rate  
 Of foode, which in her durrell she had found:  
 The other, almost dead and desperate  
 Through her late hurts, & through that haplesse wound,  
 With which the Squire in her defence her fore aftound.

20

VWhom when the Prince beheld, he gan to reu  
 The euill case in which those Ladies lay;  
 But most was moued at the pittious view  
 Of *Amoret*, so neere vnto decay,  
 That her great danger did him much dismay.  
 Estfoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,  
 Which he in store about him kept alway,  
 And with few drops thercof did softly deaw  
 Her wounds, that vnto strength restor'd her soone anew.

21

Tho, when they both recovered were right well,  
 He gan of them inquire, what euill guide  
 Them thither brought; and how their harmes befell.  
 To whom they told all that did them betide,  
 And how from thraldome vile they were vntide  
 Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;  
 Whose bloody corse they shew'd him there beside,  
 And eke his Caue, in which they both were bond:  
 At which he wondred much, when all those signes he fond.

22

And euer-more, he greatly did desire  
 To knowe, what Virgin did them thence vnbind;  
 And oft of them did earnestly inquire,  
 Where was her won, and how he mote her find.  
 But, when as nought according to his mind  
 He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare  
 (No seruice lothsome to a gentle kind)  
 And on his war-like beast them both did beare,  
 Himselfe by them on foot, to succour them from feare.

23

So, when that forest they had passed well,  
 A litle cotage farre away they spide,  
 To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell;  
 And entring in, found none therein abide,  
 But one old woman sitting there beside,  
 Vpon the ground in ragged rude attire,  
 With filthy locks about her scattered wide,  
 Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for ire,  
 And there-out sucking venime to her parts entire.

24

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,  
 And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:  
 For, shee was stufte with rancour and despight  
 Vp to the throate; that oft with bitternesse  
 It forth would breake, and gush in great excesse,  
 Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall,  
 Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe;  
 Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall,  
 And wickedly back-bite: Her name men *Slaunder* call.

25

Her nature is, all goodnesse to abuse,  
 And causelesse crimes continually to frame;  
 With which the guiltlesse persons may accuse,  
 And steale away the crowne of their good name:  
 Ne euer Knight so bold, ne euer Dame  
 So chaste and loyall liu'd, but shee would striue  
 VWith forged cause them falsely to defame:  
 Ne euer thing so well was doen alieue,  
 But the with blame would blot, & of due praise deprue.

26

Her words were not as common words are ment,  
 T' expresse the meaning of the inward mind;  
 But noysome breath, and poynous spirit sent  
 From inward parts, with cancred malice lin'd,  
 And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;  
 Which, passing through the cares, would pearce the hart,  
 And wound the soule it selfe with grieue vnkind:  
 For, like the stings of *Aspes*, that kill with smart,  
 Her spightfull words did prick, & wound the inner part.

27

Such was that Hag, vnmeet to host such guests,  
 Whom greatest Princes Court would welcome faine;  
 But need (that answers not to all requests)  
 Bade them not looke for better entertaine;  
 And eke that age despis'd nicenesse vaine,  
 Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,  
 Which them to war-like discipline did traine,  
 And manly limbs endur'd with litle care,  
 Against all hard mishaps, and fortuneclesse misfare.

28

Then all that euening (welcomm'd with cold  
 And chearelesse hunger) they together spent;  
 Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold  
 And raile at them with grudgefull discontent,  
 For lodging there without her owne consent:  
 Yet they endured all with patience milde,  
 And vnto rest themselues all onely lent,  
 R egardlesse of that queane so base and vilde,  
 To be vnjustly blam'd, and bitterly reulde.

29

Heere well I weene, when as these rimes be red  
 With mis-regard, that some rash witted wight,  
 VVhose looser thought will lightly be misled,  
 These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light,  
 For thus conuersing with this noble Knight;  
 Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare  
 And hard to find, that heate of youthfull spright  
 For ought will from his greedy pleasure spare,  
 More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine from pleasant fare.

But antique age, yet in the infancie<sup>30</sup>  
 Of time, did liue then like an innocent,  
 In simple truth and blamelesse chafitie;  
 Ne then of guile had made experiment;  
 But voyd of vile and treacherous intent,  
 Held vertue for it selfe in soueraine awe:  
 Then loyall loue had royall regiment,  
 And each vnto his lust did make a lawe,  
 From all forbidden things his liking to with-drawe.

The Lion there did with the Lambe consort,<sup>31</sup>  
 And eke the Douc fate by the Faulcons side;  
 Ne each of other feared fraude or tort,  
 But did in safe security abide,  
 Withouten perill of the fronger pride:  
 But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old  
 (Whereof it hight) and hauing shortly tride  
 The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,  
 And dared of all finnes the secrets to vnfold.

Then beauty, which was made to represent<sup>32</sup>  
 The great Creators owne resemblance bright,  
 Vnto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,  
 And made the baire of bestiall delight:  
 Then faire grew foule, & foule grew faire in sight;  
 And that which wont to vanquish God and Man,  
 Was made the vassall of the Victors might;  
 Then did her glorious flowre waxe dead and wan,  
 Despis'd and troden downe of all that over-ran.

And now it is so vtterly decayd,<sup>33</sup>  
 That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,  
 But if few plants (prefer'd) through heauenly ayde)  
 In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,  
 Dew'd with her drops of bounty soueraine,  
 Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,  
 Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes straine,  
 Now th'onely remnant of that royall breed,  
 Whose noble kind at first was sure of heauenly seed.

Tho, soone as day discouered heauens face<sup>34</sup>  
 To sinfull men with darknesse over-dight,  
 This gentle crew, gan from their eye-lids chace  
 The drowzie humour of the dampish night,  
 And did themselues vnto their iourney dight.  
 So forth they yode, and forward softly paled,  
 That them to view had been an vncouth sight;  
 How all the way the Prince on foot-pase traced,  
 The Ladies both on horse, together fast embraced.

Soone as they thence departed were afore,<sup>35</sup>  
 That shamefull Hag (the slaunder of her sex)  
 Them follow'd fast, and them reuiled fore,  
 Him calling thicfe, then whores; that much did vex  
 His noble hart: there-to shee did annex  
 Falsse crimes and facts, such as they neuer ment,  
 That those two Ladies much ashamed did wax:  
 The more did shee pursue her lewd intent,  
 And rayl'd and rag'd, till shee had all her poyson spent.

At last, when they were pass'd out of sight,<sup>36</sup>  
 Yet shee did not her spightfull speech forbear,  
 But after them did barke, and still back-bite,  
 Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:  
 Like as a curie doth felly bite and teare  
 The stone, which pass'd stranger at him threw;  
 So the them seeing past the reach of care,  
 Against the stones and trees did raile anew,  
 Till shee had duld the sting, which in her tongs end grew.

They, passing forth, kept on their ready way,<sup>37</sup>  
 With easie steps so soft as foote could stride,  
 Both for great feebleesse, which did oft assay  
 Faire Amoret, that scarcely shee could ride;  
 And eke through heauy armes, which fore annoyd  
 The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare:  
 Whose steady hand was faime his steed to guide,  
 And all the way from trotting hard to spare,  
 So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

At length, they spide, where towards them with speed<sup>38</sup>  
 A Squire came galloping, as he would sic;  
 Bearing a little Dwarfie before his steed,  
 That all the way full loud for ayde did cry,  
 That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brascen sky:  
 VVhom after did a mighty man pursue,  
 Riding vpon a Dromedare on hie,  
 Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,  
 That would haue maz'd a man his dreadfull face to view.

For, from his fearefull eyes two ferie beames<sup>39</sup>  
 More sharpe then poynts of needles did proceed,  
 Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,  
 Full of lad powre, that poysonous bale did breed  
 To all, that on him lookt without good heed,  
 And secretly his enemies did slay:  
 Like as the Basilisk, of serpents fed,  
 From powrefull eyes close venom doth conuay  
 Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

Hee all the way did rage at that same Squire,<sup>40</sup>  
 And after him full many threatnings threw,  
 With curses vaine in his avengefull ire:  
 But none of them (so fast away he flew)  
 Him over-tooke, before he came in view.  
 Where, when he saw the Prince in armour bright,  
 He call'd to him aloud, his case to rew,  
 And reskew him through succour of his might,  
 From that his cruell foe, that him pursu'd in sight.

Esistoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine<sup>41</sup>  
 From lofty steed, and mounting in their stead  
 Came to that Squire, yet trembling euery vaine:  
 Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread;  
 Who, as he gan the same to him arcad,  
 Lo, hard behind his backe his foe was prest,  
 With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head:  
 That vnto death had doen him vnredrest,  
 Had not the noble Prince his ready stroke reprist.

Who,

42

VWho, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blowe,  
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare  
Vpon his shield; which lightly he did throwe  
Ov'r his head, before the harme came neare.  
Nath'lesse, it fell with to despitous dreare  
And heavy sway, that hard vnto his crowne  
The shild it droue, and did the couering reare:  
There-with both Squire and Dwarfie did tumble downe  
Vnto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse swoone.

43

VWhere-at, the Prince full wrath, his strong right hand  
In full avengement heaued vp on hie,  
And strooke the Pagan with his steely brand  
So sore, that to his saddle-boaw thereby  
He bowed lowe, and so awhile did lie:  
And sure, had not his masse iron mace  
Betwixt him and his hurt been happily,  
It would haue cleft him to the girding place:  
Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

44

But, when he to himselfe return'd againe,  
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare;  
And vow by *Mahoune* that he should be flaine.  
With that, his murderous mace he vp did reare,  
That seemed nought the soufe thereof could beare,  
And there-with smote at him with all his might.  
But ere that it to him approached neare,  
The royall child, with ready quicke fore-sight,  
Did shun the prooffe thereof, and it auoyded light.

45

But ere his hand he could recure againe,  
To ward his body from the balefull stound,  
He smote at him with all his might and maine,  
So furiously, that ere he wist, he found  
His head before him tumbling on the ground.  
The whiles, his babbling tongue did yet blaspheme  
And curse his God, that did him so confound;  
The whiles his life ran forth in bloody streame,  
His soule descended downe into the *Stygian* reame.

46

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad  
To see his foe breathe out his spright in vaine:  
But that same Dwarfie right fory seem'd and sad,  
And how'd aloud to see his Lord there flaine,  
And rent his haire, and scratcht his face for paine.  
Then gan the Prince at leisure to inquire  
Of all the accident, there hapned plaine,  
And what he was, whose eyes did flame with fire;  
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

47

This mighty man, quoth he, whom you haue flaine,  
Of an huge Giantesse whylome was bred;  
And by his strength, rule to himselfe did gaine  
Of many Nations into thraldome led,  
And mighty kingdomes of his force adred;  
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloody fight,  
Ne hosts of men with banners brode dispred,  
But by the powre of his infectious sight,  
With which he killed all that came within his might.

48

Ne was he euer vanquish'd afore,  
But euer vanquish't all with whom he fought;  
Ne was there man so strong but he downe bore,  
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought  
Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought.  
For, most of strength and beautie his desire  
Was spoyle to make, and waste them vnto nought,  
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire  
From his false eyes, into their harts and parts entire.

49

Therefore *Corflambo* was he call'd aright,  
Though namelesse there his body now doth lie,  
Yet hath he left one daughter, that is hight  
The faire *Paana*; who seemes outwardly  
So faire, as euer yet saw huing eye:  
And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,  
She were as faire as any vnder sky.  
But (ah!) shee giuen is to vaine delight,  
And eke too loose of life, and eke of loue too light.

50

So as it fell, there was a gentle Squire  
That lov'd a Lady of high parentage;  
But for his meane degree might not aspire  
To match so high: her friends with counsell sage,  
Diswad'd her from such a disparage.  
But shee, whose hart to loue was wholly lent,  
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,  
But firmly following her first intent,  
Resolu'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends consent.

51

So twixt themselues they pointed time and place:  
To which, when he according did repaire,  
An hard mishap and disauentrous case  
Him chaunc't; in stead of his *Aemylia* faire  
This Giants sonne, that lyes there on the laire  
An headlesse heape, him vnawares there caught;  
And, all disdain through mercilesse despair,  
Him wretched thrall vnto his dungeon brought,  
Where he remaignes, of all vnsuccour'd and vnought.

52

This Giants daughter came vpon a day  
Vnto the prison in her ioyous glee,  
To view the thralls which therein bondage lay:  
Amongst the rest she chanced there to see  
This louely swaine, the Squire of lowe degree;  
To whom shee did her hking lightly cast,  
And woo'd him her Paramour to be:  
From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him fast,  
And for his loue, him promis't libertie at last.

53

He, though affide vnto a former Loue,  
To whom his faith he firmly meant to hold,  
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remoue,  
But by that meanes, which fortune did vnfold,  
Her graunted loue, but with affection cold,  
To win her grace his libertie to get.  
Yet she him still detaines in captiue hold;  
Fearing least if she should him freely set,  
He would her shortly leaue, and former loue forget.

54

Yet so much fauour seee to him hath hight  
 About the rest, that he sometimes may spare  
 And walke about her gardens of delight,  
 Hauing a Keeper still with him in place;  
 Which Keeper is this Dwarf, her darling bafe,  
 To whom the keyes of euery prison dore  
 By her committed be, of speciall grace,  
 And at his will may whom he list restore,  
 And whom he list referue, to be afflicted more.

55

Whereof when tydings came vnto mine eare  
 (Full inly sorry for the feruent zeale,  
 Which I to him as to my soule did beare)  
 I thither went; where I did long conceale  
 My selfe, till that the Dwarf did me reueale,  
 And told his Dame, her Squire of lowe degree  
 Did secretly out of her prison steale;  
 For, me he did mistake that Squire to bee:  
 For, neuer two so like did liuing creature see.

56

Then was I taken, and before her brought:  
 Who, through the likenesse of my outward hew,  
 Beeing likewise beguiled in her thought,  
 Can blame me much for beeing so vntrue,  
 To seeke by sight her fellowship t'eschew,  
 That lov'd mee deare, as dearest thing aliue.  
 Thence she commaunded me to prison new;  
 Whereof I glad, did not gaine-say nor strue,  
 But suffred that same Dwarf to her dungeon driue.

57

There did I find mine onely faithfull friend  
 In heauy plight and sad perplexitie;  
 Whereof I sorry, yet my selfe did bend,  
 Him to recomfort with my company.  
 But him the more agreu'd I found thereby:  
 For, all his ioy, he said, in that distresse,  
 Was mine and his *Aemylia's* libertie.  
*Aemylia* well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse;  
 Yet greater loue to me then her he did professe.

58

But I, with better reason him auiz'd,  
 And shew'd him, how through errour & misthought  
 Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,  
 Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.  
 Where-to full loth was he, ne would for ought  
 Consent, that I, who stood all fearelesse free,  
 Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,  
 Till fortune did perforce it so decree:  
 Yet over-rul'd, at last, he did to me agree.

59

The morrow next, about the wanted howre,  
 The Dwarf cald at the doore of *Amyas*,  
 To come forth-with vnto his Ladies bowre.  
 In stead of whom, forth came *Placidus*,

And vndiscerned, forth with him did pass.  
 There, with great ioyance and with gladsome glee,  
 Of faire *Parana* I receiued was,  
 And oft imbrac't, as if that I were hee,  
 And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee:

60

Which I, that was not bent to former Loue,  
 As was my friend, that had her long refus'd,  
 Did well accept, as well it did behoue,  
 And to the present need it wisely vs'd.  
 My former hardnesse, first, I faire excus'd;  
 And after, promist large amends to make,  
 With such smooth tearmes, her error I abns'd,  
 To my friends good, more then for mine owne sake;  
 For whose sole liberty, I loue and life did stake.

61

Thence-forth, I found more fauour at her hand;  
 That to her Dwarf, which had me in his charge,  
 She bad to lighten my too heauy band,  
 And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.  
 So on a day, as by the flowtie marge  
 Of a fresh streame I with that Elfe did play,  
 Finding no means how I might vs enlarge,  
 But if that Dwarf I could with me conuay,  
 I lightly snatcht him vp, and with me bore away.

62

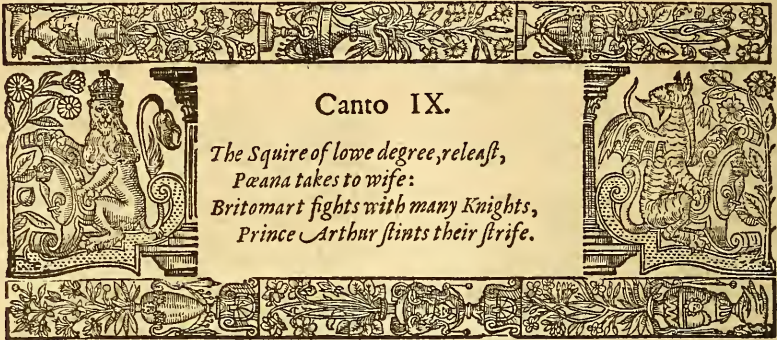
There-at he shriekt aloud, that with his cry  
 The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,  
 And me pursew'd; but nathemore would I  
 Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,  
 But haue perforce him hither brought away.  
 Thus as they talked, loe, where nigh at hand  
 Those Ladies two (yet doubtfull through difmay)  
 In presence came, desirous t'vnderstand  
 Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.

63

Where, so one as sad *Aemylia* did espie  
 Her captiue Louers friend, young *Placidus*;  
 All mindlesse of her wanted modestie,  
 She to him ran, and him with straight embras  
 Enfolding said, And liues yet *Amyas*?  
 Hee liues, quoth he, and his *Aemylia* loues.  
 Then lesse, said she, by all the woe I pass,  
 With which my weaker patience fortune proues.  
 But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe remoues?

64

Then gan he all this story to renew,  
 And tell the course of his captiuitie;  
 That her deare hart full deeply made to rew,  
 And sigh full sore, to heare the misery,  
 In which so long he mercilesse did lie.  
 Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,  
 She deare besought the Prince of remedy:  
 Who there-to did with ready will consent,  
 And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his event.



## Canto IX.

*The Squire of lowe degree, releast,  
Pæana takes to wife:  
Britomart fights with many Knights,  
Prince Arthur stints their strife.*

**H**ard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,  
When all three kinds of loue together meet,  
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreame,  
Whether shall weigh the ballance downe; to  
The deare affection vnto kindred sweet, (weet  
Or raging fire of loue to woman-kind,  
Or zeale of friends combin'd with vertues meet.  
But of them all, the band of vertuous mind  
Mefemes the gentle hart, should most assured bind.

For, naturall affection soone doth cesse,  
And quenched is with *Cupid's* greater flame:  
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,  
And them with maistring discipline doth tame,  
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.  
For, as the soule doth rule the earthly mass,  
And all the seruice of the body frame;  
So loue of soule doth loue of body pass,  
No lesse then perfect good surmounts the meanest bras.

All which who list by triall to assay,  
Shall in this story find approued plaine;  
In which, this Squires true friendship noore did sway,  
Then either care of Parents could refraine,  
Or loue of fairest Lady could constraine.  
For, though *Pæana* were as faire as forme,  
Yet did this trusty Squire with prond disdain,  
For his friends sake her offered fauours scorne,  
And she her selfe her fire, of whom she was yborne.

Now after that Prince *Arthur* graunted had,  
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swaine,  
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,  
He gan aduise how best he mote darraine  
That enterprize, for greatest glories gaine.  
That headlesse Tyrants trunk he heard from ground,  
And hauing ympt the head to it againe,  
Vpon his vitall beast it firmly bound,  
And made it so to ride, as it aliae was found.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd  
Before the rider, as he captiue were,  
And made his Dwarf (though with vnwilling ayd)  
To guide the beast, that did his maister beare,  
Till to his Castle they approched neere.  
Whom, when the watch that kept continuall ward  
Saw comming home; all voyd of doubtfull feare,  
He running downe, the gate to him vnbar'd;  
Whom straight the Prince ensuing, in together far'd.

There he did find in her delicious Rote,  
The faire *Pæana* playing on a Rote,  
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,  
And singing all her sorrow to the note,  
As she had learned readily by rote;  
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight,  
The Prince halfe rapt, began on her to dote:  
Till better him bethinking of the right,  
He her vnwares attach't, and captiue held by might.

Whence being forth produc't, when she perceined  
Her owne deare Sir, she cald to him for ayde.  
But when of him no aunswere she receiued,  
But saw him senselesse by the Squire vp-staid,  
She weened well, that then she was betraid:  
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,  
And that same Squire of treason to vpbraid.  
But all in vaine, her plaints might not preuaile,  
Ne none there was to reskew her, ne none to baile.

Then tooke he that same Dwarf, and him compeld  
To open vnto him the prison dore,  
And forth to bring those thrals which there he held.  
Thence, forth were brought to him about a score  
Of Knights and Squires to him vnknowne afore:  
All which he did from bitter bondage free,  
And vnto former liberty restore.  
Amongst the rest, that Squire of lowe degree  
Came forth full weak and wan, not like himselfe to bee.

9

Whom soone as faire *Æmilia* beheld,  
 And *Placidus*, they both vnto him ran,  
 And him embracing fast betwix them held,  
 Striuing to comfort him all that they can,  
 And kissing oft his visage pale and wan;  
 That faire *Pæana* them beholding both,  
 Gan both enuy, and bitterly to ban;  
 Through iecalous passion weeping inly wroth,  
 To see the sightperforce, that both her eyes were loth.

10

But when awhile they had together been,  
 And diuerly conferred of their case;  
 She, though full oft the both of them had seene  
 Asunder, yet not euer in one place,  
 Began to doubt, when she them sawe embrace,  
 Which was the captiue Squire she lov'd so deare,  
 Deceiued through great likeneffe of their face.  
 For, they so like in person did appeare,  
 That she vneath discerned, whether whether were.

11

And eke the Prince, when as he them auized,  
 Their like resemblance much admired there,  
 And maz'd how Nature had so well disguized  
 Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so neare,  
 As if that by one patterne seene somewhere,  
 She had them made a Paragone to be;  
 Or, whether it through skill, or error were.  
 Thus gazing long, at them much wondrous he,  
 So did the other knights and Squires, which him did see.

12

Then gan they rancke that same Castle strong,  
 In which he found great store of hoorded treasure;  
 The which, that tyrant gathered had by wrong  
 And tortious powre, without respect or measure.  
 Vpon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,  
 And afterwards continu'd there awhile,  
 To rest him selfe, and solace in soft pleasure  
 Those weaker Ladies after weary toyle;  
 To whom he did diuide part of his purchast spoile.

13

And for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire  
 The faire *Pæana* he eniured free;  
 And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire,  
 To feast and frolicke; nathemore would the  
 Shew glad some countenance nor pleasant glee:  
 But grieued was for losse both of her fire,  
 And eke of Lordship, with both land and fee:  
 But most she touched was with griefe entire,  
 For losse of her new Loue, the hope of her desire.

14

But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace,  
 To better teares of myldnesse did entreat,  
 From that fowle rudenesse, which did her deface;  
 And that same bitter course, which did eat  
 Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,  
 He with good thewes and speeches well applide,  
 Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.  
 For, though she were most faire, and goodly dide,  
 Yet she it all did mar, with cruelty and pride.

15

And for to shut vp all in friendly loute,  
 Sith lone was first the ground of all her griefe,  
 That trusty Squire he wisely well did moue  
 Not to despise that Dame, which lov'd him liefe,  
 Till he had made of her some better priefe,  
 But to accept her to his wedded wife.  
 Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe  
 Of all her land and Lordship during life:  
 He yielded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

16

From that day forth, in peace and ioyous blifs,  
 They lay'd together long without debate:  
 Ne priuate iarre, ne spite of enimis  
 Could shake the safe assurance of their state.  
 And she, whom Nature did so faire create  
 That the mote match the fairest of her days,  
 Yet with lewd loues and lust intemperate  
 Had it defac't; thenceforth reformd her waies,  
 That all men much admir'd her change, & spake hir praise.

17

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compilde  
 These paires of friends in peace and settled rest;  
 Him selfe, whose minde did tranell as with childe  
 Of his old loue, concei'd in secret breast,  
 Resolued to pursue his former guest;  
 And taking leaue of all, with him did beare  
 Faire *Amoret*, whom Fortune by bequest  
 Had left in his protection whileare,  
 Exchanged out of one into an other feare.

18

Fear of her safety did her not constraene.  
 For, well she wist now in a mighty hond,  
 Her person late in perill, did remaine,  
 Who able was, all dangers to withstand.  
 But now in feare of shame she more did stond,  
 Seeing her selfe all soly succourlesse,  
 Left in the Victors powre, like vassall bond;  
 Whose will her weakenesse could no way repressse,  
 In case his burning lust should breake into excessse.

19

But cause of feare sure had she none at all  
 Of him, who goodly learned had of yore  
 The course of loose affection to forfall,  
 And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons lore;  
 That all the while he by his side her bore,  
 She was as safe as in a Sanctuary.  
 Thus many miles they two together wore,  
 To seeke their Loues dispersed diuersly,  
 Yet neither shew'd to other their hearts priuity.

20

At length they came, wher-as a troupe of Knights  
 They sawe together skirmishing, as seemed:  
 Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight;  
 But foure of them the battell best becomed,  
 That which of them was best, mote not be deemed.  
 Those foure were they, from whom false *Florimell*  
 By *Braggadochio* lately was redeemed;  
 To weete, sterne *Druon*, and lewd *Claribell*,  
 Loue-lauish *Elandamour*, and lustfull *Paridell*.

21

*Druons* delight was all in single life,  
 And vnto Ladies loue would lend no leasure:  
 The more was *Claribell* enraged rife  
 With feruent flames, and loued out of measure:  
 So eke lov'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleasure  
 Would change his liking, and new Lemans proue:  
 But *Paridell* of loue did make no threasure,  
 But lusted after all that him did moue.  
 So diuersly these foure disposed were to loue.

22

But those two other, which beside them stood,  
 Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,  
 Who all the while beheld their wrathfull mood,  
 And wondred at their impacable stoure,  
 VVhose like they neuer saw till that same houre:  
 So dreadfull strokes each did at other driue,  
 And layd on load with all their might and powre,  
 As if that euery dint the ghost would rine  
 Out of their wretched corpes, and their liues deprive:

23

As when *Dan Aolus* in great displeasure,  
 For losse of his deare *Lone* by *Neptune* hent,  
 Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,  
 Vpon the sea to wreake his fell intent;  
 They breaking forth with rude vnruliment,  
 From all foure parts of heauen, doe rage full sore,  
 And toss the deepes, and teare the firmament,  
 And all the world confound with wide vprorc,  
 As if in stead thereof, they *Chaos* would restore.

24

Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,  
 Was for the loue of that same snowy maid,  
 VVhom they had lost in Turneyment of late;  
 And seeking long, to weet which way the fraid  
 Met here together: where, through lewd vpbraid  
 Of *Até* and *Duesza* they fell out;  
 And each one taking part in others aid,  
 This cruell conflict raised there-about,  
 VVhose dangerous successe depended yet in dout.

25

For, sometimes *Paridell* and *Elandamour*  
 The better had, and bet the others backe;  
 Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,  
 And on their foes did worke full cruell wrack:  
 Yet neither would their fiend-like furie slack,  
 But euermore their malice did augment;  
 Till that vneath they forced were, for lack  
 Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,  
 And rest themselues, for to recouer spirits spent.

26

There gan they change their sides, and new parts take;  
 For, *Paridell* did take to *Druons* side,  
 For old despight, which now forth newly brake  
 Gainst *Blandamour*, whom alwaies he enuide:  
 And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* relide.  
 So all afresh gan former fight renew:  
 As when two Barks, this caried with the tide,  
 That with the wind, contrary courses sew,  
 If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

27

Thence-forth, they much more furiously gan fare,  
 As if but then the battell had begonne;  
 Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did spare,  
 That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out sponne,  
 And all adowne their riuens sides did runne.  
 Such mortall malice, wonder was to see  
 In friends profest, and fo great out-rage donne:  
 But sooth is said, and true in each degree,  
 Faint friends when they fall out, most cruell foe-men bee.

28

Thus they long while continued in fight,  
 Till *Scudamour*, and that same Briton maid,  
 By fortune in that place did chance to light:  
 Whom soone as they with wrathfull eye bewraide,  
 They gan remember of the foule vp-braid,  
 The which that Britonnesse had to them donne,  
 In that late Turney for the snowy maid;  
 Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,  
 And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

29

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire  
 Of fell reuenge, in their malicious mood,  
 They from themselues gan turne their furious ire,  
 And cruell blades yet steerning with hot blood,  
 Against thole two let driue, as they were wood:  
 Who wondring much at that so suddaine fit,  
 Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;  
 Ne yielded foot, ne once aback did sit,  
 But being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

30

The war-like Dame was on her part assaid  
 Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* atone;  
 And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely layd  
 At *Scudamour*, both his professed fone.  
 Foure charged two, and two surcharged one:  
 Yet did those two themselues so brauely beare,  
 That th'other little gained by the lone,  
 But with their owne repayed duly were,  
 And vsury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

31

Full often-times did *Britomart* assay  
 To speake to them, and some emparlance moue;  
 But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,  
 Ne lend an eare to ought that might behoue.  
 As when an eager mastiffe once doth prone  
 The taste of bloud of some engored beast,  
 No wordes may rate, nor rigour him remoue  
 From greedy hold of that his bloody feast:  
 So little did they harken to her sweet becheat.

32

Whom when the Briton Prince as farre beheld  
 With ods of so vnequall match opprest,  
 His mighty hart with indignation sweld,  
 And inward grudge fild his heroick brest:  
 Eftsoones humselse he to their ayde addressd.  
 And thrusting fierce into the thickest pread,  
 Diuided them, how euer loth to rest,  
 And would them faine from battell to surcease,  
 With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.



33  
 But they so farre from peace or patience were,  
 That all atonce at him gan fiercely flie,  
 And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;  
 Like to a storme, which hovers vnder sky  
 Long here and there, and round about doth flie,  
 At length breaks downe in raine, and haile, and fleet,  
 First, from one coast, till nought thereof be dry;  
 And then another, till that likewise fleet;  
 And so from side to side, till all the world it weete.

34  
 But now their forces greatly were decayd,  
 The Prince yet beeing fresh vntoucht afore;  
 Who them with speeches milde gan first disswade  
 From such foule out-rage, and them long forbore:  
 Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,  
 Him selfe he bent their furies to abate:  
 And layd at them so sharply and so fore,  
 That shortly them compelled to retrate,  
 And beeing brought in danger, to relent too late.

35  
 But now his courage being throughly fired,  
 He meant to make them knowe their follies prise,  
 Had not those two him instantly desired  
 T'aswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise.  
 At whose request he gan himselfe advise  
 To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat  
 In milder rearmes, as list them to deuise:  
 Mongst which, the cause of their so cruell heat  
 He did them aske: who all that passed gan repeat

36  
 And told at large, how that same errant Knight,  
 To weete, faire *Britomart*, them late had foyled  
 In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,  
 Both of their publike praise had them despoyled,  
 And also of their priuate Loues beguiled;  
 Of two, full hard to read the harder theft.  
 But seee, that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,  
 And shew'd that she had not that Lady rest  
 (As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

37  
 To whom, the Prince thus goodly well replied;  
 Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame,  
 To rip vp wrong, that battell once hath tried;  
 Wherein the honour both of Armes ye shame,

And eke the loue of Ladies foule defame;  
 To whom the world this franchise euer yeelded,  
 That of their loues choice they might freedom clame;  
 And in that right, should by all knights be shielded:  
 Gainst which me seemes this war yee wrongfully haue wiel-  
 (ded.

38  
 And yet, quoth she, a greater wrong remains:  
 For, I thereby my former Loue haue lost;  
 Whom seeking euer since with endlesse paines,  
 Hath me much sorrow and much trauell cost:  
 Aye me! to seee that gentle mayd so tost.  
 But *Scudamour*, then sighing deepe, thus said:  
 Certes, her losse ought me to sorrow most,  
 Whose right she is, where-euer she be straid,  
 Through many perils won, and many fortunes waide.

39  
 For, from the first that I her loue profest,  
 Vnto this howre, this present lucklesse howre,  
 I neuer ioyed happinesse nor rest;  
 But, thus turmoild from one to other stowre,  
 I waste my life, and doe my dayes denoure  
 In wretched anguish, and incessant woe,  
 Passing the measure of my feeble powre,  
 That liuing thus, a wretch, and louing so,  
 In neither can my loue, ne yet my life forgo.

40  
 Then good sir *Claribell* him thus bespake;  
 Now were it not sir *Scudamour* to you  
 Dislikefull paine, so sad a taske to take,  
 More, we entreat you, sith this gentle crew  
 Is now so well accorded all anew;  
 That as we ride together on our way,  
 Ye will recount to vs an order dew  
 All that at Penture, which ye did assay  
 For that faire Ladies loue: past perils well apay.

41  
 So gan the rest him likewise to require;  
 But *Britomart* did him importune hard,  
 To take on him that paine: whose great desire  
 He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd  
 To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,  
 In that achievement, as to him befell:  
 And all those dangers vnto them declar'd:  
 Which sith they cannot in this Canto well  
 Comprised be, I will them in another tell.





## Canto X.

*Scudamour doth his conquest tell,  
of vertuous Amoret:  
Great Venus temple is describ'd,  
and Louers life forth set.*



**R**ue hee it said, what-euer man it said,  
That loue with gall and hony doth abound:  
But if the one be with the other way'd,  
For euery dram of hony therein found,  
A pound of gall doth ouer it redound.

That too true by triall haue approued:  
For, since the day that first with deadly wound  
My hart was launc't, and learn'd to haue loued,  
I neuer ioyed howre, but still with care was moued.

And yet such grace is giuen them from aboue,  
That all the cares and euill which they meet,  
May nought at all their settled mindes remoue,  
But seeme giuist common sense to them most sweet;  
As boasting in their martyrdome vnmeet.  
So all that euer yet I haue endur'd,  
I count as nought, and tread downe vnder fees,  
Sith of my Loue at length I rest assur'd,  
That to disloyaltie she will not be allur'd.

Long were to tell the traucell and long toyle,  
Through which this shield of loue I late haue wonne,  
And purchas'd this peerelesse beauties spoile,  
That harder may be ended, then begonne.  
But since ye so desire, your will be donne.  
Then harke, ye gentle knights and Ladies free,  
My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne;  
For, though sweet Loue to conquer glorious bee,  
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

What time the fame of this renowned prise  
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares posselt,  
I hauing armes then taken, gan awise  
To winne me honour by some noble gest,  
And purchase me some place amongst the best.  
I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold)  
That this same braue emprize for me did rest,  
And that both shield and she whom I behold,  
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

So, on that hard adventure forth I went,  
And to the place of perill shortly came:  
That was a temple faire and auncient,  
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,  
And faire renowned through exceeding fame;  
Much more then that, which was in Paphos built,  
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this fame,  
Though all the pillours of the one were gilt,  
And all the others pauement were with Ivory spilt.

And it was seated in an Island strong,  
Abounding all with delices most rare,  
And wall'd by Nature gainst invaders wrong,  
That none mote haue access, nor inward fare,  
But by one way, that passage did prepare.  
It was a bridge yebuilt in goodly wise,  
With curious Corbes, and pendants grauen faire,  
And (arched all with porches) did arise  
On stately pillours, fram'd after the Dorick guise.

And for defence thereof, on th'other end  
There reared was a Castle faire and strong,  
That ward'd all which in or out did wend,  
And flank'd both the bridges sides along,  
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong.  
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;  
All twenty tride in warres experience long;  
Whose office was, against all manner wights,  
By all meanes to maintaine that Castles ancient rights.

Before that Castle was an open Plaine,  
And in the midst thereof a pillour placed;  
On which this shield, of many fought in vaine,  
The shield of Loue, whose guerdon me hath graced,  
Was hangd on high, with golden ribbands laced;  
And in the Marble stone was written this,  
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,  
*Blessed the man that well can rise his blis:  
Whose-euer be the shield, faire Amoret be his.*

9  
Which when I read, my hart did inly yearne,  
And pant with hope of that adventures hap:  
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,  
But with my speare vpon the shield did rap,  
That all the Castle ringed with the clap.  
Straight forth issew'd a Knight all arm'd to prooffe,  
And brauely mounted to his most mishap:  
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,  
Ran sietce at me, that fire glaunst from his horses hoofe.

10  
Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)  
And by good fortune shortly him vnseated.  
Eftsoones out sprung two more of equall mould;  
But I them both with equall hap defeated:  
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,  
And left them groning there vpon the Plaine.  
Then preacing to the pillour, I repeated  
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,  
And taking downe the shued, with me did it retaine.

11  
So forth without impediment I past,  
Till to the Bridges vnter gate I came:  
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.  
I knockt, but no man answerd me by name;  
I cald, but no man answerd to my clame.  
Yet I perseuer'd still to knocke and call;  
Till at the last I spide within the same,  
Where one stood peeping through a crenis small;  
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry there-withall.

12  
That was to weete, the Porter of the place,  
Vnto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:  
His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,  
Th'one forward looking, th'other backward bent,  
Therein resembling *Ianus* auncient,  
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:  
And euermore his eyes about him went,  
As if some proued perill he did feare,  
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

13  
On th'one side he, on th'other side *Delay*,  
Behind the gate, that none her might espy;  
Whose manner was all passengers to stay,  
And entertaine with her occasions fly;  
Through which some lost great hope vnheedily,  
Which neuer they recouer might againe;  
And others quite excluded forth, did ly  
Long languishing there in vnpiitted paine,  
And seeking often entrance, afterwards in vaine.

14  
Mee when as hee had priniely espide,  
Bearing the shield which I had conquer'd late,  
He kend it straight, and to me opened waye.  
So in I past, and straight he clos'd the gate.  
But being in, *Delay* in close awaite  
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,  
Feining full many a fond excuse to prate,  
And time to steale the threasure of mans day;  
Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.

15  
But by no means my way I would forlowe,  
For ought that euer the could doe or say;  
But from my lofty steed dismounting lowe,  
Past forth on foot, beholding all the way  
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,  
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,  
(That like on earth no where I reckon may)  
And vnderneath, the riuier rolling still (will.  
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serue the vworkmans

16  
Thence, forth I passed to the second gate,  
The *Gate of good desert*, whose goodly pride  
And costly frame, were long here to relate.  
The same to all stood alwaies open wide:  
But in the Porch did euermore abide  
An hidious Giant, dreadfull to behold,  
That stopp the entrance with his spacious stride,  
And with the terrour of his countenance bold  
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

17  
His name was *Danger*, dradded ouer all,  
V Who day and night did watch and duely ward,  
From fearefull cowards, entrance to forfall,  
And faint-hart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard  
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire award:  
For, oftentimes, faint harts, at first espiall  
Of his grim face, were from approaching fear'd;  
Vnworthy they of grace, whom one deniall  
Excludes from surest hope, withouten further triall.

18  
Yet many doughty Warriours, often tride  
In greater perils to be stout and bold,  
Durst not the sternesse of his looke abide;  
But soone as they his countenance did behold,  
Began to faint, and feele their courage cold.  
Againe, some other, that in hard assaies  
Were cowards knowne, and little count did hold,  
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,  
Crept in by stooping lowe, or stealing of the kaies.

19  
But I, though meanest man of many moe,  
Yet much disleigning vnto him to lout,  
Or creepe betwene his legs, so in to goe,  
Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,  
And either beat him in, or driue him out.  
Eftsoones advauncing that enchanted shield,  
With all my might I gan to lay about:  
Which when he saw, the glaiue which he did wield  
He gan forth-with t'auale, and way vnto me yield.

20  
So, as I entred, I did backward looke,  
For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there;  
And lo, his hind-parts (whereof heed I tooke)  
Much more deformed fearefull vgly were,  
Then all his former parts did eart appeare.  
For, hatred, murder, treason, and despight,  
With many moe, lay in ambushment there,  
Awaiting to entrap the warelesse wight,  
Which did not them preuent with vigilant fore-sight.

21

Thus hauing past all perill, I was come  
 Within the compasse of that Islands space;  
 The which did seeme vnto my simple doome,  
 The onely pleasant and delightfull place,  
 That euer troden was of footings trace.  
 For, all that Nature by her mother wit  
 Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,  
 Was there; and, all that Nature did omit,  
 Art (playing second Natures part) supplied it.

22

No tree, that is of count, in greene-wood growes,  
 From lowest Juniper to Cedar tall;  
 No floure in field, that dainty odour throwes,  
 And deckes his branch with blossomes ouer all,  
 But there was planted, or grew naturall:  
 Nor sence of man so coy and curious nice,  
 But there mote find to please it selfe withall;  
 Nor hart could wish for any quaint deuice,  
 But there it present was, and did fraile sence entice.

23

In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,  
 It seem'd a second paradise to bee,  
 So laushly enrich with Natures treasure,  
 That if the happy soules, which doe possesse  
 Th' Elysian fields, and liue in lasting blesse,  
 Should happen thus with liuing eye to see,  
 They soone would loathe their lesser happinesse,  
 And wish to life return'd againe to gheffe.  
 That in this ioyous place they mote haue ioyance free.

24

Fresh shadowes, fit to shroude from sunny ray;  
 Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew;  
 Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play;  
 Soft rumbling brookes, that gentle slumber drew;  
 High reared mounts, the lands about to view;  
 Low looking dales, disloign'd from common gaze;  
 Delightfull bowres, to solace Louers trow;  
 Falsc Labyrinths, fond runners eyes to daze;  
 All which, by Nature made, did Nature selfe amaze.

25

And all without were walkes and alleys dight,  
 With diuers trees, enrang'd in euen rankes;  
 And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,  
 And shady seates, and sundry flowering bankes,  
 To sit and rest the walkers weary shankes:  
 And therein thousand payres of Louers walkt,  
 Praying their god, and yielding him great thanks,  
 Ne euer ought but of their true Loues talkt,  
 Ne euer for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

26

All these together by themselues did sport  
 Their spottlesse pleasures, and sweet loues content.  
 But farre away from these, another sort  
 Of Louers linked in true harts consent;  
 Which loued not as these, for like intent,  
 But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,  
 Farre from all fraude, or fained blandishment;  
 Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,  
 Braue thoughts and noble deeds did euer-more aspire.

27

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylus* deare;  
 True *Ionathan*, and *Danid* trustie tryde;  
 Stout *Thefeus*, and *Perithous* his feare;  
*Pylades*, and *Orestes* by his side;  
 Milde *Titus*, and *Gesippus* without scode;  
*Damon* and *Pythias*, whom death could not scuer:  
 All these, and all that euer had bene tyde,  
 In bands of friendship, there did liue for euer;  
 Whose liues, although decay'd, yet loues decayed neuer.

28

Which, when as I, that neuer tasted blis,  
 Nor happy howre, beheld with gaze full eye,  
 I thought there was none other heauen then this;  
 And gan their endlesse happinesse enuy,  
 That beeing free from feare and ielousie,  
 Might frankly there their loues desire possesse;  
 Whil'ft I, through paines and perious ielopardie,  
 Was forc't to seeke my lifes deare patronesse: (stresse,  
 Much dearer be the things, which come through hard di-

29

Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,  
 Might nor my steps with-hold, but that forth-right  
 Vnto that purpos'd place I did me draw,  
 Where-as my Loue was lodged day and night:  
 The temple of great *Venus*, that is hight  
 The Queene of beauty, and of loue the mother,  
 There worshipp'd of eury liuing wight;  
 Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other  
 That euer were on earth, all were they set together.

30

Not that fame famous Temple of *Diane*,  
 Whose height all *Ephesus* did over-see,  
 And which all *Asia* sought with vowes profane,  
 One of the worlds seauen wonders said to bee,  
 Might match with this by many a degree:  
 Nor that, which that wise King of *Iurie* framed,  
 With endlesse cost, to be th' Almightyes see;  
 Nor all that else through all the world is named  
 To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

31

I, much admiring that so goodly frame,  
 Vnto the porch approacht, which open stood;  
 But therein fate an amiable Dame,  
 That seem'd to be of very sober mood,  
 And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:  
 Strange was her ture; for on her head a Crowne  
 Shee wore, much like vnto a Danisk hood,  
 Poudred with pearle and stone; and all her gowne  
 Enwoven was with gold, that rought full lowe adowne.

32

On either side of her, two young men stood,  
 Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;  
 Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,  
 Begotten by two fathers of one mother,  
 Though of contrary natures each to other:  
 The one of them hight *Loue*, the other *Hate*.  
*Hate* was the elder, *Loue* the younger brother;  
 Yet was the younger stronger in his state  
 Then th' elder, and him may stred still in all debate.

Nath'lesse,

<sup>33</sup>  
Nath'lesse, that Dame so well them tempred both,  
That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,  
Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,  
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,  
Vnwillig to behold that lovely band.  
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,  
That her commandment he could not withstand,  
But bit his lip for felonous despight,  
And gnawt his iron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

<sup>34</sup>  
*Concord* thee cleeped was in common reed,  
Mother of blessed *Peace*, and *Friendship* true;  
They both her twins, both borne of heauenly seed,  
And she herself likewise diuinely grew;  
The which right well her workes diuine did shew:  
For, strength, and wealth, and happinesse she lends,  
And strife, and warre, and anger does subdew:  
Of little much, of foes she maketh friends,  
And to afflicted minds, sweet rest and quiet sends.

<sup>35</sup>  
By her the heauen is in his course contained,  
And all the world in state vnmooued stands,  
As their Almighty Maker first ordained,  
And bound them with inuiolable bands;  
Else would the waters ouer-flowe the lands,  
And fire deuoure the ayre, and hell them quight,  
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.  
Shee is the nurse of pleasure and delight,  
And vnto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right.

<sup>36</sup>  
By her I entring, halfe dismayed was;  
But shee in gentle wise me entertayned,  
And twixt her selfe and Loue did let me pass;  
But *Hatred* would my entrance haue restrained,  
And with his club me threatned to haue brayned,  
Had not the Lady, with her powrefull speach,  
Him from his wicked will vneath restrained;  
And th'other eke his malice did empeach,  
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

<sup>37</sup>  
Into the inmost Temple thus I came,  
Which fuming all with Frankensene I found,  
And odours rising from the altars flame.  
Vpon an hundred Marble pillors round,  
The rooffe vp high was reared from the ground,  
All deckt with crownes, and chaines, and girlonds gay,  
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,  
The which sad Louers for their voves did pay; (May.)  
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres, as fresh as

<sup>38</sup>  
An hundred Altars round about were set,  
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,  
That with the steme thereof the Temple swet,  
Which roul'd in cloudes, to heauen did aspire,  
And in them bore true Louers voves entire:  
And eke an hundred brazen cauldrons bright,  
To bathe in ioy and amorous desire,  
Euery of which was to a Damzell hight;  
For, all the Priests were Damzels, in soft linnen dight.

<sup>39</sup>  
Right in the midst the Goddesse selfe did stand,  
Vpon an altar of some costly masse,  
Whose substance was vneath to vnderstand:  
For, neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,  
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;  
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,  
Pure in aspect, and like to crytall glasse,  
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;  
But beeing faire and bricke, likest glasse did seeme.

<sup>40</sup>  
But it in shape and beauty did excell  
All other Idoles which the heathen adore,  
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill  
*Phidias* did make in *Paphos* Ile of yore,  
With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore,  
Did fall in loue: yet this much fairer shined,  
But couered with a slender weile afore;  
And both her feet and legs together twined  
Were with a snake, whose head & taile were fast combined.

<sup>41</sup>  
The cause why she was couered with a veile,  
VVas hard to knowe, for that her Priests the same  
From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale.  
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,  
Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;  
But for (they say) she hath both kindes in one,  
Both male and female, both vnder one name:  
She fire and mother is her selfe alone;  
Begets, and eke conceiues, ne needeth other none.

<sup>42</sup>  
And all about her necke and shoulders flew  
A flock of little loues, and sports, and ioyes,  
VVith nimble wings of gold and purple hew;  
Whose shapen seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,  
But like to Angels playing heauenly toyes;  
The whilst their elder brother was away,  
*Cupid*, their eldest brother; he enjoys  
The wide kingdome of loue with lordly sway,  
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

<sup>43</sup>  
And all about her altar, scattered lay  
Great sorts of Louers pittiously complaining;  
Some of their losse, some of their loues delay,  
Some of their pride, some paragonis disdainig,  
Some fearing fraude, some fraudulently sayning,  
As euery one had cause of good or ill.  
Amongst the rest, some one through loues constraining  
Tormented fore, could not containe it still,  
But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill;

<sup>44</sup>  
Great *Venus*, Queene of beauty and of grace,  
The ioy of Gods and men, that vnder skie  
Dooft fairest shine, and most adorne thy place,  
That with thy smiling looke doost pacifie  
The raging seas, and mak'st the stormes to stie:  
Thee goddesse, thee the winds, the cloudes do feare,  
And when thou spread'st thy mantle forth on hie,  
The waters play, and pleasant Lands appeare,  
And heauens laugh, & all the world shewes ioyous cheare.

Thou

Then doth the dædle earth throw forth to thee  
 Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres:  
 And then all liuing wights, soone as they see  
 The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,  
 They all do learne to play the Paramours;  
 First do the merry birds, thy pretty pages,  
 Priuily pricked with thy lustfull powres,  
 Chirpe loud to thee out of their leauy cages,  
 And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

Then do the saluage beasts begin to play  
 Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food:  
 The Lions rore, the Tigres loudly bray,  
 The raging Bulls rebellow through the wood,  
 And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood,  
 To come where thou doest draw them with desire:  
 So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,  
 Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,  
 In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at first was made,  
 And dayly yet thou doest the same repaire:  
 Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,  
 Ne ought on earth that louely is and faire,  
 But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.  
 Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,  
 Great god of men and women, queene of th'ayre,  
 Mother of laughter, and well-spring of blis,  
 O graunt that of my loue at last I may not misse.

So did he say: but I with murmure soft,  
 That none might heare the sorrowe of my heart,  
 Yet inly groaning deep and sighing oft,  
 Besought her to grant ease vnto my smart,  
 And to my wound her gracious help impart.  
 Whilest thus I spake, behold with happy eye  
 I spyde, where at the Idoles feet apart  
 A beuie of faire damzels close did lie,  
 Waying when as the Anthemie should be sung on hie.

The first of them did seem of riper yeares,  
 And graner countenance then all the rest;  
 Yet all the rest were eke her equal peares,  
 Yet vnto her obeyed all the best.  
 Her name was *Womanhood*, that she exprest  
 By her sad semblant and demaunere wif:  
 For, stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,  
 Ner'od at randon after gazers guise,  
 Whole luring bayres oft-times doe heedlesse hearts entise.

And next to her fate goodly *Shamefastnesse*:  
 Ne euer durst her eyes from ground vp-reare,  
 Ne euer once did looke vp from her desse,  
 As if some blame of euill she did feare,  
 That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:  
 And her against, sweet *Cheerfulnessse* was placed,  
 Whose eyes like twinkling starrs in euening cleare,  
 Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chased,  
 And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.

And next to her fate sober *Modestie*,  
 Holding her hand vpon her gentle heart;  
 And her against fate comely *Curtisie*,  
 That vnto euery person knew her part;  
 And her before was seated onerthwart  
 Soft *Silence*, and submissive *Obedience*,  
 Both linkt together neuer to dispart,  
 Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,  
 Both giu'ndons of his Saints against their foes offence.

Thus fate they all around in secretly rate:  
 And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,  
 Euen in the lap of *Womanhood* there fate,  
 The which was all in lilly white arrayd,  
 With siluer streames amongst the linnen stray'd;  
 Like to the morne, when first her shining face  
 Huth to the gloomy world it selfe bewray'd:  
 That same was fayrest *Amoret* in place,  
 Shining with beauties light, and heavenly vertues grace.

Whom soone as I beheld, my heart gan throb,  
 And wade in doubt, what best were to be donne:  
 For, facrilege me seem'd the Church to rob;  
 And folly seem'd to leaue the thing vndonne,  
 Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.  
 Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,  
 Which Ladies loue I heard had neuer wonne  
 Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,  
 And by the lilly hand her labour'd vp to reare.

Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,  
 And sharpe rebuke, for being ouer-bold;  
 Saying it was to Knight vnto seemly shame,  
 Vpon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,  
 That vnto *Venus* seruices was sold.  
 To whom I thus; Nay but it fitteeth best,  
 For *Cupids* man with *Venus* mayd to hold:  
 For, ill your goddesse seruices are drest  
 By Virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

With that my shield I forth to her did shoue,  
 Which all that while I closely had conceald;  
 On which when *Cupid* with his killing bowe  
 And cruell shafts emblazon'd the beheld,  
 At sight thereof she was with terror queld,  
 And sayd no more: but I which all that while  
 The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,  
 Like wary Hynd within the weedy foyle,  
 For no intreaty would forgoe fo' glorious spoyle.

And euermore vpon the goddesse face  
 Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:  
 Whom when I sawe with amiable grace  
 To laugh on me, and fauour my pretence,  
 I was emboldned with more confidence:  
 And nought for nicenesse nor for enuy sparing,  
 In presence of them all forth led her thence,  
 All looking on, and like astonisht sturing,  
 Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

57

Shee often prayd, and often me besought,  
 Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,  
 Sometime with witching synyles: but yet for nought,  
 That euer she to mee could say or doe,  
 Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe;  
 But forth I led her through the Temple gate,  
 By which I hardly past with much adoe:  
 But that same Lady which me friended late  
 In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

58

No lesse did danger threaten me with dread,  
 When as he saw me, maugre all his powre,  
 That glorious spoile of beauty with me lead,  
 Then *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure  
 His Leman from the *Stygian* Princes boure.  
 But euermore my shield did me defend,  
 Against the storme of euery dreadfull stoure:  
 Thus safely with my Loue I thence did weend.  
 So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

## Canto XI.

*Marinell's former wound is heald,  
 he comes to Proteus hall,  
 Where Thames doth the Medway wed,  
 and feasts the Sea-gods all.*

**B**Vt ah for pittie! that I haue thus long  
 Left a faire Lady languishing in paine:  
 Now weal-away, that I haue doen such wrong,  
 To let faire *Florinell* in bands remaine,  
 In bands of loue, and in sad thraldomes chaine;  
 From which, vnlasse some heauenly powre her free  
 By miracle, not yet appearing plaine,  
 She lenger yet is like captiu'd to bee:  
 That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee.

Heere neede you to remember, how ere-while  
 Vnlouely *Proteus*, missing to his mind  
 That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,  
 Her threw into a dungeon deepe and blind,  
 And there in chaines her cruelly did bind,  
 In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:  
 For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind,  
 Her constant mind could moue at all he saw,  
 He thought her to compell by cruelty and awe.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke  
 The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,  
 That neither yron barres, nor brazen locke  
 Did need to gad from force, or secreet theft  
 Of all her Louers, which would her haue refit.  
 For, wall'd it was with wanes, which rag'd and ror'd  
 As they the chiffe in peeces would haue cleft:  
 Besides, ten thousand monsters foule abhord  
 Did waite about it, gaping grieuoly, all begor'd.

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,  
 And darkenesse drad, that neuer viewed day;  
 Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,  
 In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway  
 (Old *Styx*, the Grandame of the Gods) doth lay.  
 There did this lucklesse mayd three months abide,  
 Ne euer euening saw, ne mornings ray,  
 Ne euer from the day the night descride,  
 But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

And all this was for loue of *Marinell*,  
 Who her despis'd (ah! who would her despise?)  
 And womens loue did from his hart expell,  
 And all those ioyes that weake mankind entife:  
 Nath'lesse, his pride full dearely he did prife;  
 For, of a womans hand it was ywroke,  
 That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,  
 Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke  
 Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

Yet farre and neere the Nymph his mother sought,  
 And many salues did to his sore apply,  
 And many herbes did vse. But when as nought  
 She saw could ease his rankling maladie,  
 At last, to *Tryphon* shee for helpe did hie  
 (This *Tryphon* is the Sea-gods furgeon hight)  
 Whom shee besought to find some remedy:  
 And for his paines, a whistle him beight,  
 That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

So well that Leach did harke<sup>7</sup> to her request,  
 And did so well employ his carefull paine,  
 That in short space his hurts he had redrest,  
 And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:  
 In which he long time after did remaine  
 There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;  
 Who sore against his will did him retaine,  
 For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,  
 Through his too ventrous prowesse proued ouer all.

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast<sup>8</sup> was there:  
 To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull feed,  
 In honour of the spousalls, which then were  
 Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.  
 Long had the *Thames* (as we in records reed)  
 Before that day her wooed to his bed;  
 But the proude Nymph, would for no worldly meed,  
 Nor no entreatie to his loue be led;  
 Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed.

So both agreed, that this their bridale feast<sup>9</sup>  
 Should for the gods in *Proteus* house be made;  
 To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,  
 As well which in the mighty Ocean trade,  
 As that in riuers swim, or brookes doe wade.  
 All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,  
 And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,  
 And endlesse memory, that mote excell,  
 In order as they came, could I recount them well.

Helpe therefore, ô thou sacred imp of *Ioue*,  
 The nourishing of Dame *Memory* his deare,  
 To whom those rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,  
 And records of antiquite appeare,  
 To which no wit of man may comen neare;  
 Help me to tell the names of all those floods,  
 And all those Nymphes, which then assembled were  
 To that great banquet of the watry Gods,  
 And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

First, came great *Neptune*, with his three-forkt Mace,  
 That rules the Seas, and makes them rise or fall;  
 His dewy locks did drop with brine apace,  
 Vnder his Diademe imperiall:  
 And by his side, his Queene with Coronall,  
 Faire *Amphitrisé*, most diuinely faire,  
 Whose Iuory shoulders weren couered all,  
 As with a robe, with her owne silver haire:  
 And deckt with pearls, which th' Indian seas for her prepare.

These marched farre afore the other crew;  
 And all the way before them as they went,  
*Triton* his trumpet shrill before them blew,  
 For goodly triumph and great iolymment,  
 That made the rocks to roare, as they were rent.  
 And after them the royall issue came,  
 Which of them sprung by lineall descent:  
 First, the Sea-gods, which to themselves doe claime  
 The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues to tame.

*Phorcys*, the father of that fatall brood,  
 By whom those old Herôes wonne such fame;  
 And *Glaucus*, that wife soothsayer vnderstood;  
 And tragick *Inoes* sonne, the which became  
 A God of seas through his mad mothers blame,  
 Now hight *Palemor*, and is Saylor's friend;  
 Great *Brontes*, and *Astræus*, that did frame  
 Himselfe with incest of his kin vnked;  
 And huge *Orion*, that doth tempests fill portend.

The rich *Cteatus*, and *Eurytus* long;  
<sup>14</sup>  
*Nelus* and *Pelias*, louely brethen both;  
 Mighty *Chrysaor*, and *Caiæus* strong;  
*Eurypius*, that calmes the waters wroth;  
 And faire *Euphæmus*, that vpon them go'th  
 As on the ground, without difmay or dread:  
 Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alcibiæ*, that know'th  
 The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;  
 And sad *Asopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

There also, some most famous founders were<sup>15</sup>  
 Of puissant Nations, which the world possést;  
 Yet sonnes of *Neptune*, now assembled here:  
 Auncient *Ogyges*, euen th' auncientest,  
 And *Inachus*, renowm'd about the rest;  
*Phœnix*, and *Aon*, and *Pelægus* old,  
 Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor*, best;  
 And mighty *Albion*, father of the bold  
 And war-like people, which the *Britaine* Islands hold.

For, *Albion*, the sonne of *Neptune* was;  
 Who for the prooffe of his great puissance,  
 Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pass  
 Into old *Gall*, that now is cleeped *France*,  
 To fight with *Hercules*, that did advance  
 To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might:  
 And there his mortall part by great mischance  
 Was flaine: but that which is th' immortal spright  
 Liues still: and to this feast with *Neptunes* seed was dight.

But what doe I their names seeke to reherse,  
 Which all the world haue with their issue filld?  
 How can they all in this so narrow verse  
 Contained be, and in small compasse hild?  
 Let them record them, that are better skild,  
 And knowe the monuments of passed times:  
 Onely what needeth, shall be here fulfilld,  
 T' expresse some part of that great equipage,  
 Which from great *Neptune* doe deriue their parentage.

Next, came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame,  
 Old *Tethys*, th' oldest two of all the rest;  
 For, all the rest, of those two Parents came,  
 Which after ward both sea and land possést:  
 Of all which, *Nereus*, th' eldest and the best,  
 Did first proceed, then which none more vpright,  
 Ne more sincere in word and deed profest;  
 Most void of guile, most free from foule despight,  
 Dooing himselfe, and teaching others to doe right.



19  
 Thereto he was expert in prophesies,  
 And could the ledde[n] of the Gods vnfold,  
 Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous prise  
 The faire *Tindarid* lasse, he him fortolde,  
 That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold  
 Should fetch againe, and finally destroy  
 Proud *Priams* towne. So wife is *Xerex* old,  
 And so well skild; nath'lesse he takes great ioy  
 Oft-times amongst the wanton Nymphes to sport and toy.

20  
 And after him the famous riuers came,  
 Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:  
 The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;  
 Long *Rhodanus*, whose fource springs from the skie;  
 Faire *Ister*, flowing from the Mountaines hie;  
 Diuine *Scamander*, purpled yet with blood  
 Of *Greekes* and *Troians*, which therein did die;  
*Pactolus*, glistering with his golden flood,  
 And *Tigris* fierce, whose streams of none may be withstood

21  
 Great *Ganges*, and immortal *Euphrates*,  
 Deepe *Indus*, and *Mæander* intricate,  
 Slow *Peneus*, and tempestuous *Phafides*,  
 Swift *Rhene*, and *Alpheus* still immaculate:  
*Oxaxes*, feared for great *Cyrus* fate;  
*Tybris*, renowned for the *Romaines* fame,  
 Rich *Oranochy*, though but knowne late;  
 And that huge Riuier, which doth beare his name  
 Of warlike *Amazons*, which do possess the same.

22  
 Ioy on those warlike women, which so long  
 Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold;  
 And shame on you, ô men, which boast your strong  
 And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,  
 Yet quail in conquest of that land of gold.  
 But this to you, ô *Britons*, most pertaines,  
 To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold;  
 The which, for sparing little cost or paines,  
 Lose so immortal glory, and so endlesse gaines.

23  
 Then was there heard a most celestiall sound  
 Of dainty musicke, which did next ensue  
 Before the spouse: that was *Arion* crownd;  
 Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew  
 The cares and hearts of all that goodly crew,  
 That euen yet the *Dolphin*, which him bore  
 Through the *Agæan* seas from *Pirates* view,  
 Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,  
 And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

24  
 So went he playing on the watry Playne.  
 Soone after whom the louely Bridegroom came,  
 The noble *Thamis*, with all his goodly traine;  
 But him before there went, as beft became,  
 His ancient parents, namely th'ancient *Thame*.  
 But much more aged was his wife then he,  
 The *Ouz*, whom men do *Istis* rightly name;  
 Full weake and crooked creature seemed he,  
 And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see.

25  
 Therefore on either side she was sustained  
 Of two small grooms, which by their names were hight  
 The *Churne*, and *Charwell*, two small streames, which  
 Them selues her footing to direct aright, (pained  
 Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:  
 But *Thame* was stronger, and of better stay;  
 Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,  
 With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,  
 Deawed with siluer drops, that trickled downe alway.

26  
 And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore  
 With bowed backe, by reason of the Iode,  
 And ancient leauey burden, which he bore  
 Of that faire Citie, wherein make abode  
 So many learned impes, that shoot abroad,  
 And with their branches spred all Britany,  
 No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.  
 Ioy to you both, ye double noufery,  
 Of Arts: but Oxford thine doth *Thame* most glouifie.

27  
 But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,  
 All decked in a robe of watchet hew,  
 On which the waues, glittering like *Crytall* glafs,  
 So cunningly enwouen were, that few  
 Could weene, whether they were false or trew.  
 And on his head like to a Coronet  
 He wore, that seemed strange to common view,  
 In which were many *Towres* and *Castles* set,  
 That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

28  
 Like as the mother of the gods, they say,  
 In her great iron charret wonts to ride,  
 When to *Ioues* palace she doth take her way;  
 Old *Cybelé*, arrayed with pompous pride,  
 Wearing a *Diademe* embattaild wide  
 With hundred turrets, like a *Turribant*.  
 With such an one was *Thamis* beautifide;  
 That was to weete, the famous *Troynouant*,  
 In which her kingdome throne is chiefly resiant.

29  
 And round about him many a pretty Page  
 Attended duely, ready to obay;  
 All little Riuers, which owe vassallage  
 To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:  
 The chaulky *Kenet*, and the *Thetis* gray,  
 The morish *Cole*, and the soft sliding *Breane*,  
 The wanton *Lee*, that oft doth lose his way,  
 And the still *Darent*, in whose waters cleane  
 Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasant stream.

30  
 Then came his neighbour floods, which nigh him dwell;  
 And water all the English foile throughout;  
 They all on him this day attended well;  
 And with meet seruice waited him about;  
 Ne one disdaind lowe to him to lout:  
 No not the stately *Seuerne* grudg'd at all,  
 Ne storming *Humber*, though he looked stout;  
 But both him honor'd as their principall,  
 And let their swelling waters lowe before him fall.

31

There was the speedy Tamar, which diuides  
 The Cornish, and the Deuonish confines;  
 Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,  
 And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:  
 And Dart, nigh choakt with sands of tinny mines.  
 But Auon marched in more stately path,  
 Proud of his Adamants, with which he shines  
 And glisters wide, as als' of wondrous Bath,  
 And Brittow faire, which on his waues he builded hath.

32

And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,  
 Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hie,  
 That doth his course through Blandford Plains direct,  
 And washech Winborne meades in season drie.  
 Next him, went Wylibourne with passage slye,  
 That of his wylineffe his name doth take,  
 And of him selfe doth name the shire thereby:  
 And Mole, that like a noustring Mole doth make  
 His way full vnder ground, till Thamis he ouertake.

33

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods  
 Like a wood god, and flowing fast to Rhy:  
 And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods  
 The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,  
 And Clare, and Harwitc both doth beautifie:  
 Him follow'd Yar, soft washting Norwich wall,  
 And with him brought a present ioyfully  
 Of his owne fish vnto their festiuall, (call.  
 Whose like none else could shewe, the which they Ruffins

34

Next these, the plentious Ouse came far from land,  
 By many a City, and by many a Towne,  
 And many Rivers, taking vnder hand  
 Into his waters, as he palseth downe,  
 The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne.  
 Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge sit,  
 My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne  
 He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it  
 With many a gentle Muse, and many a learned wit.

35

And after him the fatal Welland went,  
 That if old sawes proue true (which God forbid)  
 Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,  
 And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,  
 Then sluce in learning, more then euer did  
 Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.  
 And next to him the Tene downe softly slid;  
 And bountious Trent, that in him selfe enfames  
 Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streames.

36

Next these came Tync, along whose stony banke  
 That Romane Monarch built a brazen wall,  
 Which mote the feeble Britons strongly flanke  
 Against the Picts, that swarmed ouer all,  
 Which yet thereof Gualteur they do call:  
 And Twede the limit betwixt Logris land  
 And Albany; and Eden though but small,  
 Yet often staine with bloud of many a band  
 Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his strand.

37

Then came those sixe sea brethren, like forlorne,  
 That whylome were (as antique fathers tell)  
 Sixe valiant Knights, of one faire Nymph yborne,  
 Which did in noble deeds of armes excell,  
 And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell;  
 Still Vre, swift Werse, and Oze the most of might,  
 High Swale, vnquiet Nyde, and troublous Skell;  
 All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,  
 Slew cruelly, and in the riuier drowned quight.

38

But past not long, ere Brutus warlike sonne  
 Locrinus them aueng'd, and the same day,  
 Which the proud Humber vnto them had donne,  
 By equall doome repayd on bis owne pate:  
 For, in the selfe same riuier, where he late  
 Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;  
 And nam'd the Riuier of his wretched fate;  
 Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,  
 Of it tossed with his stormes, which therein still remaine.

39

These after, came the stony shallow Lone,  
 That to old Loncafter his name doth lend;  
 And following Dee, which Britons long ygone  
 Did call diuinc, that doth by Chester tend;  
 And Conway, which cut of his streame doth send  
 Plenty of pearles to decthe his dames withall,  
 And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,  
 Of which the auncient Lincolne men do call,  
 All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

40

Ne thence the Irish Riuers absent were,  
 Sith no lesse famous then the rest they be,  
 And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,  
 Why should they not likewise in loue agree,  
 And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?  
 They sawe it all, and present were in place;  
 Though I them all according their degre,  
 Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,  
 Nor read the saluage countries, thorough which they passe.

41

There was the Liffie, rolling downe the lea,  
 The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,  
 The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,  
 The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,  
 Swift Awniduff, which of the English man  
 Is call'd Blacke water, and the Liffar deepe,  
 Sad Trowis, that once his people ouerranne,  
 Strong Allo tomling from Slewlogher steep,  
 And Mulla mine, whose waues I whilom taught to weep.

42

And there the three renowned brethren were,  
 Which that great Giant Blomius begot  
 Of the faire Nymph Rheis, a wandring there.  
 One day, as she to stunne the season hot,  
 Vnder Slewblomme in shady groue was got,  
 This Gyant found her, and by force deslow'd:  
 Whereof conceiuing, she in time forth brought  
 These three faire sons, which being thence forth powrd  
 In three great riuers ran, and many countries scowrd.

43  
The first, the gentle Shure, that making way  
By sweet Clonmell, adorneſ rich Waterford ;  
The next, the ſtubborne Newre, whoſe waters gray  
By faire Kilkenny and Roſſefont boord ;  
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord  
Great heapes of Salmonſ in her deepe boſome :  
All which long ſundered, doe at laſt accord  
To ioine in one, ere to the ſea they come,  
So flowing all from one, all one at laſt become.

44  
There alſo was the wide embayed Mayre,  
The pleaſant Bandon crownd with many a wood,  
The ſpreading Lee, that like an Iſland faire  
Enclofeth Corke with his diuided flood ;  
And balefull Oure, late ſtaynd with Engliſh blood :  
With many more, whoſe names no tongue can tell.  
All which that day in order ſeemely good  
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well  
To doe their dueſt ſeruiſe, as to them beſell.

45  
Then came the Bride, the louing Medua came,  
Clad in a vesture of vnknown gear,  
And vncouth faſhion, which yet euery where  
That ſeem'd like ſiluer, ſprinkled here and there  
With glittering ſpangſ, that did like ſtarres appeare,  
And wad'd vpon, like water Chamelot,  
To hide the metall, which yet euery where  
Bewrayd it ſelfe, to let men plainely wot,  
It was no mortall worke, that ſeem'd and yet was not.

46  
Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flowe  
Vnto her waſte, with flowres beſcattered,  
The which ambroſſiall odours forth did throwe  
To all about, and all her ſhoulders ſpred  
As a new ſpring ; and likewiſe on her head  
A Chaplet of ſundry flowres ſhe wore,  
From vnder which the dewy humour, ſhed,  
Did trickle downe her haire, like to the hore  
Congealed little drops, which doe the morne adore.

47  
On her, two pretty handmaids did attend,  
One calld the *Theiſe*, the other calld the *Crane* ;  
Which on her waited, things amiſſe to mend,  
And both behind vp-held her ſpreading traine ;  
Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,  
Her ſiluer feet, faire waſht againſt this day ;  
And her before there paſed Pages twaine,  
Both clad in colours like, and like array,  
The *Doune* & eke the *Frith*, both which prepar'd her way.

48  
And after theſe the Sea Nymphs marched all,  
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,  
Whom of their ſire *Nerèides* men call,  
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare ;

The gray-cyde *Doris* : all which, fifty are ;  
All which ſhe there on her attending had.  
Swift *Proto*, milde *Eucraté*, *Theiſe* faire,  
Soft *Spio*, ſweet *Endoré*, *Sao* ſad,  
Light *Dato*, wanton *Glaucé*, and *Galené* glad ;

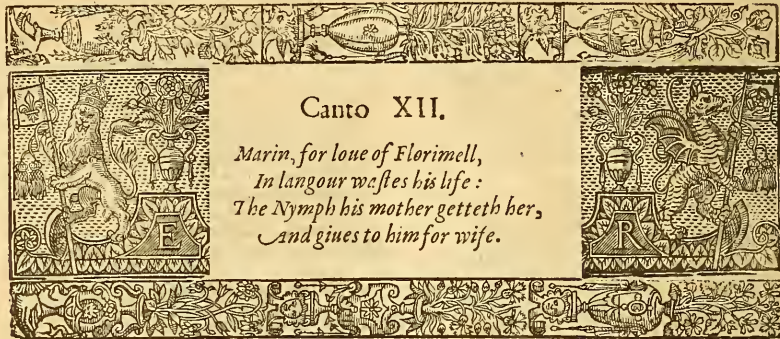
49  
White hand *Eunica*, proud *Dinamené*,  
Ioyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,  
Louely *Paſſthee*, kinde *Eulimené*,  
Light foote *Cymothoe*, and ſweete *Melite*,  
Fairer *Pheruſa*, *Phao* lilly white,  
Wondred *Agaué*, *Poris*, and *Neſſea*,  
With *Erato* that doth in loue delight,  
And *Panopæ*, and wife *Protomedæa*,  
And ſnowy neckt *Doris*, and milkewhite *Galathæa* ;

50  
Speedy *Hippochoé*, and chaſte *Actea*,  
Large *Liſſanaiſſa*, and *Pronæa* large,  
*Euagoré*, and light *Pontoporea*,  
And ſhe, that with her leaſt word can aſſwage  
The ſurging ſeas, when they doe foreſt rage,  
*Cymodocé*, and ſtout *Antonoe*,  
And *Neſſo*, and *Etoné* well in age,  
And ſeeming ſtill to ſmile, *Glauconomé*,  
And ſhe that height of many heſts *Pulymomé* ;

51  
Frefh *Alimeda*, deckt with girlond greene ;  
*Hyponoe*, with ſalt bedewd wreſts :  
*Laomedæa*, like the cryſtall ſheene ;  
*Liagoré*, much prayld for wife beſeſts ;  
And *Psamathe*, for her broad ſnowy breafſts ;  
*Cymo*, *Eupompé*, and *Themiffé* iuſt ;  
And ſhe that vertue loues and vice deteſts,  
*Euarna*, and *Menippé* true in truſt,  
And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her luſt.

52  
All theſe the daughters of olde *Nereus* were,  
Which haue the ſea in charge to them aſſigne,  
To rule his tides, and ſurges to vp-riſe,  
To bring forth ſtormes, or faſt them to vp-binde,  
And failers ſaue from wreckes of wrathfull winde.  
And yet beſides, three thouſand more there were  
Of th' Oceans ſeede, but *Ioues* and *Phœbus* kind ;  
The which in floods and fountaines doe appeare,  
And all mankind doe nourish with their waters cleare.

53  
The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,  
To tell the ſands, or count the ſtarres on hyc,  
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.  
But well I wote, that theſe which I deſcry,  
Were preſent at this great ſolemnnity :  
And there amongſt the reſt, the mother was  
Of luckleſſe *Marinell*, *Cymodocé* ;  
Which, for my Muſe her ſelfe now tyred has,  
Vnto an other Canto I will ouer-paſs.



## Canto XII.

*Marin, for loue of Florimell,  
In langour wexles his life:  
The Nymph his mother getteth her,  
And giues to him for wife.*

**Q** What an endlesse worke haue I in hand,  
To count the seas abundant progeny!  
Whose fruitfull feed far passeth those in land,  
And also those which wonne in th'azure sky.  
For, much more eath to tell the stars onely,  
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,  
Then to recount the seas posteritie:  
So fertile be the fouds in generation,  
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

Therefore the antique wizards well inuented,  
That *Venus* of the foamy Sea was bred;  
For that the seas by her are most augmented:  
Witness th'exceeding fry, which there are fed,  
And wondrous sholes, which may of none be read.  
Then blame me not, if I haue cr'd in count  
Of gods, of Nymphs, of Rivers yet vnread:  
For, though their numbers do much more surmount,  
Yet all those same were there, which earst I did recount.

All those were there, and many other more,  
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,  
That *Proteus* house they fild even to the dore;  
Yet were they all in order, as befell,  
According their degrees, disposed well.  
Amongst the rest, was faire *Cymodocée*,  
The mother of vn lucky *Marinell*,  
Who thither with her came, to learne and see  
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

But for he was halfemortall, being bred  
Of mortall fire, though of immortall wombe,  
He might not with immortall food be fed,  
Newith th'eternall gods to banquet come;  
But walkt abroad, and round about did rome,  
To view the building of that vncouth place,  
That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home:  
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,  
There vnto him betid a disaduentrous case.

Vnder the hanging of an hideous cleife,  
He heard the lamentable voice of one,  
That pitiously complaynd her carefull grieife,  
Which neuer she before disclos'd to none,  
But to her selfe her sorrowe did bemone.  
So feelingly her case she did complaine,  
That ruth it moued in the rocky stone,  
And made it seeme to feele her grieuous paine,  
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the Maine.

Though vaine I see my sorrowes to vnfold,  
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare;  
Yet hoping, grieife may lessen being tolde,  
I will them tell though vnto no man neare:  
For, heauen that vnto all lends equall care,  
Is farre from hearing of my heauy plight;  
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,  
Cares not what euills hap to wretched wight;  
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

Yet loe, the seas I see by often beating,  
Do pearce the Rockes, and hardest marble weares;  
But his hard rocky heart for no entreating  
Will yeeld; but when my pitious plaints he heares,  
Is hardned more with my abundant teares.  
Yet though he neuer list to be relent,  
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,  
Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,  
But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

And when my weary ghost with grieife out-worne,  
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,  
Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,  
That blame it is to him, that armes profess,  
To let her die, whom he might haue redrest.  
There did she pause, inforced to giue place,  
Vnto the passion, that her heart opprest.  
And after she had wept and wayl'd a space,  
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case;

9  
Ye gods of feare, if any gods at all  
Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,  
By one or other way me woefull thrall  
Deliner hence out of this dungeon strong,  
In which I dayly dying am too long.  
And if ye deeme me death, for louing one  
That loues not me, then doe it not prolong,  
But let me dy and end my dayes atone,  
And let him liue vnlov'd, or loue him selfe alone.

10

But if that life ye vnto me decree,  
Then let me liue, as louers ought to doe,  
And of my lifes deare Loue beloved be:  
And if he should through pride your doom vndoe,  
Do you by dureffe him compell thereto,  
And in this prison put him here with me:  
One prison fittest is to hold vs two:  
So had I rather to be thrall, then free:  
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely be.

11

But o vaine judgement, and conditions vaine,  
The which the prisoner points vnto the free!  
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,  
He where he list goes loofe, and laughs at me.  
So cuer loofe, so cuer happy be.  
But where so loofe or happy that thou art,  
Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.  
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her heart  
Would quite haue burst through great abundance of her

12

(smart.  
All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard,  
And vnderstood the cause of all her care  
To come of him, for vsing her so hard,  
His stubborne heart, that neuer felt misfare,  
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare;  
That euen for grieffe of minde he oft did grone,  
And inly wish, that in his powre it were  
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none,  
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

13

Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with tender ruth,  
And mighty courage something mollifide,  
Dame *Venus* sonne that tameth stubborne youth  
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,  
Till like a Victor on his backe he ride,  
Into his mouth his mayttering bridle threw,  
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:  
Then gan he make him tread his steps awestrife,  
And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

14

Now gan he in his griued minde deuise,  
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;  
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wife  
To *Proteus* selfe to sue for her discharge:  
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge  
Gainst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.  
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe  
Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to constrain:  
But soone he gan such folly forthinke againe.

15

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,  
And with him beare, where none of her might knowe.  
But all in vaine: for why he found no way  
To enter in, or issew forth belowe;  
For, all about that rocke the sea did flowe.  
And though vnto his will the giuen were,  
Yet without ship or boat her thence to rowe  
He wist not how, her thence away to beare;  
And danger well he wist long to continue there.

16

At last, when as no meanes he could inuent,  
Backe to him selfe, he gan returne the blame,  
That was the author of her punishment;  
And with vile curses, and reproachfull shame  
To damne himselfe by euery euill name,  
And deeme vnworthy of her loue or life,  
That had despis'd so chaste and faire a Dame,  
Which him had sought through trouble and long strife;  
Yet had refus'd a god that her had sought to wife.

17

In this sad plight he walk'd here and there,  
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,  
As he had lost him selfe, he wist not where;  
Oft listning if he mote her heare againe;  
And still benioning her vnworthy paine:  
Like as an Hynde whose calfe is false vnwares  
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,  
An hundred times about the pit side fares,  
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaued cares.

18

And now by this, the feast was thoroughly ended,  
And euery one gan homeward to resort:  
Which seeing, *Marinell* was sore offended,  
That his departure thence should be so short,  
And leave his Loue in that sea-walled fort,  
Yet durst he not his mother disobay;  
But her attending in full seemely sort,  
Did march amongst the many all the way:  
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

19

Being returned to his mothers bowre,  
In solitary silence farre from wight,  
He gan record the lamentable stowre,  
In which his wretched Loue lay day and night,  
For his deares sake, that ill deferd that plight:  
The thought whereof empear'd his heart so deepe,  
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;  
Ne daily food did take, ne nightly sleepe,  
But pyn'd, & mourn'd, & languisht, and alone did weepe;

20

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew  
Gan fade, and liuely spirits deaded quight:  
His cheek-bones rawe, and eye-pits hollow grew,  
And brawny armes had lost their known might,  
That nothing like himself he seem'd in sight.  
Ere long, so weak of limbe, and sicke of loue  
He wote, that longer he n'ote stand vp right,  
But to his bed was brought, and layd about,  
Like ructfull ghost, vnable onc to stirre or moue.

21  
Which when his mother sawe, she in her mind  
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene.  
Ne could by search nor any meanes out-find  
The secret cause and nature of his teene,  
Whereby she might apply toome medicine ;  
But, weeping day and night did him attend,  
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne :  
Which griev'd her more, that she it could not mend ;  
To see an helpelesse euill, double grieue doth lend.

22  
Nought could she read the roote of his disease,  
Ne weene what mister malady it is,  
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease.  
Most did she thinke, but most the thought amis,  
That that same former fatall wound of his  
Whyleare by *Tryphon* was not thoroughly healed,  
But closely rankled vnder th' orifice:  
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,  
That loue it was, which in his heart lay vnreuealed.

23  
Therefore to *Tryphon* she againe doth haste,  
And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,  
That sayd the trust, which she in him had plac't,  
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent :  
Who now was false into new languishment  
Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured.  
So backe he came vnto her Patient ;  
Where feareling euery part, her well assured,  
That it was no old sore, which his new paine procured ;

24  
But that it was some other malady,  
Or grieue vnknowne, which he could not discern :  
So left he her withouten remedy.  
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake and yerne,  
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.  
Vnto himselfe she came, and him besought,  
Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings sterne,  
If ought lay hidden in his grieued thought,  
It to reueale : who still her answered, there was nought.

25  
Nath'lesse she rested not so satisfide :  
But leauing watry gods, as booting nought,  
Vnto the shyny heauen in haste she hide,  
And thence *Apollo* king of *Leaches* brought.  
*Apollo* came ; who soone as he had fought  
Through his disease, did by and by out-find,  
That he did languish of some inward thought,  
The which afflicted his engriued minde ;  
Which loue he read to be, that leads each liuing kind.

26  
Which when he had vnto his mother told,  
She gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieue.  
And comming to her sonne, gan first to scold,  
And childe at him, that made her misbelicue :  
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieue,  
And wooc with faire intreaty, to disclose,  
Which of the Nymphs his heart so sore did mieu.  
For, sure she weend it was some one of those,  
Which he had lately seen, that for his Loue he chose.

27  
Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,  
That warned him of womens loue bewares  
Which being meant of mortall creaturs sead,  
For loue of Nymphes the thought he need not care,  
But promist him what-euer wight she were  
That she her loue to him would shortly gaine.  
So he her told : but soone as she did heare  
That *Flormell* it was, which wrought his paine,  
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieue in euery vaine.

28  
Yet since she sawe the streight extremite,  
In which his life vnluckily was layd,  
It was no time to scan the prophetic,  
Whether old *Proteus* true or false had sayd,  
That his decay should happen by a mayd.  
It's late in death of danger to aduize,  
Or loue forbid him, that his life denyd :  
But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,  
How she the Ladies libertie might enterprize.

29  
To *Proteus* selfe to sue, she thought it vaine,  
Who was the roote and worker of her woe :  
Nor vnto any meane to complaine,  
But vnto great king *Neptune* selfe did goe,  
And on her knee before him falling lowe,  
Made humble suit vnto his maiestie,  
To grant to her, her sonnes life, which his foe  
A cruell Tyrant had presumptuously  
By wicked doom condemn'd, a wretched death to die.

30  
To whom god *Neptune* softly smyling, thus ;  
Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,  
Gainst one that hath both wronged you, and vs :  
For, death t'award I ween'd did appertaine  
To none, but to the seas sole Sovereigne.  
Read therefore who it is, which this hath wrought,  
And for what cause ; the truth discover plaine.  
For, neuer wight so euill did or thought,  
But would some rightfull cause pretende, though rightly  
(nought).

31  
To whom she answerd ; Then it is by name,  
*Proteus*, that hath ordain'd my sonne to die ;  
For that a waift, the which by fortune came  
Vpon your seas, he claym'd as property :  
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,  
But yours the waift by high prerogative.  
Therefore I humbly craue your Maiestie,  
It to replenie, and my sonne reprieue :  
So shall you by one gift haue all vs three aliue.

32  
He graunted it : and streight his warrant made,  
Vnder the sea-gods seale antecall,  
Commanding *Proteus* straight t'enlarge the mayd,  
Which wandring on his seas imperiall  
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.  
Which the receiuing with meeete thankfulnessse,  
Departed straight to *Proteus* therewithall :  
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnessse,  
Was grieued to restore the pledge, he did possessse.

33  
 Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,  
 But vnto her deliuered *Florimell*.  
 Whom she receiuing by the lilly hand,  
 Admir'd her beauty much, as she mote well:  
 For, she all liuing creatures did excell;  
 And was right ioious that she gotten had  
 So faire a wife for her sonne *Marinell*.  
 So home with her she streight the virgin lad,  
 And shewed her to him, then being sore bestad.

34  
 Who soone as he beheld that angels face,  
 Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,  
 His cheared heart estsoones away gan chace  
 Sad death, reuiued with her sweet inspection,

And feeble spirit inly felt refection;  
 As withered weed through cruell winters tinc,  
 That feeles the warmth of sunny beames refection,  
 Liftes vp his head, that did before decline,  
 And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

35  
 Right so him selfe did *Marinell* vpreare,  
 When he in place his dearest Loue did spy;  
 And though his limbs could not his body beare,  
 Ne former strength returne so suddenly,  
 Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.  
 Ne lesse was she in secret heart affected,  
 But that she masked it with modesty,  
 For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:  
 Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

*The end of the fourth Booke.*

X 4

Canto









# THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

The Legend of ARTHEGALL.

OR

*Of Justice.*

**S**oft as I, with state of present time,  
The image of the antique world compare,  
When as mans age was in his freshest prime,  
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare,  
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,  
As that, through long continuance of his course,  
Me seemes the world is runne quight out of square,  
From the first point of his appointed course,  
And being once amisse growes daily worfe and worfe.

For, from the golden age, that first was named,  
It's now at earst become a stony one;  
And men themselves, the which at first were framed  
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,  
Are now transformed into hardest stone:  
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)  
Were throwne by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione*:  
And if then those may any worfe be red,  
They into that crelong will be degenerated.

Let none then blame me, if in discipline  
Of vertue and of civill vses lore,  
I doe not forme them to the common line  
Of present dayes, which are corrupted fore,

But to the antique vse, which was of yore,  
When good was onely for it selfe desired,  
And all men sought their owne, and none no more;  
When Justice was not for most meed out-hyred,  
But simple Truth did raigne, and was of all admired.

For, that which all men then did vertue call,  
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,  
Is now hight vertue, and so vs'd of all:  
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,  
As all things else in time are changed quight.  
Ne wonder; for the heauens reuolution  
Is wandred farr from, where it first was pight,  
And so do make contrarie constitution  
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

For, who so list into the heauens looke,  
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,  
Shall find that from the point, where they first tooke  
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares  
They all are wandred much; that plaine appears.  
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore  
*Phrixus* and *Helle* from their stepdames feares,  
Hath now forgot, where he was plac't of yore,  
And shouldred hath the Bull, which faite *Europa* bore.

And

6  
And eke the Bull hath with his boaw-bent horne  
So hardly butted those two twinnes of *Ioue*,  
That they haue crusht the Crab, and quite him borne  
Into the great *Nemean* lions groue.  
So now all range, and do at randon roue  
Out of their proper places farre away,  
And all this world with them amisse do moue,  
And all his creatures from their course astraic,  
Till they arriue at their last ruinous decay.

7  
Ne is that same great glorious lamp of light,  
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,  
In better case, ne keeps his course more right,  
But is miscarried with the other Spheres.  
For, since the tearm of fourteene hundred yeares  
That learned *Ptolomee* his height didtake,  
He is declined from that marke of theirs,  
Nigh thirty minutes, to the Southerne lake;  
That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forsake.

8  
And if to those *Ægyptian* wisards old,  
Which in *Star-read* were wont haue best insight,  
Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,  
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes light,  
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,  
And twice hath risen, where he now doth West,  
And wested twice, where he ought rise aright.  
But most is *Mars* amisse of all the rest,  
And next to him old *Saturne*, that was wont be best.

9  
For, during *Saturnes* ancient raigne, it's sayd,  
That all the world with goodnesse did abound:  
All loued vertue, no man was affrayd  
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found:  
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trumpets found,  
Peace vniuersall raignd mongst men and beasts,  
And all things freely grew out of the ground:  
Iustice late high ador'd with solemne feasts,  
And to all people did diuide her drad becheasts;

10  
Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,  
Resembling *God* in his imperiall might;  
Whose soueraigne powre is heren most exprest,  
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,  
And all his workes with iustice hath bedight.  
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,  
And makes them like him selfe in glorious fight,  
To fit in his owne feat, his cause to end,  
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

11  
Drad soueraigne goddesse, that doest highest sit  
In feate of iudgement, in th' *Almighties* stead,  
And with magnifick might and wondrous wit  
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,  
That furthest *Natie*'s files with awefull dread,  
Pardon the beldnesse of thy basest thrall,  
That dare discourse of so diuine a read,  
As thy great iustice prayfed oner all:  
The instrument wherof loe here thy *Arthegall*.



## Canto I.

*Arthegall trayn'd in Iustice lore  
Irenaes quest pursfewed:  
He doth auenge on Sanglier  
His Ladies blood embrewed.*



1  
**T**Hough vertue then were held in highest price,  
In those old times, of which I doe entreat,  
Yet then likewise the wicked seed of vice  
Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,  
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat.  
But euermore some of the virtuous race  
Rose vp, inspired with heröicke heat,  
That crop't the branches of the sent bafe,  
And with strong hand their fruitfull ranknes did deface.

2  
Such first was *Bacchus*, that with furious might  
All th' East, before vntam'd, did oucronne,  
And wrong repress'd, and establish't right,  
Which laweless men had formerly fordonne.  
There Iustice first her princely rule begonnc.  
Next, *Hercules* his like ensample shewed,  
Who all the West with equal conquest wonne,  
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdew'd;  
The club of Iustice drad, with kingly powre endew'd.

And such was he, of whom I haue to tell,  
 The Champion of trae Iustice, *Arthegall*.  
 Whom (as ye lady mote remember well)  
 An hard aduventure, which did then befall,  
 Into redoubted perill forth did call;  
 That was, to succour a distressed Dame,  
 Whom a strong tyrant did vnjustly thrall,  
 And from the heritage, which she did clame,  
 Did with strong hand withhold: *Grantorto* was his name.

Wherefore the Lady, which *Irena* hight,  
 Did to the Faery Queene her way adresse;  
 To whom complayning her afflicted plight,  
 She her besought of gracious redresse.  
 That foueraigne Queene, that mighty Emperesse,  
 Whose glorie is to ayde all suppliants pore,  
 And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,  
 Chose *Arthegall* to right her to restore;  
 For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

For, *Arthegall* in iustice was vpbrought  
 Euen from the cradle of his infancie,  
 And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught  
 By faire *Astraea*, with great industry,  
 Whil'st here on earth she lived mortally.  
 For, till the world from his perfection fell  
 Into all filth and foule iniquity,  
*Astraea* here mongst earthly men did dwell,  
 And in the rules of iustice them instructed well.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,  
 Vpon a day she found this gentle childe,  
 Amongst his peeres playing his childish sport:  
 Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,  
 She did allure with giftes and speeches milde,  
 To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought  
 Into a caue from company exile;  
 In which she nourshed him, till yeares he raught,  
 And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong  
 In equall ballance with due recompence,  
 And equity to measure out along,  
 According to the line of conscience,  
 When so it needs with rigour to dispence.  
 Of all the which, for want there of mankind,  
 She caused him to make experience  
 Vpon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,  
 With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught,  
 In all the skill of deeming wrong and right;  
 Vntill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught;  
 That euen wilde beasts did feare his awefull sight,  
 And men admyr'd his ouer-ruling might;  
 Ne any liv'd on ground, that durst withstand  
 His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight;  
 Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,  
 When-so he list in wrath lift vp his steely brand.

Which steely brand, to make him dradded more,  
 She gaue vnto him, gotten by her sight  
 And earnest search, where it was kept in store  
 In *Ioues* eternal house, vnwift of wight,  
 Since he him selfe it vs'd in that great fight  
 Against the *Titans*, that whylome rebelled  
 Gainst highest heauen; *Chrysaor* it was hight;  
*Chrysaor*, that all other swords excelled,  
 Well prov'd in that same day, when *Ioue* those Gyants quell'd.

For, of most perfect metall it was made,  
 Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,  
 And garnisht all with gold vpon the blade  
 In goodly wise, whercof it tooke his name,  
 And was of no les vertue, then of fame.  
 For, there no substance was so firm and hard,  
 But it would pierce or cleaue, where-so it came;  
 Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,  
 But wherefoeuer it did light, it throughly snar'd.

Now, when the world with sinne gan to abound,  
*Astraea* loathing lenger here to space  
 Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,  
 Return'd to heauen, whence she deriv'd her race;  
 Where she hath now an cuerlasting place,  
 Mongst those twelue signes, which nightly we doe see  
 The heauens bright-shining baudrike to enchace;  
 And is the *Virgin*, fixt in her degree:  
 And next her selfe, her righteous ballance hanging bee.

But when she parted hence, she left her groome  
 An yron man, which did on her attend  
 Always, to execute her stedfast doome,  
 And willed him with *Arthegall* to wend,  
 And do what euer thing he did intend.  
 His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,  
 Immoveable, resistlesse, without end;  
 Who, in his hand, an yron flail did holde,  
 With which he thresh't out falshood, & did truth vnfolde.

He now went with him in this new inquest,  
 Him for to aide, if aide he chaunc't to need,  
 Against that cruell Tyrant, which opprest  
 The faire *Irena* with his foule misdeed,  
 And kept the Crowne in which she should succeed.  
 And now together on their way they bin  
 When as they sawe a Squire in squallid weed,  
 Lamenting fore his sorrowfull sad tine,  
 With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

To whom as they approached, they espide  
 A fory fight, as euer scene with eye;  
 An headlesse Ladie lying him beside,  
 In her owne bloud all wallow'd woefully,  
 That her gay clothes did in discolour die.  
 Much was he moued at that ruefull sight;  
 And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly;  
 He askt, who had that Dame so foully dight;  
 Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

Ah!

15  
 Ah! woe is me, and weal-away, quoth he,  
 Bursling forth teares, like springs out of a banke,  
 That euer I this dismall day did see:  
 Full farte was I from thinking such a prankes;  
 Yet little losse it were, as mickle thanke,  
 If I should grant that I haue doen the fame,  
 That I mote drink the cup, whereof she dranke:  
 But that I should dy guilty of the blame,  
 The which another did, who now is fled with shame.

16  
 Who was it then, sayd *Arthegall*, that wrought?  
 And why? doe it declare vnto me trew.  
 A knight, sayd he, if knight he may be thought,  
 That did his hand in Ladies bloud imbrow,  
 And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.  
 This day as I in solace fate hereby  
 With a faire Loue, whose losse I now do rew,  
 There came this knight, hauing in company  
 This lucklesse Lady, which now here doth headlesse lie.

17  
 He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,  
 Or that he waxed weary of his owne,  
 Would change with me; but I did it deny:  
 So did the Ladies both as may be knowne,  
 But he, whose spirit was with pride vp-blowne,  
 Would not so rest contented with his right,  
 But hauing from his courser her downe-throwne.  
 Fro me rest mine away by lawlesse might,  
 And on his steed her set, to beare her out of sight.

18  
 Which when his Lady sawe, she follow'd fast,  
 And on him catching holde, gan loud to crie  
 - Not so to leane her, nor away to cast,  
 - But rather of his hand besought to die.  
 With that, his sword he drew all wrathfully,  
 And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,  
 In that same place, wheras it now doth lie,  
 So he my loue away with him hath borne,  
 And left me here, both his & mine owne Loue to mourne.

19  
 Aread, sayd he, which way then did he make?  
 And by what markes may he be knowne againe?  
 To hope, quoth he, him soone to ouertake,  
 That hence so long departed, is but vaine:  
 But yet he pricked ouer yonder Plaine;  
 And as I marked, bore vpon his sheld,  
 By which its easie him to knowe againe,  
 A broken sword within a bloody field;  
 Expressing well his nature which the fame did wield.

20  
 No sooner sayd, but straight he after sent  
 His yron page, who him pursu'd so light,  
 As that it seem'd aboute the ground he went:  
 For, he was swift as swallow in her flight,  
 And strong as Lion in his lordly might.  
 It was not long, before he ouertooke  
 His *Sanglier*: (so cleeped was that Knight)  
 Whom at the first he ghesled by his looke,  
 And by the other markes, which of his shield he took.

21  
 He bade him stay, and backe with him retire;  
 Who full of scorne to be commanded so,  
 The Lady to alight did eft require,  
 Whil'ft he reformed that vnciuill foe:  
 And streight at him with all his force did goe.  
 Who mo'd no more therewith, then when a rocke  
 Is lightly stricken with some stones throwe;  
 But to him leaping, lent him such a knocke,  
 That on the ground he layd him like a senselesse blocke.

22  
 But ere he could him selfe recure againe,  
 Him in his Iron pawe he seized had;  
 That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,  
 He found him selfe vnwith, so ill bestad,  
 That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,  
 Round like a beast appointed to the stall:  
 The sight whereof the Lady fore adrad,  
 And fayn'd to fly for feare of being thrall;  
 But he her quickly stayd, and forc't to wend withall.

23  
 When to the place they came, where *Arthegall*  
 By that same carefull Squire did then abide,  
 He gently gan him to demaund of all,  
 That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.  
 Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride  
 Did answer, that of all he guiltlesse stood,  
 And his accuser thereupon deside:  
 For, neyther he did shed that Ladies bloud,  
 Nor tooke away his Loue, but his owne proper good.

24  
 Well did the Squire perceiue him selfe too weake,  
 To answer his defiance in the field,  
 And rather chose his challenge off to breake,  
 Then to approue his right with speare and shield.  
 And rather guilty chose him selfe to yield.  
 But *Arthegall* by signes perceiuing plaine,  
 That he it was not, which that Lady kild,  
 But that strange Knight, the fairer Loue to gaine,  
 Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine;

25  
 And sayd, Now sure this doubtfull causes right  
 Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,  
 Or else by ordele, or by bloody fight;  
 That ill perhaps mote fall to either side.  
 But if ye please, that I your cause decide,  
 Perhaps I may all further quarell end,  
 So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide.  
 Therto they both did frankly condescend,  
 And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

26  
 Sith then, sayd he, ye both the dead deny,  
 And both the liuing Lady claime your right,  
 Let both the dead and liuing equally  
 Diuided be betwixt you here in sight,  
 And each of either take his share aright.  
 But looke who does dissent from this my reard,  
 He for a twelue moneths day shall in despight  
 Beare for his penance that same Ladies head;  
 To witness to the world, that she by him his dead.

27  
 VVell pleased with that doome was *Sangliere*,  
 And offred straight the Lady to be flune.  
 But that same Squire, to whom she was more dere,  
 When as he sawe she should be cut in twaine,  
 Did yield, she rather should with him remaine  
 Alive, then to himselfe be shared dead:  
 And rather then his Love should suffer paine,  
 He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head.  
 True loue despiseth shame, when life is cald in dread.


28  
 Whom when so willing *Arthegall* perceaued;  
 Not so thou Squire, he said, but thine I deeme  
 The luing Lady, which from thee he reaued:  
 For, worthy thou of her doost rightly seeme.  
 And you, sir Knight, that loue so light esteeme,  
 As that ye would for little leaue the fame,  
 Take here your owne, that doth you best befeeme,  
 And with it beare the burden of defame;  
 Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your shame.

29  
 But *Sangliere* disdaind much his doome,  
 And iternly gan repine at his beheaf;  
 Ne would for ought obey, as did become,  
 To beare that Ladies head before his breast.  
 Vntill that *Talus* had his pride repress,  
 And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.  
 Who, when he saw it bootlesse to resist,  
 He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare;  
 As rated Spanicll takes his burden vp for feare.

30  
 Much did that Squire Sir *Arthegall* adore,  
 For his great iustice, held in high regard;  
 And (as his Squire) him offred euermore  
 To serue, for want of other meet reward,  
 And wend with him on his aduenture hard.  
 But he thereto would by no meanes consent;  
 But leauing him, forth on his iourney far'd:  
 Ne wight with him but onely *Talus* went;  
 They two enough t' encounter an whole Regiment.

## Canto II.

*Arthegall heares of Florimell,  
 does with the Pagan fight:  
 Him slaies, drownes Lady Momera,  
 does raise her Castle quight.*

1  
 ought is more honorable to a Knight,  
 Ne better doth befeeme braue cheualry,  
 Then to defend the feeble in their right,  
 And wrong redresse in such as wend awry.  
 Whilome those great Heröes got thereby  
 Their greatest glory, for their rightful deeds,  
 And place deferred with the Gods on hie.  
 Herein the noblesse of this knight exceeds,  
 Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceeds.

2  
 To which as hee now was vpon the way,  
 He chaunc't to meet a Dwarfie in hasty course;  
 Whom he requir'd his forward haste to stay,  
 Till he of tydings mote with him discourse.  
 Loth was the Dwarfie, yet did he stay perforce,  
 And gan of lundry newes his store to tell,  
 As to his memory they had recourse:  
 But chiefly of the fairest *Florimell*,  
 How she was found againe, and spouid to *Marinell*.

3  
 For, this was *Dony*, *Florimells* owne Dwarfie;  
 Whom hauing lost (as ye haue heard whylerre)  
 And finding in the way the scattered whyleire,  
 The fortune of her life long time did feare.  
 But, of her health when *Arthegall* did heare,  
 And safe returne, he was full inly glad;  
 And askt him where, and when her bridale cheare  
 Should be solemnis'd: for, if time he had,  
 He would be there, and honour to her spoufall ad.

4  
 Within three dayes, quoth hee, as I do heare,  
 It will be at the Cattle of the *Stroud*;  
 What time, if nought me ler, I will be there  
 To doe her seruice, so as I am bond.  
 But in my way a little here beyond,  
 A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,  
 That keeps a Bidges passage by strong hond,  
 And many errant Knights hath there fordonne;  
 That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne.

Y.

What

<sup>5</sup>  
 VWhat mister wight, quoth he, and how far hence  
 Is he, that doth to trauellers such harmes?  
 He is, said he, a man of great defence;  
 Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;  
 And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,  
 With which his daughter doth him still support;  
 Hauing great Lordships got and goodly farmes,  
 Through strong opprission of his powre extort;  
 By which he still them holds, & keeps with strong effort.

<sup>6</sup>  
 And daily hee his wrongs encreasefth more:  
 For, neuer wight he lets to passe that way,  
 Ouer his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,  
 But he him makes his passage-penny pay:  
 Else he doth hold him back, or beat away.  
 Thereto he hath a groom of euill guise,  
 Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,  
 Which pils and pils the poore in pitious wise;  
 But he himselfe vpon the rich doth tyrannize.

<sup>7</sup>  
 His name is hight *Pollenté*, rightly so  
 For that he is so puissant and strong,  
 That with his powre he all doth ouer-go,  
 And makes them subiect to his mighty wrong;  
 And some by sleight he eke doth vnderfong.  
 For, on a bridge he custometh to fight,  
 Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;  
 And in the same are many trap-fals pight. (fight.  
 Through which the rider downe doth fall through ouer-

<sup>8</sup>  
 And vnderneath the same a riuier flowes,  
 That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;  
 Into the which whom-so he ouer-throwes,  
 All destitute of helpe, doth headlong fall:  
 But he himselfe, through practise vsuall,  
 Leapes forth into the flood, and there assaies  
 His foe, confused through his suddaine fall,  
 That horse and man he equally dismaies,  
 And eyther both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

<sup>9</sup>  
 Then doth he take the spoyle of them at will,  
 And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby:  
 Who all that comes doth take, and there-with fill  
 The coffers of her wicked thealtery;  
 Which she with wrongs hath heaped vp so hy,  
 That many Princes she in wealth exceeds,  
 And purchast all the countrey lying ny  
 With the reuener of her plentiful meedes;  
 Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes.

<sup>10</sup>  
 There-to shee is full faire, and rich attired,  
 With golden hands and siluer feete beside,  
 That many Lords haue her to wife desired:  
 But she them all despiseth for great pride.  
 Now by my life, said he, and God to guide,  
 None other way will I this day betake,  
 But by that Bridge, where-as he doth abide:  
 Therefore me thither lead. No more he spake,  
 But thitherward forth-right his ready way did make.

<sup>11</sup>  
 Vnto the place he came within awhile,  
 Where on the Bridge he ready armed law  
 The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile.  
 Who as they to the passage gan to draw,  
 A villaine to them came with scull all raw,  
 That passage-money did of them require,  
 According to the custome of their law.  
 To whom he aunswerd wroth, lo, there thy hire;  
 And with that word him strooke, that freight he did expire.

<sup>12</sup>  
 Which, when the Pagan saw, he wexed wroth,  
 And straight him selfe vnto the fight addrest;  
 Ne was Sir *Arthegall* behind: so both  
 Together ran with ready speares in rest.  
 Right in the midst, where-as they brest to brest  
 Should meet, a trap was letten downe to fall  
 Into the flood: straight leapt the Carle vnblet,  
 Well weening that his foe was falne withall:  
 But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

<sup>13</sup>  
 There beeing both together in the flood,  
 They each at other tyrannously flew;  
 Ne ought the water cooled their hot blood,  
 But rather in them kindled cholier new.  
 But there the Paynim, who that vsf well knew  
 To fight in water, great advantage had,  
 That often-times him nigh he over-threw:  
 And eke the courser, where-vpon he rad,  
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his back bestrad.

<sup>14</sup>  
 Which oddes when as Sir *Arthegall* espide,  
 He saw no way, but close with him in haste;  
 And to him driuing strongly downe the tide,  
 Vpon his iron collar griped fast,  
 That with the straint, his wefand nigh he brast.  
 There they together stroue and struggled long,  
 Either the other from his steed to cast;  
 Ne euer *Arthegall* his griple strong  
 For any thing would slack, but still vpon him hong.

<sup>15</sup>  
 As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,  
 In the wide champion of the Ocean Plaine,  
 With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,  
 The maister dome of each by force to gaine,  
 And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:  
 They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,  
 That all the sea (disturbed with their traine)  
 Doth frie with fume about the farges hore:  
 Such was betwixt these two the troublesome vprore.

<sup>16</sup>  
 So *Arthegall*, at length, him forc't forsake  
 His horses back, for dread of beeing drowned,  
 And to his handy swimming him betake.  
 Estfoones himselfe he from his hold vnbound,  
 And then no ods at all in him he found:  
 For, *Arthegall* in swimming skilfull was,  
 And durst the depth of any water found.  
 So ought each Knight, that vsf of perill has,  
 In swimming be expert, through waters force to pass.

17  
Then very doubtfull was the warres euent,  
Vncertaine whether had the better side:  
For, both were skild in that experiment,  
And both in armes well traind and throughly tride.  
But *Arthegall* was better breath'd beside,  
And towards th'end, grew greater in his might,  
That his faint foe no longer could abide  
His puiffance, ne beare himselfe vp-right,  
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

18  
But *Arthegall* purfew'd him still fo neare,  
With bright *Chrysaor* in his cruell hand,  
That as his head he gan a little reare  
About the brinke, to tread vpon the land,  
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand,  
It bit the earth for very fell despight,  
And gnawed with his teeth, as if he band  
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,  
Or curst the hand, which did that vengeance on him dight.

19  
His corps was carried downe along the Lec,  
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stained:  
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,  
He pitch vpon a pole on high ordained;  
VWhere many yceres it afterwards remained,  
To be a mirror to all mighty men,  
In whose right hands great power is contained,  
That none of them the feeble over-ren,  
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse pen.

20  
That done, vnto the Castle he did wend,  
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,  
Guarded of many which did her defend:  
Of whom he entrance fought, but was denide,  
And with reprochfull blasphemy deside,  
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,  
That he was forced to with-draw aside;  
And bade his seruauit *Talus* to inuent  
Which way he ceter might, without endangerment.

21  
Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,  
And with his iron flae at it let fly,  
Thar all the Warders it did fore amate,  
The which ere-while spake so reprochefully,  
And made them stoupe, that looked earst fo hie.  
Yet still he bet, and bounst vpon the dore,  
And thundred strokes thereon fo hideously,  
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,  
And filled all the houle with feare and great vp-rore.

22  
With noise whereof, the Lady forth appeared  
Vpon the Castle wall; and when she saw  
The dangerous state in which the stood, she feared  
The sad effect of her neere overthrowe;  
And gan intreat that iron man belowe,  
To cease his out-rage, and him faire besought,  
Sith neither force of stones which they did throwe,  
Nor powre of charmes, which she against him wrought,  
Might otherwile preuaile, or make him cease for ought.

23  
But, when as yet shee saw him to proceed,  
Vnmoou'd with prayers, or with pittious thought,  
She meant him to corrupt with goodly meed;  
And caus'd great sacks, with endlesse riches fraught,  
Vnto the battilment to be vp-brought,  
And powred forth ouer the Castle wall,  
That he might win some time (though dearly bought)  
Whil' st he to gathering of the gold did fall,  
But he was nothing moou'd, nor tempted there-withall;

24  
But still continu'd his assault the more,  
And layd on load with his huge iron flae,  
That at the length he has yrent the dore,  
And made way for his maister to assaile.  
VWho beeing entred, nought did then auail  
For wight, against his powre themselues to reare:  
Each one did flie; their harts began to faile,  
And hid themselues in corners here and there;  
And eke their dame, halfe dead, did hide her selfe for feare.

25  
Long they her fought, yet no where could they find her,  
That sure they ween'd she was escap't away:  
But *Talus*, that could like a lime-hound wind her,  
And all things secret wifely could bewray,  
At length found out, where as shee hidden lay  
Vnder an heape of gold. Thence he her drew  
By the faire locks, and foully did array,  
Withouten pittie of her goodly hew,  
That *Arthegall* himselfe her seemlesse plight did rew.

26  
Yet for no pittie would he change the course  
Of Iustice, which in *Talus* hand did lye;  
Who rudely hal'd her forth without remorse,  
Still holding vp her suppliant hands on hie,  
And kneeling at his feet submissively.  
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,  
And eke her feet, those feet of siluer try  
(Which fought vnrighteousnesse, and iustice sold)  
Chopt off; and nayld on high, that all might them behold.

27  
Her selfe then tooke he by the slender waste,  
In vaine loude crying, and into the flood  
Ouer the Castle wall adowne her cast,  
And there her drowned in the dirty mud:  
But the stream wast away her guilty blood.  
Thereafter, all that mucky pelfe he tooke,  
The spoyle of peoples euill gotten good,  
The which her fire had serap't by hooke and crooke,  
And burning all to ashes, pour'd it downe the brooke.

28  
And lastly, all that Castle quite he rased,  
Euen from the sole of his foundation,  
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,  
That there mote be no hope of reparation,  
Nor memory thereof to any nation.  
All which when *Talus* throughly had performed,  
Sir *Arthegall* vndid the euill fashion,  
And wickd customes of that Bridge reformed.  
Which done, vnto his former iourney he returned.

29

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,  
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;  
By which as they did trauell on a day,  
They saw before them, far as they could view,  
Full many people gathered in a crew;  
Whose great assembly they did much admire,  
For, neuer there the like resort they knew.  
So towards them they coasted, to enquire  
What thing so many nations met, did there desire.

30

There they beheld a mighty Giant stand  
Vpon a rock, and holding forth on hie  
An huge great paire of ballaunce in his hand,  
With which he boasted in his surquedry,  
That all the world he would weigh equally,  
If fought he had the same to counterpoys.  
For want whereof, he weighed vanity,  
And filld his ballaunce full of idle toys:  
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boyes.

31

He said, that he would all the earth vp-take,  
And all the sea, diuided each from either:  
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,  
And one of th' ayre, without or wind, or weather:  
Then would he ballaunce heauen and hell together,  
And all that did within them all containe;  
Of all whose weight, he would not misse a feather.  
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,  
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

32

For why, he said, they all vnequall were,  
And had encroched vpon others share;  
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)  
Had worne the earth: so did the fire the ayre;  
So all the rest did others parts empaire.  
And so were Realmes and Nations run awry.  
All which he vndertooke for to repaire,  
In sort as they were formed auunciently;  
And all things would reduce vnto equality.

33

Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,  
And cluster thick vnto his leasings vaine;  
Like foolish flies about an hony crock,  
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,  
And vntrolled freedome to obtaine.  
All which, when *Arthegall* did see, and heare,  
How he misled the simple peoples traine,  
In sdeignfull wife he drew vnto him neare,  
And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare;

34

Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,  
And all things to an equal to restore,  
In stead of right, me seemes great wrong doost shew,  
And far about thy forces pitch to fore.  
For, ere thou limit what is lesse or more  
In euery thing, thou oughtest first to knowe,  
What was the poyle of euery part of yore:  
And looke then how much it doth over-flowe,  
Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trowe.

35

For, at the first, they all created were  
In goodly measure, by their Makers might;  
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,  
That not a dram was missing of their right.  
The earth was in the middle centre pight,  
In which it doth immoueable abide,  
Hem'd in with waters, like a wall in sight;  
And they with ayre, that not a drop can slide:  
All which the heauens containe, & in their courses guide.

36

Such heauenly iustice doth among them raine,  
That euery one doe knowe their certaine bound,  
In which they doe these many yeares remaine;  
And amongst them all no change hath yet been found.  
But if thou now should'st it weigh them new in pound,  
We are not sure they would so long remaine:  
All change is perillous, and all chauce vnsound.  
Therefore leaue off to weigh them all againe,  
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.

37

Thou foolish Elfe, said then the Giant wroth,  
Sect not how badly all things present bee,  
And each estate quite out of order go'th?  
The sea it selfe doost thou not plainly see  
Encroche vpon the land there vnder thee;  
And th' earth it selfe how daily it's increast,  
By all that dying to it turned bee?  
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,  
And from the most, that some were giuen to the least?

38

Therefore, I will throwe downe those Mountaines hie,  
And make them leuell with the lowly Plaine:  
These towring rocks, which reach vnto the skie,  
I will thrust downe into the deepest Mainie,  
And as they were, them equalize againe.  
Tyrants that make men subiect to their law,  
I will suppress, that they no more may raigne;  
And Lordings curbe, that commons over-aw;  
And all the wealth of rich men, to the poore will draw.

39

Of things vnseene how canst thou deeme aright,  
Then answered the righteous *Arthegall*,  
Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?  
What though the sea with waues continuall  
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:  
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought;  
For, what focuer from one place doth fall,  
Is with the tide vnto another brought:  
For, there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

40

Likewise, the earth is not augmented more,  
By all that dying into it doe fade.  
For, of the earth they formed were of yore;  
How-euer gay their blossome or their blade  
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.  
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,  
They turne to that whereof they first were made?  
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:  
All creatures must obey the voyce of the most Hie.

They



41  
They liue, they die, like as he doth ordaine,  
Ne euer any asketh reason why.  
The hills doe not the lowely dales disdain;  
The dales doe not the lofty hills enuy.  
He maketh Kings to sit in souerainty;  
He maketh subiects to their powre obey;  
He pulleth downe, he setteth vp on hie;  
He giues to this, from that he takes away;  
For, all wee haue is his: what he list doe, he may.

42  
What-euer thing is done, by him is donne,  
Ne any may his mighty will with-stand;  
Ne any may his soueraine power shonne,  
Ne loote that he hath bound with stedfast band.  
In vaine therefore doost thou now take in hand,  
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,  
Whose counsels depth thou canst not vnderstand,  
Sith of things subiect to thy daily view  
Thou doost not knowe the causes, nor their courses dew.

43  
For, take thy ballaunce (if thou be so wise)  
And weigh the wind that vnder heauen doth blowe;  
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise;  
Or weigh the thought, that frō mans mind doth flowe:  
But, if the weight of these thou canst not shoue,  
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.  
For, how canst thou those greater secrets knowe,  
That doost not knowe the least thing of them all?  
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

44  
There-with the Giant much abashed said,  
That he of little things made reckoning light;  
Yet the least word that euer could belayd  
Within his ballaunce, he could weigh aright.  
Which is, said he, more heauy then in weight,  
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?  
He answered, that he would try it straight.  
So he the words into his ballaunce threw:  
But straight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

45  
Wroth wext he then, and said, that words were light,  
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.  
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.  
Well then, said *Arthegall*, let it be mide.  
First in one ballaunce set the true aside.  
He did so first, and then the false he laid  
In th'other scale; but still it downe did slide,  
And by no meane could in the weight be staid.  
For, by no meanes the false will with the truth be way'd.

46  
Now take the right likewise, said *Arthegale*,  
And counterpoise the same with so much wrong.  
So first the right he put into one scale;  
And then the Giant stroue with puissance strong  
To fill the other scale with so much wrong.  
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,  
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,  
And swat, and chauff, and proued euery way:  
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe lay.

47  
V Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,  
And almost would his ballaunces haue broken:  
But *Arthegall* him fairely gan aswage,  
And, said; Be not vp on thy ballaunce wroken:  
For, they doe nought but right or wrong betoken;  
But in the mind the doome of right must bee;  
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,  
The care must be the ballance, to decree  
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

48  
But set the truth and set the right aside  
(For, they with wrong or falshood will not fare)  
And put two wrongs together to be tride,  
Or else two falses, of each equall share;  
And then together doe them both compare;  
For, truth is one, and right is euer one.  
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,  
Whether of them the greater were atone.  
But right fate in the midst of the beame alone.

49  
But hee the right from thence did thrust away,  
For, it was not the right, which he did seeke;  
But rather stroue extremities to wey,  
Th'one to diminish, th'other for to ceke.  
For, of the meane he greatly did misleeke.  
Whom when to lowly minded *Talus* found,  
Approching nigh vnto him cheeke by cheeke,  
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,  
And downe the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

50  
Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest driues  
Vpon a rock with horrible dismay,  
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces riuces,  
And spoyling all her gaires and goodly ray,  
Does make her selfe misfortunes pitimous pray:  
So downe the cliff the wretched Giant rumbled;  
His batted ballaunces in peeces lay,  
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:  
So was the high alpyring with huge ruine humbled.

51  
That when the people, which had there-about  
Long waited, saw his suddaine desolation,  
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,  
And mutining, to stirre vp ciuill faction,  
For certaine losse of so great expectation.  
For, well they hoped to haue got great good,  
And wondrous riches by his innouation.  
Therefore resoluing to reuenge his blood,  
They rose in armes, and all in battell-order stood.

52  
Which lawlesse multitude him coming to  
In war-like wise, when *Arthegall* did view,  
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do.  
For, loth he was his noble hands t'embrew  
In the base blood of such a rascall crew:  
And otherwise, if that he should retire,  
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursue.  
Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t'inquire  
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But soone as they him nigh approaching spide,  
 They gan with all their weapons him asslay,  
 And rudely strooke at him on every side:  
 Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay.  
 But when at them he with his saile gan lay,  
 He like a swarme of flies them overthrow;  
 Ne any of them durst come in his way,  
 But heere and there before his presence flew,  
 And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his view:

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble sight  
 Flowne at a flust of Ducks, fore by the brooke,  
 The trembling soule dismayd with dreadfull sight  
 Of death, the which them almost over-tooke,  
 Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke,  
 Amongst the flags and couert round about.  
 When *Talus* saw they all the field forooke,  
 And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,  
 To *Arthegall* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.



## Canto III.

*The spousals of faire Florimell,  
 where turney many Knights:  
 There Braggadocchio is vncas't  
 in all the Ladies fights.*



**A**fter long stormes and tempests over-blowne,  
 The sun at length his ioyous face doth cleare:  
 So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,  
 Some blisfull houres at last must needs appeare;  
 Elle should afflicted wights oft-times despeire.  
 So comes it now to *Florimell* by tourne,  
 After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,  
 In which captiu'd shee many moneths did mourne,  
 To taste of ioy, and to wout pleasures to retourne.

Vwho, being freed from *Proteus* cruell band  
 By *Marinell*, was vnto him asside,  
 And by him brought againe to *Faerie* land;  
 Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.  
 The time and place was blazed farre and wide;  
 And solemne feasts and giusts ordain'd therfore.  
 To which there did resort from euery side  
 Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;  
 Ne any Knight was absent that braue courage bore.

To tell the glory of the feast that day,  
 The goodly seruice, the deuisefull fights,  
 The Bridegroomes state, the Brides most rich aray,  
 The pride of Ladies, and the worth of Knights,  
 The royall banquets, and the rare delights,  
 Were worke fit for an Heralde, not for me:  
 But for so much as to my lot here lights,  
 That with this present treatise doth agree,  
 True vertue to aduance, shall here recounted bee.

When all men had with full satiety  
 Of meates and drinks their appetites suffiz'd,  
 To deedes of armes and prooffe of cheualric  
 They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguz'd,  
 As each one had his furnitures deuiz'd.  
 And first of all illu'd Sir *Marinell*,  
 And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd  
 To challenge all in right of *Florimell*,  
 And to maintaine, that shee all others did excell.

The first of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,  
 A noble knight, and tride in hard assaies:  
 The second had to name Sir *Bellifont*,  
 But second vnto none in prowesse praise;  
 The third was *Brunell*, famous in his dayes;  
 The fourth *Ecaflor*, of exceeding might;  
 The fift *Armeddan*, skild in louely layes;  
 The sixt was *Lansacke*, a redoubted Knight:  
 All sixe well seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

And them against came all that list to giust,  
 From euery coast, and country vnder sunne:  
 None was debar'd, but all had leaue that list.  
 The trumpets sound; then all together runne.  
 Full many deedes of armes that day were donne,  
 And many knights vnhorst, and many wounded,  
 As fortune fell; yet litle lost or wonne:  
 But all that day the greatest praise redounded  
 To *Marinell*, whose name the Heralds loud resounded.

7  
The second day, so soone as morrow light  
Appear'd in heauen, into the field they came,  
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,  
With diuerse fortune fit for such a game,  
In which all stroue with perill to win fame.  
Yet whether side was victor, n'ote be ghest:  
But at the last, the trumpets did proclame  
That *Marinell* that day deserued best.  
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

8  
The third day came, that should due triall lend  
Of all the rest, and then this war-like crew  
Together met, of all to make an end.  
There *Marinell* great deeds of armes did shew;  
And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,  
Rashing off helmes, and riuing plates afunder,  
That euery one his danger did echew.  
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,  
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

9  
But what on earth can alwaies happy stand?  
The greater prowesse greater perils find.  
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,  
That they haue him enclosed so behind,  
As by no meanes he can himselfe out-wind.  
And now perforce they haue him prisoner taken;  
And now they doe with captiue bands him bind;  
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,  
Vnlesse some succour had in time him overtaken.

10  
It fortun'd, whilst they were thus ill beset,  
Sir *Arthegall* into the Tilt-yard came,  
With *Braggadocchio*, whom he lately met  
Vpon the way, with that his snowy Dame.  
Where, when he vnderstood by common fame,  
What euill hap to *Marinell* betid,  
Hce much was mou'd at so vnworthy shame,  
And straight that boafter prayd, with whom he rid,  
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

11  
So forth he went, and soone then over-hent,  
VWhere they were leading *Marinell* away,  
Whom he assailld with dreadlesse hardiment,  
And forc't the burden of their prize to stay.  
They were an hundred knights of that array;  
Of which th'one halfe vpon himselfe did set,  
Th'other stayd behind to gard the pray.  
But he ere long the former fittie ber;  
And from th'other fittie, soone the prisoner fet.

12  
So backe he brought Sir *Marinell* againe;  
Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,  
They both together ioyned might and maine,  
To set afresh on all the other crew.  
Whom with fore hauock soone they overthrew,  
And chased quite out of the field, that none  
Against them durst his head to perill shew.  
So were they left Lords of the field alone:  
So *Marinell* by him was rescu'd from his fone.

13  
Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe  
To *Braggadocchio* did his shield restore:  
VWho all this while behind him did remaine,  
Keeping there close with him in pretious store  
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.  
Then did the trumpets found, and Iudges rose,  
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,  
Came to the open hall, to listen whoe  
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.

14  
And thither also came in open sight  
Faire *Florimell*, into the common hall,  
To greet his guerdon vnto euery knight,  
And best to him, to whom the best should fall.  
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,  
To whom that day they should the girland yield;  
VWho came not forth: but for Sir *Arthegall*  
Came *Braggadocchio*, and did shew his shield,  
Which bore the Sunne, broad blazed in a golden field.

15  
The fight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:  
So vnto him they did addeeme the prize  
Of all that Triumph. Then the trumpets shrill  
Don *Braggadochios* name resounded thrife:  
So courage lent a cloake to cowardise.  
And then to him came fairest *Florimell*,  
And goodly gan to greet his braue emprise,  
And thoud'nd thanks him yield, that had so well  
Approvd that day, that she all others did excell.

16  
To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot,  
With proud disdain'did scornfull answer make;  
That what he did that day, he did it not  
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,  
VWhom on his perill he did undertake,  
Both her, and eke all others to excell:  
And further did vncomely speeches crake.  
Much did his words the gentle Lady quell,  
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

17  
Then forth he brought his snowy *Florimelle*,  
Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beside,  
Couered from peoples gazement with a veile.  
Whom when discouered they had throughly eyde,  
With great amazement they were stupefide;  
And said, that surely *Florimell* it was,  
Or, if it were not *Florimell* so tride,  
That *Florimell* her selfe she then did pass.  
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

18  
Which when as *Marinell* beheld likewise,  
He was there-with exceedingly dismayd:  
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to deuise:  
But like as one, whom fiends had made afraid,  
He long astonisht stood: ne ought he said,  
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes  
Hegazed still vpon that snowy maid:  
Whom euer as he did the more auize,  
The more to be true *Florimell* he did surmise.

19  
As when two sunnes appeare in th'azure sky,  
Mounted in *Phæbus* charet fierie bright;  
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,  
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,  
All that behold fo strange prodigious sight,  
Not knowing Natures worke, nor what to weene,  
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright:  
So stooode Sir *Marinell*, when he had seene  
The semblant of this fallie by his faire beauties Queene.

20  
All which, when *Arthegall* (who all this while  
Stooode in the preafe close couer'd) well adwiewed,  
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,  
He could no longer beare, but forth islewed,  
And vnto all himselve there open shewed:  
And to the boaster said; Thou losell base,  
That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe endewed,  
And others worth with leasings doost deface,  
VVhen they are all restor'd, thou shalt rest in disgrace.

21  
That shield which thou doost beare, was it indeede  
Which this dayes honour sau'd to *Marinell*;  
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,  
Which didst that seruice vnto *Florimell*.  
For prooffe, shew forth thy sword, and let it tell,  
What stroakes, what dreadfull stoure it stird this day:  
Or shew the wounds, which vnto thee befell;  
Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest sway  
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dilmay.

22  
But this the sword, which wrought those cruell stounds,  
And this the arme, the which that shield did beare,  
And these the signes (so shewed forth his wounds)  
By which that glory gotten doost appeare.  
As for this Lady which he sheweth here,  
Is not (I wager) *Florimell* at all;  
But some fayre Fraucion, fit for such a fere,  
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.  
For prooffe whereof, he bade them *Florimell* forth call.

23  
So forth the noble Lady was ybrought,  
Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:  
Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought  
A great increase in her faire blushing face;  
As Roses did with Lillies interlace.  
For, of those words, the which that boaster threw,  
She inly yet conceiued great disgrace.  
Whom when as all the people such did view,  
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

24  
Then did he set her by that snowy one,  
Like the true Saint beside the Image set;  
Of both their beauties to make paragone,  
And triall, whether should the honour get.  
Straight way so soone as both together met,  
The enchanted Damzell vanish into nought:  
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,  
Ne of that goodly hew remained ought,  
But th'empty girdle, which about her waste was wrought.

25  
As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire,  
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide  
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,  
That all men wonder at her colours pride;  
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,  
The glorious picture vanisheth away,  
Ne any token doth thereof abide:  
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,  
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

26  
Which when as all, that present were beheld,  
They stricken were with great astonishment;  
And their faint harts with senselesse horror queld,  
To see the thing that seem'd so excellent,  
So stolen from their fancies wonderment;  
That what of it became, none vnderstood.  
And *Braggadocchio* selfe with deriment  
So daunted was in his despayring mood,  
That like a lifelesse corse immoucable he stooed.

27  
But *Arthegall* that golden belt vp-tooke,  
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;  
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,  
But *Florimells* owne girdle, from her rest,  
While she was flying, like a weary west,  
From that foule monster, which did her compell  
To perils great; which he vn buckling eft,  
Presented to the fairest *Florimell*:  
Who round about her tender waste it fitted well.

28  
Full many Ladies often had assayd,  
About their middles that faire belt to knit;  
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:  
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,  
Till *Florimell* about her fastned it.  
Such power it had, that to no womans waste  
By any skill or labour it would fit,  
Vnlesse that stee were continent and chaste,  
But it would loofe or breake, that many had disgrac't.

29  
Whil't thus they busied were bout *Florimell*,  
And boastfull *Braggadocchio* to defame,  
Sir *Guyon* (as by fortune then befell)  
Forth from the thickest preace of people came,  
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;  
And th'one hand seizing on his golden bit,  
With th'other drew his sword: for, with the same  
He meant the thiefe there deadly to haue smit:  
And had he not been held, he nought had faild of it.

30  
Thereof great hurly burly moued was  
Throughout the hall, for that same war-like horse.  
For, *Braggadocchio* would not let him pass;  
And *Guyon* would him algates haue perforce,  
Or it approue vpon his carion corse.  
Which troublous stirre when *Arthegall* perceiued,  
He nigh them drew, to stay th'auengers force;  
And gan inquire, how was that steed bereaued,  
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceaued.

Who

31  
Who, all that pittious story, which befell  
About that wofull couple, which were slaine,  
And their young bloody babe to him gan tell;  
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,  
His horse purloyned was by subtil traine:  
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.  
But he for nought could him there-to constraîne:  
For, as the death he hated such despight,  
And rather had to lose, then try in armes his right.

32  
Which, *Arthegall* well hearing, though no more  
By law of armes there neede ones right to try,  
As was the wont of war-like Knights of yore,  
Then that his foe should him the field deny:  
Yet further right by tokens to decry,  
He askt, what priuie tokens he did beare.  
If that, said *Guyon*, may you satisfie,  
Within his mouth a black spot doth appeare,  
Shap't like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there.

33  
Whereof to make due triall, one did take  
The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke:  
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,  
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,  
That neuer word from that day forth he spoke.  
Another that would seeme to haue more wit,  
Him by the bright embroidered head-stall tooke:  
But by the shoulder him to fore he bit,  
That he him maimed quite, and all his shoulder split.

34  
Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,  
Vntill that *Guyon* telse vnto him spake,  
And called *Brigadore* (so was he hight):  
Whose voyce so soone as he did vndertake,  
Eft-soones he stood as still as any stake,  
And suffred all his secret marke to see:  
And when-as he him nam'd, for ioy he brake  
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,  
And friskt, and srong aloft, and louted low on knee.

35  
Thereby Sir *Arthegall* did plaine areed,  
That vnto him the horse belongd, and said;  
Lo, there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the steed,  
As he with golden saddle is arraid:  
And let that losell, plainly now displaid,  
Hence fare on foote, till he an horse haue gained.  
But the proud boaster gan his doome vpbraid,  
And him reuil'd, and rated, and dildained,  
That iudgement so vniust against him had ordained.

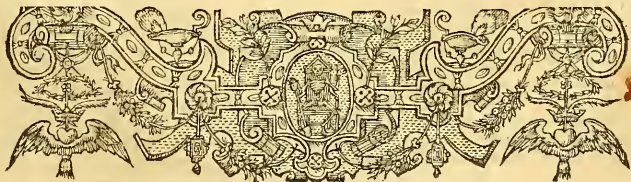
36  
Much was the Knight incenit with his lewd word,  
To haue reuenged that his villeny;  
And thrice did lay his hand vpon his sword,  
To haue him slaine, or dearly doen aby.  
But *Guyon* did his choler pacifie,  
Saying, Sir Knight, it would dishonour bee  
To you, that are our iudge of equity,  
To wreake your wrath on such a Carle as hee:  
It's punishment enough, that all his shame doe see.

37  
So did he mitigate Sir *Arthegall*;  
But *Talus* by the backe the boaster hent,  
And drawing him out of the open hall,  
Vpon him did inflict this punishment.  
First, he his beard did shauie, and fouly shent:  
Then from him rest his shield, and it reuerit,  
And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,  
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes vnherit,  
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperit.

38  
The whiles, his guilefull groome was fled away:  
But yaine it was to thinke from him to fle.  
Who over-taking him, did disaray,  
And all his face deform'd with infamy,  
And out of Court him scourged openly.  
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,  
And armes dishonour with base villanie,  
From all braue knights be banisht with defame:  
For, oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with blame.

39  
Now, when these counterfeits were thus vncafed  
Out of the fore-side of their forgery,  
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,  
All gan to iest and gibe full merly  
At the remembrance of their knauery.  
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,  
To thinke with how great vaunt of brauery  
He them abused, through his subtil sights,  
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

40  
There leaue we them in pleasure and repast,  
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,  
And taking vsury of time fore-past,  
With all deare delices and rare delights,  
Fit for such Ladies and such louely knights:  
And turne we heere to this faire furrowes end  
Our weary yokes, to gather fresher sprights,  
That when as time to *Arthegall* shall tend,  
We on his first adventure may him forward send.






## Canto IIII.

*Arthegall dealeth right betwixt  
two brethren that doe striue:  
Saues Terpine from the gallow tree,  
and doth from death reprine.*



<sup>1</sup>  

 Ho-so vpon himselfe will take the skill  
 True Iustice vnto people to diuide,  
 Had need haue mighty hands, for to fulfill  
 That, which he doth with righteous doome de-  
 And for to maister wrong and puissant pride. (cide,  
 For, vaine it is to deeme of things aright,  
 And makes wrong-doers iustice to deride,  
 Vnlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might.  
 For, powre is the right hand of Iustice truly hight.

<sup>2</sup>  
 Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise,  
 The charge of Iustice ginen was in trust,  
 That they might execute her iudgements wise,  
 And with their might beate downe licentious iust,  
 Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust.  
 Whereof no brauer precedent this day  
 Remaines on earth, prefer'd from iron rust  
 Of rude obliasion, and long times decay,  
 Then this of *Arthegall*, which heere we haue to say.

<sup>3</sup>  
 Who, hauing lately left that lonely paire,  
 Enlinked fast in wedlocks loyall bond,  
 Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the faire,  
 With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,  
 Departed from the Castle of the *Siround*,  
 To followe his adventures first intent,  
 Which long agoe he taken had in hond:  
 Ne wight with him for his assistance went,  
 But that great iron groome, his gard and gouernment.

<sup>4</sup>  
 With whom, as he did passe by the sea shore,  
 He chaunc't to come, where-as two comely Squires,  
 Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,  
 But stirred vp with different desires,  
 Together stroue, and kindled wrathfull fires:  
 And them beside, two seemely Damzels stood,  
 By all meanes seeking to assuage their ires,  
 Now with fair words; but words did little good: (mood.  
 Now with sharp threats; but threats the more increast their

<sup>5</sup>  
 And there before them stood a Coffer strong,  
 Fast bound on eury side with iron bands,  
 But seeming to haue suffred mickle wrong,  
 Either by beeing wreckt vpon the sands,  
 Or beeing cartied farre from forraine lands.  
 Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did fall,  
 And bent against themselves their cruell hands.  
 But enermore those Damzels did forestall  
 Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

<sup>6</sup>  
 But firmly fixt they were, with dint of sword,  
 And battailes doubtfull prooffe their rights to try,  
 Ne other end their fury would afford,  
 But what to them Fortune would iustifie.  
 So stood they both in readinesse there-by,  
 To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;  
 When *Arthegall*, arriuing happily,  
 Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,  
 Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

<sup>7</sup>  
 To whom the elder did this aunswere frame;  
 Then weet ye Sir, that we two brethren be,  
 To whom our fire, *Mileso* by name,  
 Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,  
 Two islands, which ye there before you see  
 Not farre in sea; of which the one appears  
 But like a little Mount of small degree;  
 Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,  
 As that same other Isle, that greater bredth now beares.

<sup>8</sup>  
 But tract of time, that all things doth decay,  
 And this deuouring Sea that nought doth spare,  
 The most part of my Land hath washt away,  
 And throwne it vp vnto my brothers share:  
 So his increased, but mine did empaire.  
 Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,  
 That further maid, high *Philtera* the faire,  
 With whom a goodly dowre I should haue got,  
 And should haue ioyned been to her in wedlocks knot.

Then

9  
Then did my younger brother *Amidas*,  
Loue that same other *Danzell*, *Lucy* bright,  
To whom but little dowre allotted was:  
Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight.  
What better dowre can to a Dame be hight?  
But now when *Phyltra* saw my lands decay,  
And former liuelod faile, she left me quight,  
And to my brother did ellope straight way:  
Who taking her from me, his owne Loue left a fray.

10  
Shee. seeing then her selfe forsaken so,  
Through dolorous despair, which she conceived,  
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throwe,  
Thinking to haue her grieft by death bereaued.  
But see how much her purpose was deceaued.  
Whil'ft thus, amidst the billowes bearing of her,  
Twixt life and death, long to and fro she weaued,  
She chaunc't vnwares to light vpon this coffer,  
Which to her in that danger hope of life did offer.

11  
The wretched maid, that earst desir'd to die,  
When as the paine of death she tasted had,  
And but halfe seene his vgly viſionie,  
Gan to repent that shee had been so mad,  
For any death to change life though most bad:  
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,  
The lucky Pylot of her passage sad,  
After long tossing in the seas distrest,  
Her weary Barke at last vpon mine Iſle did rest:

12  
Where I by chaunce then wandering on the shore,  
Did her espy, and through my good endeuour,  
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned fore  
Her to haue swallow'd vp, did help to saue her.  
She then in recompence of that great fauour,  
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me  
The portion of that good which Fortune gaue her,  
Together with herselfe in dowry free:  
Both goodly portions; but of both, the better shee.

13  
Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought,  
Great threasure sithence we did find contained;  
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought.  
But this same other *Danzell* since hath fained,  
That to herselfe that threasure appertained;  
And that shee did transport the same by sea,  
To bring it to her husband new ordained,  
But suffred cruell shipwrack by the way.  
But whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

14  
But whether it indeed be so or no,  
This doe I say, that what so good or ill  
Or God or Fortune vnto me did throwe  
(Not wronging any other by my will)  
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.  
And though my land he first did winne away,  
And then my Loue (though now it little skill)  
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray;  
But I will it defend, whil'ft cuer that I may.

15  
So hauing said, the younger did enſue:  
Full true it is, what-so about our land  
My brother here declared hath to you:  
But not for it this ods twixt vs doth stand,  
But for this threasure throwne vpon his strand;  
Which well I proue, as shall appear by trial,  
To be this Maides, with whom I fastned hand,  
Knowne by good markes, and perfect good espiall:  
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.

16  
When they thus ended had, the Knight began;  
Certes, your strife were easie to accord,  
Would ye remit it to some righteous man:  
Vnto your selfe, said they, we giue our word,  
To bide what iudgement ye shall vs afford.  
Then for assurance to my doome to stand,  
Vnder my foote let each lay downe his sword,  
And then you shall my sentence vnderstand.  
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

17  
Then *Arthegall*, thus to the younger said;  
Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,  
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd  
Vnto your part, and pluckt from his away,  
By what right doe you claime to wish-hold this day?  
What other right, quoth he, should you esteeme,  
But that the sea it to my share did lay?  
Your right is good, said he, and so I deeme,  
That what the sea vnto you sent, your owne should seeme.

18  
Then turning to the elder, thus he said;  
Now *Bracidas*, let this likewise be shewne;  
Your brothers threasure, which from him is straid;  
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,  
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?  
What other right, quoth he, should you esteeme,  
But that the sea hath it vnto me throwne?  
Your right is good, said he, and so I deeme,  
That what the sea vnto you sent, your owne should seeme.

19  
For, equall right in equal things doth stand;  
For, what the mighty Sea hath once possess't,  
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,  
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer rest,  
Or else by wrack, that wretches hath distrest,  
He may dispose by his imperiall might,  
As thing at randon left, to whom he list.  
So *Amidas*, the land was yours first hight,  
And so the threasure yours is *Bracidas* by right.

20  
When he his sentence thus pronounced had,  
Both *Amidas* and *Phyltra* were displeas'd:  
But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,  
And on the threasure by that iudgement seized.  
So was their discord by this doome appeas'd,  
And each one had his right. Then *Arthegall*  
When as their sharpe contention he had ceas'd,  
Departed on his way, as did befall,  
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

21

So, as he travelled vpon the way,  
 He chaunc't to come, where happily he spide  
 A rout of many people farre away ;  
 To whom his courte he hastily applide,  
 To wec the caufe of their affemblance wide.  
 To whom when he approached neere in fight  
 (An vncouth fight) he plainly then defcride  
 To be a troupe of women, war-like dight,  
 With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

22

And in the midit of them he saw a Knight,  
 With both his hands behind him pinnod hard,  
 And round about his necke an halter tight,  
 As ready for the gallow tree prepar'd :  
 His face was couer'd, and his head was bar'd,  
 That who he was, vncleath was to defcry ;  
 And with full heauy hart with them he far'd,  
 Griev'd to the foule, and groning inwardly,  
 That he of womens hands fo bafe a death should dy.

23

But they like tyrants, merciflesse the more,  
 Reioyced at his miserable case,  
 And him reviled, and reproched fore  
 With bitter taunts, and tearmes of vile disgrace.  
 Now when as *Arthegall*, arriu'd in place,  
 Did aske, what caufe brought that man to decay,  
 They round about him gan to twarme apace,  
 Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,  
 And to haue wrought vnwares some villanous assay.

24

But he was soone aware of their ill mind,  
 And drawing backe, deceiued their intent ;  
 Yet though him selfe did shame on woman-kind  
 His mighty hand to shend, he *Talus* sent  
 To wreck on them their follies hardiment :  
 Who with few fowces of his yron slaie,  
 Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,  
 And sent them home to tell a pittious tale  
 Of their vaine prowesse, turned to their proper bale.

25

But that fame wretched man, ordaynd to die,  
 They left behind them, glad to be so quit :  
 Him *Talus* tooke out of perplexitie,  
 And horror of foule death for Knight vnfit,  
 Who more then losse of life ydreaded it ;  
 And him restoring vnto liuing light,  
 So brought vnto his Lord, where he did sit,  
 Beholding all that womanish weake fight ;  
 Whom soone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight :

26

Sir *Terpine*, haplesse man, what make you here ?  
 Or haue you lost your selfe, and your discretion,  
 That cuer in this wretched case ye were ?  
 Or haue ye yielded you to proude oppression  
 Of womens powre, that boast of mens subiection ?  
 Or else, what other deadly dismall day  
 Is falne on you, by heauens hard direction,  
 That ye were runne so fondly far astray,  
 As for to lead your selfe vnto your owne decay ?

27

Much was the man confounded in his mind,  
 Partly with shame, and partly with difmay,  
 That all astonisht hee him selfe did find,  
 And little had for his excuse to say,  
 But onely thus ; Most haplesse well ye may  
 Me iustly tearme, that to this shame am brought,  
 And made the scorne of Knighthood this fame day.  
 But who can scape, what his owne fate hath wrought ?  
 The worke of heauens will surpasse thumane thought.

28

Right true : but faulty men vse oftentimes  
 To attribute their folly vnto fate,  
 And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.  
 But tell, Sir *Terpine*, ne let you amate  
 Your misery, how fell ye in this state.  
 Then sith yee needs, quoth he, will know my shame,  
 And all the ill which chaunc't to me of late,  
 I shortly will to you rehearse the same,  
 In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

29

Beeing desirous (as all Knights are wont)  
 Through hard adventures decedes of armes to try,  
 And after fame and honour for to hunt,  
 I heard report that farre abroad did flie,  
 That a proud Amazon did late descie  
 All the braue Knights that hold of Maidenhead,  
 And vnto them wrought all the villany  
 That she could forge in her malicious head,  
 Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

30

The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,  
 Is for the sake of *Bellodant* the bold,  
 To whom she bore most feruent loue of late,  
 And wooed him by all the waies she could :  
 But when the sawe at last, that he ne would  
 For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,  
 She turn'd her loue to hatred manifold,  
 And for his sake, vow'd to doe all the ill  
 Which she could do to Knights: which now she doth fulfill.

31

For, all those Knights, the which by force or guile  
 She doth subdue, she foully doth entreat.  
 First, she doth them of war-like armes despoile,  
 And clothe in womens weedes : and then with threat  
 Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,  
 To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring ;  
 Ne doth she giue them other thing to eate  
 But bread and water, or like feeble thing,  
 Them to disablen from reuenge adventuring.

32

But, if through stout disdain of manly mind,  
 Any her proud obseruance will withstand,  
 Vpon thar gibbet, which is there behind,  
 She causeth them be hang'd vp out of hand ;  
 In which condition I right now did stand.  
 For, beeing overcome by her in fight,  
 And put to that bafe seruice of her band,  
 I rather chose to die in luyes despight,  
 Then lead that shamefull life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How



33  
How high that Amazon (*sayd Arthegall*)?  
And where, and how far hence does she abide?  
Her name, quoth he, they *Radigund* doe call,  
A Princeesse of great powre, and greater pride,  
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,  
And sundry battells, which the hath archieued  
With great successe, that her hath glorified,  
And made her famous, more then is beliened:  
Ne would I it haue ween'd, had I not late it pricied.

34  
Now sure, *sayd* he, and by the faith that I  
To Maidenhead and noble knighthood owe,  
I will not rest, till I her might doe try,  
And venge the shame, that she to Knights doth showe.  
Therefore *Sir Terpin* from you lightly throwe  
This squalid weede, the paterne of despair,  
And wend with me, that ye may see and knowe,  
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire, (paire.  
And Knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would cm-

35  
With that, like one that hopeles was repriv'd  
From deaths dore, at which he lately lay,  
Those yron fetters, wherewith he was giv'd,  
The badges of reproach, he threw away,  
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way  
Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone.  
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway;  
A goodly City, and a mighty one,  
The which of her owne name she called *Radegone*.

36  
Where they arriuing, by the watchman were  
Deferied straight; who all the city warned,  
How that three warlike persons did appeare,  
Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all armed,  
And th' other two well likely to haue harmed.  
Eftsoones the people all to harness ran,  
And like a sort of bees in clusters swarmed:  
Ere long, their Queene her self, arm'd like a man,  
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

37  
And now the Knights, being arriued neare,  
Did beat vpon the gates to enter in,  
And at the Porter scorning them so few,  
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,  
To teare his flesh in peeces for his sinne.  
Which when as *Radigund* there comming heard,  
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:  
She bad that strenght the gates should be vnbar'd,  
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepar'd.

38  
Soone as the gates were open to them set,  
They pressed forward, entrance to haue made.  
But in the middle way they were ymet  
With a sharpe shoure of arrows, which them stayd,  
And better bad aduise, ere they assayd  
Vnknownen perill of bold womens pride.  
Then all that rout vpon them rudely layd,  
And heaped strokes so fast on euery side,  
And arrows hayld so thicke, that they could not abide.

39  
But *Radigund* her selfe, when she espide  
*Sir Terpin*, from her direfull doome acquit,  
So cruell doale amongst her maides diuide,  
T'auenge that shame, they did on him commit;  
All sodanely enflam'd with furious fit,  
Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,  
And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,  
That to the ground him quite she ouerthrew,  
Dismayd so with the stroke, that he no colours knew.

40  
Soone as she sawe him on the ground to grouell,  
She lightly to him leapt; and in his necke  
Her proud foot setting, at his head did leuell,  
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,  
And his contempt, that did her iudgement breake:  
As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes  
Vpon the carcasse of some beaust too weake,  
Proudly stands ouer, and a while doth pause,  
To heare the pitious beaust pleading her plaintiffe cause.

41  
Whom when as *Arthegall* in that distresse  
By chance beheld, he left the bloody slaughter,  
In which he swam, and ran to his redresse.  
There her assaying fiercely fresh, he caught her  
Such an huge stroke, that it of sense distraught her:  
And had she not it warded warily,  
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter.  
Nath'lesse for all the powre she did apply,  
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastrly eye;

42  
Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,  
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,  
To weather his broad sayles, by chance hath spide  
A Goshauke, which hath seized for her share  
Vpon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;  
With dreadfull force he flies at her byliue,  
That with his souce, which none endure dare,  
Her from the quarry he away doth driue,  
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth riuie.

43  
But soone as she her sense recouerd had,  
She fiercely towards him her selfe gan dight,  
Through vengeful wrath & sdeignfull pride halfe mad:  
For, neuer had she suffred such despight,  
But ere she could ioyn e hand with him to fight,  
Her warlike maydes about her flockt so fast,  
That they disparted them, maugre their might,  
And with their troups did far vnder cast:  
But mongst the rest the fight did vnill euening last.

44  
And euery while, that mighty yron man,  
With his strange weapon, neuer wont in warre,  
Them sorely vext, and courtf, and ouer-ran,  
And broke their boawes, and did their shooting marre,  
That none of all the manie once did dare  
Him to assault, nor once approach him nics  
But like a sort of sheepe disperd farre  
For dread of their deuouring enemy,  
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

45  
But when as daies faire shiny beame, yclouded  
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,  
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,  
Bold *Radigund* (with sound of trump on hight)  
Caus'd all her people to surcease from fight;  
And gathering them vnto her cities gate,  
Made them all enter in before her sight,  
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,  
To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrate.

46  
When thus the field was voyded all away,  
And all things quieted, the *Elfin Knight*  
(Weary of toyle and trauell of that day)  
Caus'd his pavilion to be richly pight  
Before the Citie gate, in open sight;  
Where he him selfe did rest in safety,  
Together with sir *Terpin* all that night:  
But *Talus* vs'd in times of iopardie  
To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

47  
But *Radigund* full of heart-gnawing grieffe,  
For the rebuke, which she sustain'd that day,  
Coul'd take no rest, ne would receiue relieffe;  
But tossed in her troublous minde, what way  
She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.  
There she resolu'd, her selfe in single fight  
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,  
Rather then see her people spoyled quight,  
As she had seene that day a disauentrous fight.

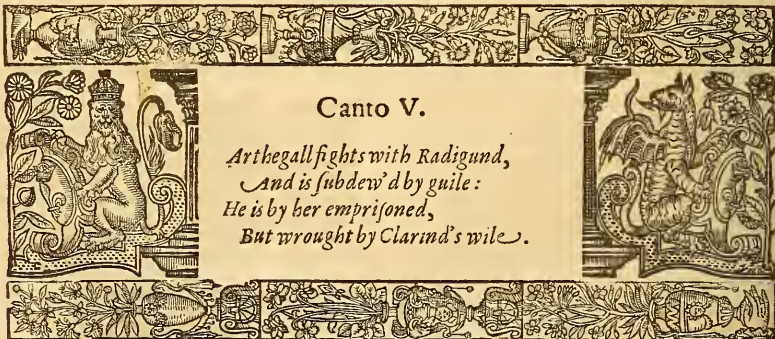
48  
She called forth to her a trusty mayd,  
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,  
Her name was *Clarind*, and thus to her sayd;  
Goe damzel quickly, do thy selfe adresse

To do the message, which I shall expresse.  
Goe thou vnto that stranger Faery Knight,  
Who yesterday droue vs to such distresse;  
Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,  
And try in equall field, whether hath greater might.

49  
But these conditions do to him propound,  
That if I vanquish him, he shall obey  
My lawe, and cuer to my lore be bound;  
And so will I, if me he vanquish may;  
What-euer he shall like to doe or say:  
Goe streight, and take with thee, to witness it,  
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,  
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,  
And bid him eate; henceforth he oft shall hungry sit.

50  
The Damzell streight obeyd: and putting all  
In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went;  
Where sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,  
Vnto those warlike Knights she warning sent.  
Then *Talus*, forth issewing from the tent,  
Vnto the wall his way did fearelesse take,  
To weet en what that trumpets sounding meant:  
Where that same Damzell loudly him bespake,  
And shew'd, that with his Lord she would emperance make.

51  
So he them streight conducted to his Lord;  
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,  
Till they had told their message word by word:  
Which he accepting well, as he could weet,  
Them fairely entertayn'd with curtesies meete,  
And gaue them gifts and things of de're delight.  
So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete.  
But *Arthegall* him selfe to rest did dight,  
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.



## Canto V.

*Arthegall fights with Radigund,  
And is subdued by guile:  
He is by her imprisoned,  
But wrought by Clarind's wile.*

1  
**S**O soone as daies forth dawning from the East,  
Nights humid curtaine from the heavens with-  
And early calling forth both mā & beast,  
Commanded them their dayly works renew,

These noble warriors, mindefull to pursue  
The last dayes purpose of their vowed fight,  
Them selues thereto prepar'd in order drew;  
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight;  
And th' Amazon, as best it lik't her selfe to dight.

2  
All in a Camis light of purple silke  
Wouen vpon with siluer, subtly wrought,  
And quiled vpon satin white as milke,  
Trayled with ribbands diuersly distraught;  
Like as the workeman had her courtes taught;  
Which was short tucked for light motion  
Vp to her ham: but when she list, it raught  
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereupon  
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

3  
And on her legs she painted buskins wore,  
Basted with bends of gold on euery side,  
And mailes betweene, and laced close afore:  
Vpon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,  
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;  
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt  
Vpon the boile with stones, that shined wide,  
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,  
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

4  
So forth she came out of the City gate,  
With stately port and proud magnificence,  
Guarded with many damzels, that did waite  
Vpon her person for her sure defence,  
Playing on shauimes and trumpets, that from hence  
Their sound did reach vnto the heauens hight.  
So forth into the field she marched thence,  
Where was a rich Paullion ready pight,  
Her to receiue, all time they should begin the fight.

5  
Then forth came *Arthegall* out of his tent,  
All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter:  
Soone after eke came she, with fell intent,  
And countenance fierce, as hauing fully bent her,  
That battels vtmost triall to aduenter.  
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout  
From rudely pressing to the middle center;  
Which in great heapes them circled all about,  
Waiting, how Fortune would resolute that dangerous dout.

6  
The Trumpets sounded, and the field began;  
With bitter strokes it both began, and ended.  
She at the first encounter on him ran  
With furious rage, as if she had intended  
Out of his breast the very heart haue rended:  
But he that had like tempests often tride,  
From that first flawe, him selfe right well defended.  
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;  
She hew'd, she foyn'd, she last, she laid on euery side.

7  
Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,  
Weening at last to win aduantage new;  
Yet still her cruelty encreased more,  
And though powre fayld, her courage did accrew:  
Which saying, he gan fiercely her pursue;  
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat  
The stubborn met' all seeketh to subdew,  
Soone as he fees it mollifie with heat,  
With his great Iron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

8  
So did Sir *Arthegall* vpon her lay,  
As if she had an iron anduile beene,  
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,  
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,  
That all on fire ye would her surely weene.  
But with her shield so well her selfe she warded,  
From the drad danger of his weapon keene,  
That all that while her life she safely garded:  
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

9  
For, with his trenchant blade at the next blowe  
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,  
That halfe her side it selfe did naked showe,  
And thenceforth vnto danger opened way.  
Much was she moued with the mighty sway  
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd the grew,  
And like a greedy Beare vnto her pray,  
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,  
That glancing down his thigh, the purple blood forth drew

10  
Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,  
And to vpbraid that chance which him mis-fell,  
As if the prize she gotten had almost,  
With spightfull speeches, fitting with her well;  
That his great heart gan inwardly to swell  
With indignation, at her vaunting vaine,  
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull fell;  
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,  
That shattered all to peeces round about the Plaine.

11  
Hauing her thus disarmed of her shield,  
Vpon her helmet he againe her strooke,  
That downe she fell vpon the grassie field,  
In senselesse swoone, as if her life forooke,  
And pangs of death her spirit ouertooke.  
Whom when he sawe before his foote prostrated,  
He to her lept, with deadly dreadfull looke,  
And her sunshiny helmet soone vnaced,  
Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue raced.

12  
But when as he discouered had her face,  
He sawe his senses strange astonishment,  
A miracle of Natures goodly grace,  
In her faire visage void of ornament,  
But bath'd in blood and sweat together ment;  
Which, in the rudenesse of that euill plight,  
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:  
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night,  
Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light.

13  
At sight thereof his cruell minded heart  
Empeared was with pittifull regard,  
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,  
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:  
No hand so cruell, nor no heart so hard,  
But ruth of beauty will it mollifie.  
By this, vparting from her swoone, the star'd  
A while about her with confused eye;  
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenly.

14

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy,  
 Standing with empty hands all weaponlesse,  
 With fresh assault vpon him she did fly,  
 And gan renew her former crueltie:  
 And though he still retr'y'd, yet nathelless  
 With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;  
 And more encrease her outrage mercilesse,  
 Themore that he with meeke intreaty prayd,  
 Her wrathfull hand from greedy vengeance to haue stayd.

15

Like as a Puttocke hauing spide in sight  
 A gentle Falcon sitting on an hill,  
 Whose other wing, now made vnmeete for flight,  
 Was lately broken by some fortune ill;  
 The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,  
 Doth beate vpon the gentle bird in vaine,  
 With many idle stoups her troubling still:  
 Euen so did *Radigund* with bootlesse paine  
 Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constrain.

16

Nought could he do, but shun the drad despight  
 Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retire,  
 And with his single shield, well as he might,  
 Bear-off the burden of her raging ire;  
 And euermore he gently did desire,  
 To stay her strokes, and he him selfe would yield:  
 Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respire,  
 Till he to her deliuered had his shield,  
 And to her mercy him submitted in plaine field.

17

So was he ouercome, not ouercome,  
 But to her yeelded of his owne accord;  
 Yet was he iustly damned by the doome  
 Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,  
 To be her thrall, and seruice her afford.  
 For, though that he first victory obtained,  
 Yet after by abandoning his sword,  
 He wilfull lost, that he before attained.  
 No fayrer conquest, then that with goodwill is gayned.

18

Tho, with her sword on him she flaring strooke,  
 In signe of true subiection to her powre,  
 And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke.  
 But *Terpine* borne to a more vnhappy howre,  
 As he, on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,  
 She caus'd to be attach't, and forthwith led  
 Vnto the crooke t' abide the balefull stowre,  
 From which he lately had through reskew fled:  
 Where he full shamefully was banged by the head.

19

But when they thought, on *Talus* hands to lay,  
 He with his iron flae amongst them thondred,  
 That they were faine to let him scape away,  
 Glad from his company to be so sondred;  
 Whose presence all their troupes so much encombred,  
 That th'heapes of those, which he did wound and slay,  
 Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred:  
 Yet all that while he would not once assay  
 To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it iust t'obay.

20

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,  
 Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,  
 And caus'd him to be disarmed quight  
 Of all the ornaments of knightly name,  
 With which whylome he gotten had great fame:  
 In stead whereof she made him to be dight  
 In womans weeds, that is to Manhood shame,  
 And put before his lap an apron white,  
 In stead of Curiets and bates fit for fight.

21

So being clad, she brought him from the field,  
 In which he had beene trayned many a day,  
 Into a long large chamber, which was field  
 With monuments of many knights decay,  
 By her subdewed in victorious fray:  
 Amongst the which she caus'd his warlike armes  
 Be hangd on high, that mote his shame bewray;  
 And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,  
 With which he wont to stirre vp battailous alarms.

22

There entred in, he round about him saw  
 Many braue Knights, whose names right well he knew,  
 There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,  
 Spinning and carding all in comely rew,  
 That his bigge heart loth'd so vncomely view.  
 But they were forc't, through penurie and pine,  
 To doe those workes, to them appointed dew:  
 For, nought was giuen them to sup or dyne,  
 But what their hands could earne by twisting linnen twyne.

23

Amongst them all, she placed him most lowe,  
 And in his hand a distaffe to him gaue,  
 That he thereon should spin both flaxe & towes;  
 A sordid office for a mind so braue.  
 So hard it is to be a womans slaue,  
 Yet he it took in his owne selfe despight,  
 And thereto did himselfe right well behaue,  
 Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight,  
 Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

24

Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby,  
 That whylome hath of *Hercules* been tolde,  
 How for *Iolas* sake he did apply  
 His mighty hands, the distaffe vile to holde,  
 For his huge club, which had subdew'd of olde  
 So many monsters, which the world annoyed;  
 His Lions skiu chaung'd to a pall of golde,  
 In which forgetting warres he only ioyed  
 In combats of sweet Loue, and with his mistresse toyed.

25

Such is the cruelty of women-kynd,  
 When they haue shaken off the shamefast band,  
 With which wife Nature did them strongly bynd  
 T'obay the hearts of mans well ruling hand,  
 That then all rule and reason they withstand,  
 To purchase a licentious liberty.  
 But vertuous women wisely vnderstand,  
 That they were borne to base humility,  
 Vnlesse the heauens them list to lawfull soverainty.

26

Thus there long while continu'd *Arctbergall*,  
 Seruing proud *Radigund* with true subiection;  
 How-euer it his noble heart did gall,  
 T'obay a womans tyrannous direction,  
 That might haue had of life or death election:  
 But hauing chosen, now he might not chaunge.  
 During which time, the warlike Amazon,  
 Whose wandring fancy after lust did range,  
 Gan cast a secret liking to this captiue strange.

27

Which long concealing in her couert brest,  
 She chaw'd the cud of louers carefull plight;  
 Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,  
 Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,  
 Buri't tormented her both day and night:  
 Yet would she not therto yeeld free accord,  
 To serue the lowely vassall of her might,  
 And of her seruaunt make her soueraigne Lord:  
 So great her pride, that she such basenesse much abhord.

28

So much the greater still her anguish grew,  
 Through stubborne handling of her loue-sicke heart;  
 And still the more she stroue it to subdew,  
 The more she still augmented her owne smart,  
 And wyder made the wound of th' hid'd dart.  
 At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,  
 She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind conuert  
 To meek obeyfance of loues mighty raine,  
 And him entreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

29

Vnto her selfe in secret she did call  
 Her nearest handmayd whom she most did trust,  
 And to her sayde: *Clarinda*, whom of all  
 I trust aliuie, sith I thee fostred first;  
 Now is the time, that I vntimely must  
 Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need:  
 It is so hapned, that the heauens vniust,  
 Spighing my happy freedome, haue agreed,  
 To thrall my loofer life, or my last bale to breed.

30

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,  
 To hide the blush which in her visage rose,  
 And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,  
 Decking her cheekes with a vermilion rose:  
 But soone she did her countenance compose,  
 And to her turning, thus began againe;  
 This griefs deep wound I would to thee disclose,  
 Therto compelled through heart-murdring paine,  
 But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraine.

31

As my deare dread (sayd then the faithfull Mayd)  
 Can dread of ought your dreadlesse heart withhold,  
 That many hath with dread of death dismayd,  
 And dare euen Deaths most dreadfull face behold?  
 Say on my soueraigne Lady, and be bold.  
 Doth not your hand-mayds life at your foot lie?  
 Therewith much comforted, she gan vnfold  
 The cause of her conceiu'd malady,  
 As one that would confesse, yet faine would it deny.

32

*Clarind'*, sayd she, thou see'st yond Faery Knight,  
 Whom not my valour, but his owne braue minde  
 Subiected hath to my vnequall might;  
 What right is it, that he should thraldome finde,  
 For lending life to me a wretch vnkinde,  
 That for such good him recompence with ill?  
 Therefore I cast, how I may him vnbinde,  
 And by his freedome get his free good-will;  
 Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

33

Bound vnto me, but not with such hard bands  
 Of strong compulsion, and streight violence,  
 As now in miserable state he stands;  
 But with sweet lone and sure beneuolence,  
 Voide of malicious minde, or soule offence.  
 To which if thou canst win him any way,  
 Without discouery of my thoughts pretence,  
 Both goodly meed of him it purchase may,  
 And eke with gratefull seruice me right well apay.

34

Which that thou maist the better bring to passe,  
 Loe here this ring, which shall thy warrant be,  
 And token true to olde *Eumenias*,  
 From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,  
 That in and out thou mayst haue passage free.  
 Goe now, *Clarinda*, well thy wits aduise,  
 And all thy forces gather vnto thee;  
 Armies of louely lookes, and speeches wise,  
 With which thou canst euen *Ioue* himselfe to loue entise.

35

The trusty mayd, conceiuing her intent,  
 Did with sure promise of her good induour,  
 Giue her great comfort, and some hearts content.  
 So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour  
 By all the meanes she might, to curry fauour  
 With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloved;  
 With daily shew of courtesous kind behauiour,  
 Euen at the marke-white of his hart she roued,  
 And with wide glancing words, one day she thus him pro-

36

Unhappy Knight, vpon whose hopelesse state  
 Fortune, enuying good, hath felly frown'd,  
 And cruell heauens haue heapt an heauie fate;  
 I rewd that thus thy better dayes are drown'd  
 In sad despaire, and all thy senses frown'd  
 In stupid sorrow, sith thy iuster merit  
 Might else haue with felicity been crown'd:  
 Looke vp at last, and wake thy dull'd spirit,  
 To thinke how this long death thou mightest disinherit.

37

Much did he marnell at her vncooth speech,  
 Whose hidden drift he could not well perceiue;  
 And gan to doubt, least she him sought t' appeach  
 Of treason or some guilefull traine did weaue,  
 Through which she might his wretched life bereaue.  
 Both which to barre, he with this answere met her;  
 Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceiue)  
 Of my mislups, art mou'd to wish me better,  
 For such your kind regard, I can but rest your letter.

A 2 3

Yet

38  
 Yet weete ye well, that to a courage great  
 It is no lesse befeeming, well to beare  
 The storme of Fortunes frowne, or heauens threat,  
 Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare  
 Timely to ioy, and carry comely cheare.  
 For, though this cloud haue now me ouer-cast,  
 Yet doe I not of better times despaire;  
 And, though (vnlike) they should for euer last,  
 Yet in my truths assurance I rest fixed fast.

39  
 But what so stony minde (she then replide)  
 But if in his owne powre occasion lay,  
 Would to his hope a window open wide,  
 And to his fortunes helpe make ready way?  
 Vnworthy sure, quoth he, of better day,  
 That will not take the offer of good hope,  
 And eke perfw, if he attaine it may.  
 Which speeches she applying to the scope  
 Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope;

40  
 Then why dost not, thou ill aduized man,  
 Make meanes to winne thy liberty forlotne,  
 And try if thou by faire entreaty can  
 Moue *Radigund*? who though she still haue worne  
 Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne  
 Of Beares and Tigres, nor so saluage minded,  
 As that, albe all loue of men she scorne,  
 She yet forgets, that she of men was kynded:  
 And sooth oft seene, that proud harts base loue hath blind-  
 (ded.)

41  
 Certes *Clarinda*, not of cancred will,  
 Sayd she, nor obstinate disdainfull mind,  
 I haue forbore this duty to fulfill:  
 For, well I may this weene, by that I finde,  
 That she a Queene and come of Princely kinde,  
 Both worthy is for to besewd vnto,  
 Chiefly by him, whose life her law doth bind,  
 And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,  
 And als' of Princely grace to be enclin'd thereto.

42  
 But want of meanes hath beene mine onely let  
 From seeking fauour, where it doth abound;  
 Which if I might by your good office get,  
 I to your selfe should rest for euer bound,  
 And ready to deserue what grace I finde,  
 She feeling him thus bite vpon the baite,  
 Yet doubting least his hold was but vnfound,  
 And not well fastened, would not strike him strayd,  
 But drew him on with hope, fit leisure to awayt.

43  
 But foolish Mayd, whiles heedlesse of the hook,  
 She thus oft-times was beating off and on,  
 Through slippery footing, fell into the brooke,  
 And there was caught to her confusion.  
 For, seeking thus to salue the Amazon,  
 She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,  
 And gan thenceforth to cast affection,  
 Conceiued close in her beguiled heart,  
 To *Arthegall*, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

44  
 Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,  
 Ne to him selfe, for doubt of being sdayned,  
 Ne yet to any other wight on ground,  
 For feare her mistris should haue knowledge gayned,  
 But to her selfe it secretly retayned,  
 Within the closet of her court breast:  
 The more thereby her tender heart was payned.  
 Yet to awaite fit time she weened best,  
 And fairly did dissemble her sad thoughts vnrest.

45  
 One day her Lady, calling her apart,  
 Gan to demand of her some rydings good,  
 Touching her loues successe, her lingring smart.  
 Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,  
 As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood;  
 But quick! she it ouer-past, so soone  
 As she her face had wpp't, to fresh her blood:  
 Tho, gan she tell her all, that she had donne,  
 And all the wayes she sought his loue for to haue wonne:

46  
 But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,  
 Scorning her offers and conditions vaue;  
 Ne would be taught with any tearms, to learne  
 So fond a lesson, as to loue againe.  
 Die rather would he in penurious paine,  
 And his abridged dayes in dolour waste,  
 Then his foes loue or liking entertaine:  
 His resolution was both first and last,  
 His body was her thrall, his heart was freely plac't.

47  
 Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,  
 She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,  
 For very fell despight, which she conceiued,  
 To be so scorned of a base borne thrall,  
 Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;  
 Of which she vow'd with many a cursed threat,  
 That she therefore would him ere long forsfall.  
 Nath'lesse when calmed was her furious heat,  
 She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan entreat.

48  
 What now is left *Clarinda*? what remains,  
 That we may compass this our enterprize?  
 Great shame to lose so long employed paynes;  
 And greater shame t' abide so great misprize,  
 With which he dares our offers thus despize.  
 Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,  
 And more my gracious mercy by this wize,  
 I will awhile with his first folly beare,  
 Till thou haue tride againe, & tempted him mote neare.

49  
 Say, and do all, that may thereto preuaile;  
 Leauo nought vnpromist, that may him perswade;  
 Life, freedom, grace, and gifts of great auaille,  
 With which the gods themselues are milder made:  
 Thereto adde art, euen womens witty trade,  
 The art of mighty words, that men can charme;  
 With which in case thou canst him not inuade,  
 Let him feele hardnesse of thy heauy arme: (harme.  
 Who will not stoupe with good, shall be made stoupe with  
 Some

Some of his diet doe from him withdrawe;  
 For, I him finde to be too proudly fed.  
 Giue him more labour, and with streighter lawe,  
 That he with worke may be foreweared.  
 Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,  
 That may pull downe the courage of his pride;  
 And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,  
 Cold iron chaines, with which let him be tide;  
 And let, what-euer he desires, be him denide.

When thou hast all this doen, then bring me newes  
 Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a Louer,  
 But like a Rebelle stout I will him vse.  
 For, I resolue this siege not to giue ouer,  
 Till I the conquest of my will reconer.  
 So she departed, full of grieffe and sdaine,  
 Which inly did to great impatience moue her.  
 But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe  
 Vnto the prison, where her heart did thrall remaine.

There all her subtill nets she did vnfold,  
 And all the engins of her wit display;  
 In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,  
 And of his innocence to make her pray.  
 So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,  
 That both her Lady, and her selfe withall,  
 And eke the knight attonce she did betray:  
 But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call  
 Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad Nurse, which fayning to receiue  
 In her owne mouth the food, meant for her child;  
 Withholdes it to her selfe and doth deceiue  
 The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld:  
 Enen so *Clarinda* her owne Dame beguil'd,  
 And turn'd the trust, which was in her affide,  
 To feeding of her priuate fire, which boyl'd  
 Her inward breast, and in her entrayles fryde,  
 The more that she it fought to couer and to hide.

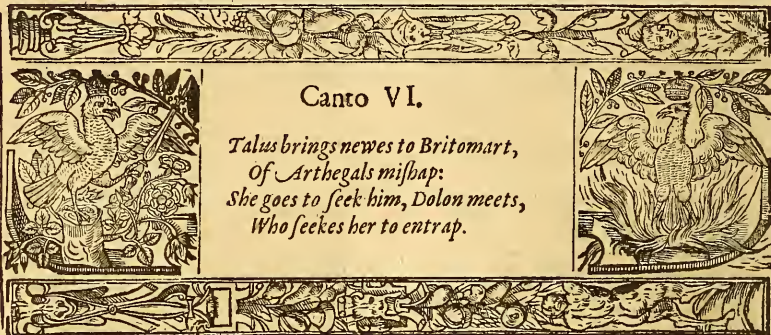
For, comming to this knight, she purpose fayned,  
 How earnest suit she cast for him had made  
 Vnto her Queene, his freedome to haue gayned;  
 But by no meanes could her thereto perswade:  
 But that in steade thereof, she sternely bade  
 His misery to be augmented more,  
 And many iron bands on him to lade.  
 All which nath'lesse she for his loue forbore:  
 So praying him t'accept her seruice euermore.

And more then that, she promise that she would,  
 In case she might finde fauour in his eye,  
 Deuize how to enlarge him out of holde.  
 The Fairy glad to gaine his liberty,  
 Can yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie;  
 And with faire words (fit for the time and place)  
 To feed the humour of her malady,  
 Promise, if she would free him from that case,  
 He would by all good means he might, deserue such grate.

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,  
 Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,  
 To his owne absent Loue to be vtrew:  
 Ne euer did deceitfull *Clarinda* finde  
 In her false heart, his bondage to vnbinde;  
 But rather how she mote him faster tye.  
 Therefore vnto her mistresse most vnkinde  
 She daily told, her loue he did desie;  
 And him she told, her Dame his freedome did deny.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did shoue,  
 That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,  
 And his worke lessened, that his loue mote growe:  
 Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,  
 That she with him mote be the more offended.  
 Thus he long while in thralldome there remain'd,  
 Of both beloued well, but little frended;  
 Vntill his owne true Loue his freedome gayned,  
 Which in an other Canto will be best contain'd.





## Canto VI.

*Talus brings newes to Britomart,  
Of Arthegals mishap:  
She goes to seek him, Dolon meets,  
Who seekes her to entrap.*

**S**ome men, I wote, will deeme in *Arthegall*  
Great weakenesse, and report of him much ill,  
For yeelding so himselve a wretched thrall,  
To th' insolent commaund of womens will;  
That all his former praise doth fowly spill.  
But he the man, that lay or do so dare,  
Be well aduiz'd, that he stand stedfast still:  
For, neuer yet was wight so well aware,  
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

Yet in the strenghtesse of that captiue state,  
This gentle knight himselve so well behaved,  
That notwithstanding all the subtill bait,  
With which those Amazons his loue still craued,  
To his owne Loue his loyalty he saved:  
Whose character in th' Adamantine mould  
Of his true heart so firmly was engraued,  
That no new loues impressiõ cuer could  
Bereauce it thence: such blot his honour blemish should.

Yet his owne Loue, the noble *Britomart*,  
Scarfe so conceined in her jealous thought,  
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart  
In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought;  
Brought in vntimely houre, ere it was sought.  
For, after that the vntost date, aslynde  
For his returne, she waited had for nought,  
She gan to cast in her misdõnbeffull minde  
A thousand feares, that loue-sicke fancies faine to finde.

Sometime she feared, least some hard mishap  
Had him misfaine in his aduentrous quest;  
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap  
In traytrous trayne, or had vnwares opprest:  
But most she did her troubled minde molest,  
And secretly afflicte with ielous feare,  
Least some new loue had him for her posselt;  
Yet loth she was, since the no ill did heare,  
To thinke of him so ill: yet could she not forbear.

One while she blam'd her selfe; another while  
She him condemnd, as trustlesse and vntrew:  
And then, her griefe with error to beguile,  
She saynd to count the time againe anew,  
As if before she had not counted trew.  
For houres, but dayes; for weekes that passed were,  
She tolde but moneths, to make them seeme more fewe:  
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,  
Each hour did seem a moneth, & every moneth a yeere.

But when as yet she sawe him not returne,  
She thought to send some one to seek him out;  
But none she found so fit to serue that turne,  
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of doubt.  
Now she deniz'd amongst the warlike rout  
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant knight;  
And then againe resolvd to hunt him out  
Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight:  
And then both Knights enuide, and Ladies eke did spight.

One day, when as she long had sought for ease  
In every place, and every place thought best,  
Yet found no place, that could her liking please,  
She to a window came, that opened West,  
Towards which coast her Loue his way address.  
There looking forth, she in her heart did find  
Many vaine fancies, working her vnrrest:  
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then winde,  
To beare vnto her Loue the message of her minde.

There as she looked long, at last she spide  
One comming towards her with hasty speed:  
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,  
That it was one sent from her Loue indeed.  
Who when he nigh approacht, she mote arede  
That it was *Talus*, *Arthegall* his grooms;  
Whereat her heart was filld with hope and drede;  
Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,  
But ran to meet him forth, to knowe his tydings somme.



9

Euen in the dore him meeting, she begun;  
 And where is he thy Lord, and how fare hence?  
 Declare attonce; and hath he lost or wun?  
 Theyron man, albe he wanted fence  
 And forrowes feeling, yet with conscience  
 Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,  
 And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,  
 As if that by his silence he would make  
 Her rather reade his meaning, then him selfe it spake.

10

Till she againe thus sayd; *Talus* be bold,  
 And tell what euer it be, good or bad,  
 That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.  
 To whom he thus at length; The tydings sad,  
 That I would hide, will needs, I see be read.  
 My Lord (your Loue) by hard mishap doth lie  
 In wretched bondage, wofully bestad.  
 Ay me, quoth she, what wicked destiny?  
 And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?

11

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;  
 But by a Tyrannesse, he then replide,  
 That him captiued hath in haplesse woe.  
 Cease thou bad newes-man: badly doest thou hide  
 Thy Masters shame, in harlots bondage tide.  
 The rest my selfe too readily can spell.  
 With that, in rage she turn'd from him aside  
 (Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell)  
 And to her chamber went like solitary Cell.

12

There she began to make her monefull plaint  
 Againt her Knight, for being so vntrew;  
 And him to touch with fallhoods fowle attainet,  
 That all his other honor ouertrew.  
 Oft did she blame her selfe, and often rew,  
 For yeelding to a strangers loue so light,  
 Whose life and manners strange she neuer knew;  
 And euermore she did him sharply twight  
 For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plight.

13

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast,  
 How to reuenge that blot of honour brent;  
 To fight with him, and goodly die her last:  
 And then againe she did her selfe torment,  
 In sticking on her selfe his punishment.  
 A while she walkt, and chaunt; a while she threw  
 Her selfe vppon her bed, and did lament:  
 Yet did she not lament with loud alew,  
 As women wont, but with deepe sighes, and singults few.

14

Like as a wayward childe, whose founder sleepe  
 Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,  
 With froward will doth set himselfe to weepe;  
 Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,  
 But kicks, and squalls, and shriekes for fell despight:  
 Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing;  
 Now seeking darknesse, and now seeking light;  
 Then crauing sucke, and then the sucke refusing;  
 Such was this Ladies fit, in her Loues fond accusing.

15

But when she had with such vnquiet fits  
 Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,  
 Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,  
 She vnto *Talus* forth return'd againe,  
 By change of place seeking to ease her paine;  
 And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,  
 The certaine cause of *Airbegalls* detainie:  
 And what he did, and in what state he stood,  
 And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

16

Ah weal-away! sayd then the iron man,  
 That he is not the while in state to woo;  
 But lies in wretched thraldome, weak and wan,  
 Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,  
 But his owne doome, that none can now vndo.  
 Sayd I not then, quoth she, ere-while aright,  
 That this is things compact betwixt you two,  
 Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,  
 Since that he was not forc't, nor ouercome in fight?

17

With that, he gan at large to her dilate  
 The whole discourse of his captiuaunce sad,  
 In sort as ye haue heard the same of late.  
 All which, when she with hard endurance had  
 Heard to the end, she was right fore bestad,  
 With fodaine stounds of wrath and grieftattone:  
 Ne would abide, till she had answer made;  
 But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don;  
 And mounting to her steede, bad *Talus* guide her on.

18

So forth she rode vpon her ready way,  
 To seeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide:  
 Sadly she rode, and neuer word did say,  
 Nor good nor bad, ne euer lookt aside,  
 But still right downe, and in her thought did hide  
 The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent  
 To fierce auengement of that womans pride,  
 Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,  
 And to great honour with so fowle reproach had blent.

19

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,  
 Chawing the cud of grieft and inward paine,  
 She chaunc't to meete, toward the euen-tide  
 A Knight, that softly paced on the Plaine,  
 As if him selfe to solace he were faime.  
 Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent  
 To peace, then needlesse trouble to constraime,  
 As well by view of that his vestiment,  
 As by his modest semblant, that no euill ment.

20

He, comming neere, gan gently her salute  
 With courteous words, in the most comely wize;  
 Who though desirous rather to rest mute,  
 Then terms to entertaine of common guize,  
 Yet rather then the kindnesse would despize,  
 She would her selfe displease, so him requite.  
 Then gan the other further to deize  
 Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,  
 And many things demand, to which she answerd light.

21  
For little lust had she to talke of ought,  
Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee ;  
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,  
That gaue none other place. Which when as hee  
By outward signes (as well he might) did see,  
He list no lenger to vse loathfull speech,  
But her besought, to take it well in gree,  
Sith shady damp had dimd the heaueus reach,  
To lodge with him that night, vnles good cause impeach.

22  
The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,  
Was glad to yeeld vnto his good request:  
And with him went without gaine-saying more.  
Not farre away, but little wide by West,  
His dwelling was, to which he him addrest ;  
Where soone arriving they receiued were  
In seemly wise, as them besemed best:  
For, he their Host them goodly well did cheare,  
And talkt of pleasant things, the night away to weare.

23  
Thus passing th' euening well, till time of rest,  
Then *Britomart* vnto a bowre was brought ;  
Where groomes awayted her to haue vndrest.  
But she ne would vn dressed be for ought,  
Ne doffe her armes, though he bet much besought ;  
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgoe  
Those warlike weeds, till the reuenge had wrought  
Of a late wrong vpon a mortall foe ;  
Which she would sure performe, betide her weale or woe.

24  
Which when her Host perceiud, right discontent  
In minde he grew, for feare leass by that art  
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment :  
Yet taking leaue of her, he did depart.  
There all that night remained *Britomart*,  
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieued,  
Not suffering the least twinkling sleepe to start  
Into her eye, which th' heart mote haue relieved ;  
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight reprinted.

25  
Ye guilty eyes, sayd she, the which with guile  
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray  
My life now to, for which a little while  
Ye wil not watch ? false watches, weal-away,  
I wote when ye did watch both night and day  
Vnto your losse : and now needs will ye sleepe ?  
Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,  
Now will ye sleepe ? ah ! wake, and rather weepe,  
To thinke of your nights want, that should ye waking keep.

26  
Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night  
In wayfull plaints, that none was to appease ;  
Now walking soft, now sitting still vp right,  
As sundry change her seemed best to ease.  
Ne lesse did *Talus* suffer sleepe to seaze  
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,  
Lying without her dore in great dis ease ;  
Like to a spaniell wayting carefully  
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

27  
What time the native Bel-man of the night,  
The bird that warn'd *Peter* of his fall,  
First rings his siluer bell t' each sleepey wight,  
That should their minds vp to deuotion call,  
She heard a wondrous noyse below the hall.  
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,  
By a false trap was let adowne to fall  
Into a lower roome, and by and by  
The lost was rayfd againe, that no man could it spie.

28  
With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,  
Perceiuing well the treason, which was ment :  
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,  
But kept her place with courage confident,  
Wayting what would ensue of that event.  
It was not long, before she heard the sound  
Of armed men, comming with close intent  
Towards her chamber ; at which dreadful sound  
She quickly caught her sword, & shield about her bound.

29  
With that, there came vnto her chamber dore  
Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight ;  
And after them full many other more,  
A rascall rout, with weapons rudely dight.  
Whom soone as *Talus* spide by glimse of night,  
He started vp, there where on ground he lay,  
And in his hand his tresher ready keight.  
They, seeing that, let drie at him streight way,  
And round about him preace in riotous array.

30  
But soone as he began to lay about  
With his rude iron flail, they gan to fly,  
Both armed Knights, and eke vnarmed rout :  
Yet *Talus* after them apace did ply,  
Where-euer in the darke he could them spy ;  
That here and there like scattered sheep they lay.  
Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,  
He to her tolde the story of that fray,  
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

31  
Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning  
To be anenged for so fowle a deede,  
Yet being forc't t' abide the dayes returning,  
She there remain'd, but with right wary heed,  
Least any more such practice should proceed.  
Now mote ye knowe (that which to *Britomart*  
Vnknown was) whence all this did proceed:  
And for what cause so great mischieuous smart  
Was meant to her, that neuer euill meant in heart.

32  
The goodman of this house was *Dolou* hight,  
A man of substill wit and wicked minde,  
That whilome in his youth had been a knight,  
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,  
And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde  
Of life : for, he was nothing valorous,  
But with flie shifts and wiles did vnderminde  
All noble knights, which were aduenturous,  
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

33  
 He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,  
 Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,  
 Of all that on this earthly compass wonnes:  
 The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile  
 By *Arthegall*, through his owne guilty wile;  
 His name was *Guizor*: whose vntimely fate  
 For to auenge, full many treasons vile  
 His father *Dolon* had deuiz'd of, late  
 With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cancred hate.

34  
 For sure he weend, that this his present guest  
 Was *Arthegall*, by many tokens plaine;  
 But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,  
 Which still was wont with *Arthegall* remaine;  
 And therefore meant him surely to haue slaine.  
 But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,  
 She was preferred from that traytrous traine.  
 Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,  
 Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eye-lids to oppresse.

35  
 The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre  
 Discouered had the light to liuing eye,  
 She forth isslew'd out of her loathed bowre,  
 With full intent r'auenge that villanic,  
 On that vile man, and all his family.  
 And comming downe to seeke them, where they wond,  
 Nor fire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie:  
 Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond:  
 They all were fled for feare; but whether, neither kond.

36  
 She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,  
 But tooke her steed; and thereon mounting light,  
 Gan her addresse vnto her former way.  
 She had not rid the mountenance of a sight,  
 Ent that she sawe, there pretent in her sight,  
 Those two false brethren, on that perilous Bridge,  
 On which *Pollente* with *Arthegall* did fight.  
 Streight was the passage like a ploughed ridge,  
 That if two met, the one mote needs fall over the ledge.

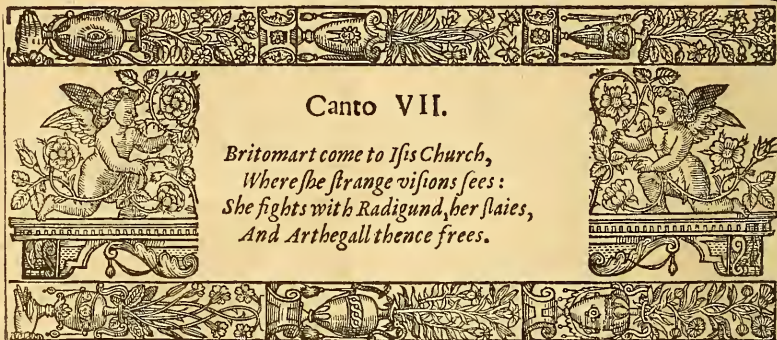
37  
 There they did thinke them selues on her to wreake:  
 Who as she nigh vnto them drewe, the one  
 These vile reproches gan vnto her speake;  
 Thou recreant false traytour, that with lone  
 Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none,  
 No more shall now the darknesse of the night  
 Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone;  
 But with thy blood thou shalt appeale the spright  
 Of *Guizor*, by thee slaine, and murdered by thy flight.

38  
 Strange were the words in *Britomartis* eare;  
 Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,  
 Till to the perillous bridge she came: and there  
*Talus* desir'd, that he might haue prepared  
 The way to her, and those two loiels scared.  
 But she thereat was wroth, that for despite  
 The glauncing sparkles through her beuer glared,  
 And from her eyes did flash out fiery light,  
 Like coales, that through a siluer Censer sparkle bright.

39  
 She stayd not to aduize which way to take;  
 But putting spurres vnto her fiery beast,  
 Thorough the midd of them she way did make.  
 The one of them, which most her wrath increast,  
 Vpon her speare she bore before her breast,  
 Til to the Bridges farther end she past;  
 Where falling downe, his challenge he releast:  
 The other ouer side the Bridge she cast  
 Into the Riuer, where he drunk his deadly last.

40  
 As when the flashing Leuin haps to light  
 Vpon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,  
 That way betwixt them none appears in sight;  
 The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare  
 Th'one from the earth, and through the aire doth beare;  
 The other it with force doth ouerthrowe,  
 Vpon one side, and from his rootes doth reare:  
 So did the Championesse those two there strowe,  
 And to their fire their carcasses left to bestowe.





## Canto VII.

*Britomart come to Isis Church,  
Where she strange visions sees:  
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,  
And Arthegall thence frees.*

**I**  
Ought is on earth more sacred or diuine,  
That gods and men doe equally adore,  
The this same vertue, that doth right define:  
For th' heu'ens theſelues, whēc mortal mē implor  
Right in their wrogs, are rul'd by righteous lore  
Of higheſt love, who doth true iuſtice deale  
To his inferior gods, and euermore  
Therewith contains his heavenly Common-weale:  
The ſkill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reueale.

**2**  
Well therefore did the antique world inuent,  
That Iuſtice was a god of ſoueraigne grace,  
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,  
And heavenly honors in the higheſt place;  
Calling him great *Oſyris*, of the race  
Of th' old *Ægyptian* Kings, that whilome were;  
With fayned colours shading a true caſe:  
For, that *Oſyris*, whileſt he liued here,  
The iuſteſt man a line, and trueſt did appeare.

**3**  
His wife was *Isis*, whom they likewiſe made  
A goddeſſe of great power and ſoueraignty,  
And in her perſon cunningly did ſhade  
That part of Iuſtice, which is Equity,  
Whereof I haue to treat here preſently.  
Vnto whoſe temple when as *Britomart*  
Arriued, ſhee with great humility  
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;  
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

**4**  
There ſhe receiued was in goodly wiſe  
Of many Priests, which duely did attend  
Vpon the rites and daily ſacrifice,  
All clad in linnen robes with ſiluer hemd;  
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd  
They wore rich Mitres ſhaped like the Moone,  
To ſhew that *Isis* doth the Moone portend:  
Like as *Oſyris* ſignifies the Sunne,  
For that they both like race in equall iuſtice runne.

**5**  
The Championeſſe, them greeting, as ſhe could,  
Was thence by them into the Temple led;  
Whoſe goodly building when ſhe did beholde,  
Borne vpon ſtately Pillors, all diſſpred  
With ſhining golde, and arched ouer-head,  
She wondred at the workmans paſſing ſkill,  
Whoſe like before ſhe neuer ſaw nor red;  
And thereupon long while ſtood gazing ſtill,  
But thought that the thereon could neuer gaze her fill.

**6**  
Thence, forth vnto the Idoll they her brought,  
The which was framed all of ſiluer fine,  
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,  
And clothed all in garments made of line,  
Hemd all about with fringe of ſiluer twine.  
Vpon her head ſhe wore a crowne of gold,  
To ſhewe that ſhe had powre in things diuine;  
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,  
That with her wretched taile her middle did enfold.

**7**  
One foote was ſet vpon the Crocodile,  
And on the ground the other ſaſt did ſtand,  
So meaning to ſuppreſſe both forged guile,  
And open force: and in her other hand  
She ſtretched forth a long white ſlender wand.  
Such was the goddeſſe; whom when *Britomart*  
Had long beheld, her ſelfe vpon the land  
She did proſtrate, and with right humble heart  
Vnto her ſelfe her ſilent prayers did impart.

**8**  
To which, the Idoll as it were inclining,  
Her wand did moue, with amiable looke,  
By outward ſhew her inward ſenſe deſining.  
Who, well perceiuing, how her wand ſhe ſhooke,  
It as a token of good fortune tooke.  
By this, the day with dampe was ouer-caſt,  
And ioyous light the houſe of *Ioue* forſooke:  
Which when ſhe ſawe, her helmet ſhe vnlaç't,  
And by the Altars ſide her ſelfe to ſlumber plac't.

9  
For, other beds the Priests there vsed none,  
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lye,  
And bake their sides vpon the cold hard stone,  
T'enure themselues to sufferance thereby;  
And prond rebellious flesh to mortifie.  
For, by the vow of their religion,  
They tied were to stedfast chastitie,  
And continence of life; that, all forgon,  
They mote the better tend to their deuotion.

10  
Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,  
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,  
Ne drinke of wine: for, wine, they say, is blood;  
Euen the bloud of Giants, which were slaine  
By thundring *Ioue* in the Phleggan Plaine.  
For which the earth (as they the story tell)  
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine  
Had damnd her sonnes, which gainst them did rebell,  
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell.

11  
And of her vitall blond, the which was shed  
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought  
The fruitfull Vine; whose liquor bloody red,  
Hauing the minds of men with fury fraught,  
Mote in them stirre vp old rebellious thought,  
To make new warre against the Gods againe:  
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought  
The fell contagion may thereof restrain;  
Ne, within reasons rule, her madding mood containe.

12  
There, did the war-like Maid her selfe repose,  
Vnder the wings of *Ihs* all that night;  
And with sweet rest her heauy eyes did close,  
After that long daies toile and weary plight.  
Where, whil't her earthly parts with lost delight  
Of senselesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,  
There did appeare vnto her heauenly spright  
A wondrous vision, which did close imply  
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

13  
Her seem'd, as shee was dooing sacrifice  
To *Ihs*, deckt with Mitre on her head,  
And linnen stole, after those Priestes guise,  
All suddainly the saw transfigured  
Her linnen stole to robe of Scarlet red,  
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold;  
That euen she her selfe much wonderd  
At such a change, and ioied to behold  
Her selfe, adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

14  
And in the midst of her felicity,  
An hideous tempest seemed from belowe,  
To rise through all the Temple suddainly,  
That from the Altar all about did blowe  
The holy fire, and all the embers strowe  
Vpon the ground: which, kindled priuily,  
Into outrageous flames vnwares did growe,  
That all the Temple put in iopardy  
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity.

15  
With that, the Crocodile, which sleeping lay  
Vnder the Idols feet in fearelesse bowre,  
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,  
As beeing troubled with that stormy stowre;  
And gaping greedy wide, did straight deuoure  
Both flames and tempest: with which growen great,  
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,  
He gan to threaten her likewise to cate;  
But that the Goddesse with her rod him back did beat.

16  
Tho, turning all his pride to humbleffe mecke,  
Himselfe before her feet he lowely threw,  
And gan for grace and loue of her to seeke:  
Which she accepting, he so neere her drew,  
That of his game shee soone enwombed grew,  
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,  
That shortly did all other beaists subdew.  
With that, she waked, full of fearefull fright,  
And doubtfully dismaid through that so vncouth sight.

17  
So, there-vpon long while she musing lay,  
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,  
Vntill she spide the lampe of lightsome day,  
Vp-listed in the porche of heauen hie.  
Then vp she rose fraught with melancholy,  
And forth into the lower parts did pass;  
Where-as the Priestes she found full busily  
About their holy things for morrow Mafs:  
Whom the saluting faire, faire resaluted was.

18  
But by the change of her vnchearefull looke,  
They might perceine she was not well in plight;  
Or that some pensiuenesse to hart shee tooke.  
Therefore thus one of them (who seem'd in sight  
To be the greatest, and the grauest wight)  
To her bespake; Sir Knight, it seemes to me,  
That thorough euill rest of this last night,  
Or ill apaid, or much dismaid ye be,  
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see.

19  
Certes, said she, sith ye so well haue spide  
The troublous passion of my pensiu mind,  
I will not seeke the same from you to hide,  
But will my cares vnfold, in hope to find  
Your ayde, to guide me out of error blind.  
Say on, quoth he, the secret of your hart:  
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,  
I am adiu'r'd, best counsell to impart  
To all, that shall require my comfort in their smart.

20  
Then gan shee to declare the whole discourse  
Of all that vision which to her appear'd,  
As well as to her minde it had recourse.  
All which when he vnto the end had heard,  
Like to a weake faint-harted man he fared,  
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;  
And with long locks vp-standing, stiffly starcd,  
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright:  
So, filld with heauenly fury, thus he her behight.

21

Magnifick Virgin, that in queint disguise  
Of British armes doost maske thy royall blood,  
So to pursue a perillous enprize,  
How could'st thou weene, through that disguised hood,  
To hide thy state from being vnderstood?  
Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?  
They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood;  
They doe thy Sire, lamenting sore for thee;  
They doe thy Loue, forlorne in womens thraldom see.

22

The end whereof, and all the long euent,  
They doe to thee in this same dreame discover.  
For, that same Crocodile doth represent  
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull Louer,  
Like to *Osyris* in all iust enduer.  
For, that same Crocodile *Osyris* is,  
That vnder *Iphis* sect doth sleepe for euer:  
To shew that clemence oft, in things amiss,  
Restraines those sterne behests, & cruell doomes of his.

23

That Knight shall all the troublous stormes asswage,  
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare,  
To hinder thee from the iust heritage  
Of thy Sires Crowne, and from thy Country deare.  
Then shalt thou take him to thy loued fere,  
And ioyne in equall portion of thy Realme:  
And afterwards, a sonne to him shalt beare,  
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreme.  
So blesse thee God, and giue thee ioyance of thy dreame.

24

All which when she vnto the end had heard,  
She much was eased in her troublous thought,  
And on those Priests bestowed rich reward:  
And royall gifts of gold and and siluer wrought,  
She for a present to their Goddesse brought.  
Then taking leaue of them, she forward went,  
To seeke her Loue, where he was to be fought;  
Ne rested till she came without relent  
Vnto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

25

Whereof when newes to *Radigund* was brought,  
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,  
She was confused in her troublous thought,  
But filld with courage and with ioyous glee,  
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she  
Had long surceast, she bade to open bold,  
That she the face of her new foe might see.  
But when they of that iron man had told,  
Which late her folke had slaine, shee bade the forth to hold.

26

So, there without the gate (as seemed best)  
She caused her Pavilion be pight;  
In which, stout *Eritomart* her selfe did rest,  
Whiles *Talus* watched at the dore all night.  
All night likewise, they of the towne in fright,  
Vpon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.  
The morow next, so soone as dawning light  
Bade do away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,  
The war-like Amazon out of her bowre did peepe;

27

And caused straight a Trumpet loud to shrill,  
To warne her foe to battell soone be preit:  
Who long before awoke (for the full ill  
Could sleepe all night, that in vnquiet breast  
Did closely harbour such a iealous guest)  
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.  
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest  
Did forth issue, all ready for the fight:  
On th'other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

28

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone  
Began the straight conditions to propound,  
With which she vsed still to tye her fone;  
To serue her so, as she the rest had bound.  
Which when the other heard, she sternely frowned  
For high disdain of such indignity,  
And would no longer treat, but bade them found.  
For, her no other tearmes should euer tie  
Then what prescribed were by lawes of Cheualrie.

29

The Trumpets sound, and they together run  
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smote;  
Ne either fought the others strokes to shun,  
But through great furie both their skill forgot,  
And practicke vsed in armes: ne spared not  
Their daury parts, which Nature had created  
So faire and tender, without staine or spot,  
For other vses then they them translated;  
Which they now hackt & hew'd, as if such vses they hated.

30

As when a Tigre and a Lionesse  
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,  
Both challenge it with equal greedinesse:  
But first the Tigre claws thereon did lay;  
And therefore loth to loose her right away,  
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stand:  
To which the Lion strongly doth gaine-say,  
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hand;  
And therefore ought it haue, where euer she it fond.

31

Full fiercely layd the Amazon about,  
And dealt her blowes vnmercifully fore:  
Which *Eritomart* withstood with courage stout,  
And them repaid againe with double more.  
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore  
Was filld with blood, which from their sides did flowe,  
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore  
They trode, and on the ground their liues did strowe,  
Like fruitlesse seed, of which vntimely death should growe.

32

At last, proud *Radigund* with fell despight,  
Hauing by chance espide advantage neare,  
Let driue at her with all her dreadfull might,  
And thus vpbaying, said; This token beare  
Vnto the man whom thou doost loue so deare;  
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gapest.  
Which spightfull words she, sore enigneu'd to heare,  
Thus answer'd; Lewdly thou my Loue deprauest,  
Who shortly must repent that now so vainly brauest.

33  
Nath'lesse, that stroke fo cruell passage found,  
That glauncing on her shoulder plate, it bit  
Vnto the bone, and made a grieuof wound,  
That she her shield through raging smart of it  
Could scarce vphold; yet soone she it requit.  
For, hauing force increast through furious paine,  
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,  
That it empierced to the very braine,  
And her proud person lowe prostrated on the Plaine.

34  
Where beeing layd, the wrathfull Brittonesse  
Stayd not till she came to her selfe againe,  
But in reuenge both of her Loues distresse,  
And her late vile reproche, though vaunted vaine,  
And also of her wound, which sore did paine,  
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.  
Which dreadful sight, when all her war-like traine  
There present saw, each one (of sense bereft)  
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole Victor left.

35  
But yet, so fast they could not home retrate,  
But that swift *Talus* did the formost win;  
And pressing through the preace vnto the gate,  
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.  
There then a pittious slaughter did begin:  
For, all that euer came within his reach,  
He with his iron flaike did thresh so thin,  
That he no worke at all left for the Leach:  
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

36  
And now by this, the noble Conquereffe  
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;  
VWhere though reuengefull vow she did professe,  
Yet when she saw the heapes which he did make,  
Of slaughterd carcasses, her hart did quake  
For very ruth, which did it almost riae,  
That she his fury willed him to flake:  
For, else he sure had left not one aloue,  
But all in his reuenge of spirit would deprue.

37  
Tho, when she had his execution staid,  
She for that iron prison did enquire,  
In which her wretched Loue was captiue layd:  
Which breaking open with indignant ire,  
She entered in to all the parts entire.  
VWhere when she saw that lothly vnouth sight,  
Of men disguiz'd in womanish attire,  
Her hart gan grudge, for very deepe despight  
Of vnmanly maske, in misery midight.

38  
At last, when-as to her owne Loue she came,  
Whom like disguize no lesse deformed had,  
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame,  
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,  
To haue beheld a spectacle so sad:  
And then too well belieu'd, that which to-fore  
Icalous suspect as true vntreuly drad.  
Which vaine conceit now nourishing no more,  
She sought with ruth to salue his sad misfortunes fore.

39  
Not so great wonder and astonishment,  
Did the most chaste *Penelopé* possesse,  
To see her Lord, that was reported dreffe,  
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,  
Come home to her in pittious wretchednesse,  
After long trauell of full twenty yeares,  
That she knew nor his fauours likelinesse,  
For many feares, and many hoary haire:  
But stood long staring on him, mongst vnertaine feares.

40  
Ah! my deare Lord, what sight is this, quoth she,  
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?  
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be  
Those mighty palmes, the which ye went t'embrew  
In bloud of Kings, and great hoasts to subdew?  
Could ought on earth so wondrous change haue  
As to haue robd you of that manly hew?  
Could so great courage stooped haue to ought?  
Then farewell fleshy force; I see thy pride is nought.

41  
Thence, forth she straight into a bowre him brought,  
And caus'd him thole vncomely weedes vndight;  
And in their steede for other rayment sought,  
Whereof there was great store, and armours bright,  
Which had been rect from many a noble Knight;  
Whom that prond Amazon subdew'd had,  
Whilst Fortune fauour'd her successe in fight:  
In which when-as she him anew had clad,  
She was reuiu'd, and ioi'd much in his semblance glad.

42  
So, there awhile they afterwards remained,  
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:  
During which space she there as Princesse raigned,  
And changing all that forme of common weale,  
The liberty of women did repeale,  
Which they had long vsurpt; and then restoring  
To mens subiection, did true iustice deale:  
That all they, as a Goddesse her adoring,  
Her wisdomed did admire, and barkned to her loring.

43  
For, all those Knights, which long in captiue shade  
Had shadowed been, she did from thraldome free:  
And Magistrates of all that Citie made,  
And gaue to them great liuing and large fee:  
And that they should for cuer faithfull bee,  
Made them swaere fealty to *Arbegall*.  
Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,  
He purpos'd to proceed, what-so befall,  
Vpon his first adventure, which him forth did call.

44  
Full sad and sorrowfull was *Britomart*  
For his departure, her new cause of grieffe;  
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,  
Seeing his honour, which she rendred chiefe,  
Consisted much in that adventures chiefe.  
The care whereof, and hope of his successe  
Gave vnto her great comfort and relieffe,  
That womanish complaints she did repress,  
And tempred for the time her present heauinesse.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,  
Till through his want her woe did more increase:  
Then hoping that the change of ayre and place  
Would change her paine, and sorrow some-what ease,

She parted thence, her anguish to appease.  
Meane-while, her noble Lord *Sir Arthegall*  
Went on his way, ne euer howe did ceate,  
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:  
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.



## Canto VIII.

*Prince Arthur, and Sir Arthegall,  
free Samient from feare:  
They slay the Souldan, driue his wife  
Adicia to despaire.*



**N**ought vnder heauen so strongly doth allure  
The sence of man, & all his mind possesse,  
As beauties louely bait, that doth procure  
Great warriors oft their rigour to repressse,  
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;  
Drawne with the powre of an hart-robbing  
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse, (eye,  
That can with melting pleasure mollifie  
Their hardned harts, enur'd to blood and cruelty.

So whylome learn'd that mighty Iewish swaine,  
Each of whose locks did match a man in might,  
T'c lay his spoiles before his Lemans trainc:  
So also did that great Octean Knight  
For his Loues sake his Lions skin vndight:  
And so did war-like *Antony* neglect  
The worlds whole rule, for *Cleopatras* fight.  
Such wondrous powre hath womens faire aspect,  
To captiue men, and make them all the world reiect.

Yet could it not sterne *Arthegall* retainc,  
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,  
Which he had vnderstane to *Gloriane*;  
But left his Louc (albe her strong request)  
Faire *Eritomart*, in languor and vnrest,  
And rode him selfe vpon his first intent:  
Ne day nor night did euer idly rest;  
Ne wight but onely *Talus* with him went,  
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

So traouelling, he chaunc't faire off to heed  
A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast  
Before two Knights, that after her did speed  
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chac't,

In hope to haue her overhent at last:  
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre out-went,  
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle agast,  
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent;  
And euer as she rode, her eye was backward bent.

Soone after these, he saw another Knight,  
That after those two former rode apace,  
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:  
So ran they all, as they had been at bace,  
They being chased, that did others chase.  
At length, he saw the hindmost overtake  
One of those two, and force him turne his face;  
How euer loth he were his way to slake,  
Yet mote he algates now abide, and answer make.

But th'other still pursewd the fearefull Maid;  
Who still from him as fast away did flie,  
Ne once for ought her speedy passage staid,  
Till that at length she did before her spy  
*Sir Arthegall*, to whom she straight did hie  
With gladfull haste, in hope of him to get  
Succour against her greedy enemy:  
Who, seeing her approche, gan forward set  
To saue her from her feare, and him from force to let.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,  
Becing impatient of impediment,  
Continu'd still his course, and by the way  
Thought with his speare him quite haue over-went.  
So, both together ylike felly bent,  
Like fiercely mer. But *Arthegall* was stronger,  
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,  
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer  
The two spears length; so muchiefc overmatcht the wron



8

And in his fall, misfortune him mistooke;  
 For, on his head vnhappily he pight,  
 That his owne weight, his neck asunder broke,  
 And left there dead. Meane while, the other Knight  
 Defeated had the other faytour quight,  
 And all his bowels in his body braist:  
 Whom leauing there in that despituous plight,  
 He ran still on, thinking to follow fast  
 His other fellow Pagan, which before him past.

9

In stead of whom, finding there ready prest  
 Sir *Arthegall*, without discretion  
 He at him ran, with ready speare in rest:  
 Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,  
 Against him made againe. So both anon  
 Together met, and strongly eicher strooke  
 And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon  
 His horses back, yet to & fro long shooke, (quooke.)  
 And tottred like two towres, which through a tempest

10

But when againe they had recouered sense,  
 They drew their swords, in mind to make amends  
 For what their speares had fayld of their pretence.  
 Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends  
 Of both her foes had seene, and now her friends  
 For her beginning a more fearefull fray;  
 She to them runnes in haste, and her haire rends,  
 Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,  
 Vntill they both doe heare, what she to them will say.

11

They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to speake;  
 Ah! gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwise  
 Vpon your selues anothers wrong to wreake?  
 I am the wrongd, whom ye did enterprise  
 Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:  
 Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see  
 There dead on ground. What doe ye then deuise  
 Of more reuenge? if more, then I am shee,  
 Which was the roote of all: end your reuenge on mee.

12

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,  
 To weet if it were true as he had told;  
 Where, when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,  
 Estfoones they gan their wrathfull hands to hold,  
 And Ventales reare, each other to behold.  
 Tho, when as *Arthegall* did *Arthur* view,  
 So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,  
 He much admired both his hart and hew,  
 And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew;

13

Saying, sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,  
 That all vnweeting haue you wrongd thus fore;  
 Suffring my hand against my hart to stray:  
 Which if ye please forgie, I will therefore  
 Yield for amends my selfe yours euermore,  
 Or what-so penance shall by you be red.  
 To whom the Prince; Certes, me needeth more  
 To craue the same, whom error so misled,  
 As that I did mistake the liuing for the dead.

14

But sith ye please, that both our blames shall die,  
 Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,  
 Sith neither is endamag'd much thereby.  
 So can they both themselues full eath perswade  
 To faire accordance, and both faults to shade,  
 Either embracing other loningly,  
 And swearing faith to eicher on his blade,  
 Neuer thence-forth to nourish enmity,  
 But eicher others cause to maintaine mutually.

15

Then *Arthegall* gan of the Prince enquire,  
 What were those Knights which there on ground were  
 And had receiu'd their follies worthy hire, (layd,  
 And for what cause they chased fo that Maid.  
 Certes, I wote not well, the Prince then said;  
 But by adventure found them faring so,  
 As by the way vnweetingly I strayd:  
 And lo, the Damzell selfe, whence all did growe,  
 Of whom we may at will the whole occasion knowe.

16

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,  
 And asked her, what were those two her sone,  
 From whom she earst so fast away did flie;  
 And what was she her selfe so woe begone,  
 And for what cause pursu'd of them attonc.  
 To whom she thus; Then wote ye well, that I  
 Doeferne a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,  
 A Princeesse of great powre and maiestic,  
 Famous through all the world, and honour'd far and nie.

17

Her name *Mercilla* most men vse to call;  
 That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,  
 For her great bounty knowne ouer all,  
 And foueraine grace, with which her royall Crowne  
 She doth support, and strongly beatech downe  
 The malice of her foes, which her enuay,  
 And at her happinesse doe fret and frowne:  
 Yet she her selfe the more doth magnifie,  
 And euen to her foes her mercies multiply.

18

Mongst many which maligne her happy state,  
 There is a mighty man, which womnes hereby,  
 That with most fell despight and deadly hate,  
 Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity;  
 And all his powre doth there-vnto apply:  
 And her good Knights (of which so braue a band  
 Serues her, as any Princeesse vnder sky)  
 He eicher spoiles, if they against him stand,  
 Or to his part allures, and bribeth vnder hand.

19

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill  
 Which he vnto her people does each day,  
 But that he seekes by traytous traines to spill  
 Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:  
 That ô yee heauens defend, and turne away  
 From her, vnto the miscreant himselfe,  
 That neither hath religion nor fay,  
 But makes his God of his vngodly pelfe,  
 And Idols serues; so let his Idols serue the Elfe.

20  
To all which cruell tyranny, they say,  
He is pronok't, and stir'd vp day and night  
By his bad wife, that hight *Adicia*,  
Who counfels him (through confidence of might)  
To breake all bonds of law, and rules of right.  
For, she her selfe professeth mortall foe  
To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,  
Working to all that loue her, deadly woe,  
And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

21  
Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best,  
With that his wife in friendly wife to deale,  
For stint of strife, and stablishment of rest  
Both to her selfe, and to her Common-weale,  
And all fore-past displeasures to repeale.  
So me in message vnto her she sent,  
To treat with her by way of enterdeale,  
Of final peace and faire attonement,  
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

22  
All times haue wont safe passage to afford  
To messengers, that come for causes iust:  
But this proud Dame, disdayning all accord,  
Not onely into bitter tearmes forth brust,  
Reuiling me, and rayling as the lust;  
But lastly, to make prooue of vtmost shame,  
Me like a dogge she out of doores did thrust,  
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,  
That neuer did her ill, ne once deserued blame.

23  
And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,  
When I was gone, soone after me she sent  
These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,  
To be by them dishonoured and shent:  
But thank be God, and your good hardiment,  
They haue the price of their owne folly payd.  
So said this Damzell, that hight *Samient*;  
And to those knights, for their so noble ayd,  
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, & heaped thanks repaid.

24  
But they, now hauing throughly heard and scene  
All those great wrongs, the which that maid complained  
To haue been done against her Lady Queene,  
By that proud Dame, which her so much disdaind,  
Were moned much therat, and twixt them fained,  
With all their force to worke auengement strong  
Vpon the Souldan selfe, which it maintained;  
And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,  
And vpon all those Knights that did to her belong.

25  
But, thinking best by counterfet disguise  
To their desaigne to make the easier way,  
They did this complot twixt themselves deuise;  
First, that sir *Arthegall* should him array,  
Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay.  
And then that Damzell, the sad *Samient*,  
Should as his purchast prize with him conuay  
Vnto the Souldans Court, her to present  
Vnto his scornfull Lady, that for her had sent.

26  
So, as they had deuiz'd, sir *Arthegall*  
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan Knight,  
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,  
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right.  
Where, soone as his proud wife of her had sight  
(Fort of her window as she looking lay)  
Shee weened straight it was her Paynim Knight,  
Which brought that Damzell, as his purchast pray;  
And sent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

27  
Who, bringing them to their appointed place,  
Offerd his seruice to disarm the Knight;  
But he, refusing him to let vnlace,  
For doubt to be discouered by his sight,  
Kept himselfe still in his strange armour dight.  
Soone after whom, the Prince arriued there;  
And sending to the Souldan in despight  
A bold defiance, did of him require  
That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull prisoner.

28  
Where-with, the Souldan all with furie fraught,  
Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,  
Commanded straight his armour to be brought;  
And mounting straight vpon a Charet hie,  
With iron wheelles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,  
And drawne of cruell steedes, which he had fed  
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyrannie  
He slaughtred had, and ere they weré halfe dead,  
Their bodies to his beasts for provender did spread.

29  
So, forth hee came all in a coate of plate,  
Burnisht with bloody rust; whiles on the Greene  
The Briton Prince him ready did await,  
In glistering armes right goodly well besene,  
That shone as bright, as doth the heauen shene;  
And by his stirrup *Talus* did attend,  
Playing his Pages part, as he had bene  
Before directed by his Lord; to th' end  
He should his faile to final execution bend.

30  
Thus goe they both together to their geare,  
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:  
For, the proud Souldan with presumptuous cheare,  
And countenance sublime and insolent,  
Sought onely slaughter and auengement:  
But the braue Prince for honour and for right,  
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,  
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:  
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

31  
Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they say  
Vnto his horses gaue his guests for meat,  
Till he himselfe was made their greedy pray,  
And torne in peeces by *Aleides* great.  
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,  
Either the Prince in peeces to haue torne  
With his sharpe wheelles, in his first rages heat,  
Or vnder his fierce horses feet haue borne  
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdaind

But the bold child that perill well espying,  
 If he too rashly to his Charet drew,  
 Gaue way vnto his horses speedy flying,  
 And their resistlesse rigour did eschew.  
 Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw  
 A shiuering dart with so impetuous force,  
 That had he not it shund with heedfull view,  
 It had him selfe transfixed, or his horse,  
 Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

Of drew the Prince vnto his Charet nigh,  
 In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare;  
 But he was mounted in his seat so high,  
 And his wing-footed courfers him did beare  
 So fast away, that ere his ready speare  
 He could aduance, he fare was gone and past.  
 Yet still he him did follow euery where,  
 And followed was of him likewise full fast;  
 So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

Againe, the Pagan threw another dart,  
 Of which he had with him abundant store,  
 On euery side of his embatteld cart,  
 And of all other weapons lesse or more,  
 Which warlike vses had deniz'd of yore.  
 The wicked shaft guided through th'ayrie wide,  
 By some bad spirit, that it to mischief bore,  
 Stayd not, till through his curat it did glide,  
 And made a grieufully wound in his enriuen side.

Much was he grieued with that haplesse throe,  
 That opened had the well-spring of his blood;  
 But much the more that to his hatefull foe  
 He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood.  
 That made him raue, like to a Lyon wood,  
 Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand  
 Can not come neere him in the couert wood,  
 Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,  
 And fenc't himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

Still when he sought t'approch vnto him nie,  
 His Charet wheelces about him whirled round,  
 And made him backe againe as fast to flie;  
 And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound,  
 That hunting after game hath carrion found,  
 So cruelly did him purfew and chace,  
 That his good steed, all were he much renownd  
 For noble courage, and for hardy race,  
 Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to place.

Thus, long they trac't, and trauester to and fro,  
 Seeking by euery way to make some breach:  
 Yet could the Prince not nigh vnto him goe,  
 That one sure stroke he might vnto him reach,  
 Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach.  
 At last, from his victorious shield he drew  
 The veile, which did his powerfull light empeach;  
 And comming full before his horses view,  
 As they vpon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

Like lightening flash, that hath the gazer burned,  
 So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,  
 That backe againe vpon themselves they turned,  
 And with their rider ranne perforce away:  
 Ne could the Souldane them from flying stay,  
 With raines, or wonted lore, as well he knew.  
 Nought feared they, what he could doe or say,  
 But th'onely feare that was before their view;  
 From which, like mazed Deere, dismayfully they flew.

Fast did they flie, as them their feet could beare,  
 High over hilles, and lowly over dales,  
 As they were follow'd of their former feare.  
 In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweates, and rales,  
 And back with both his hands vnto him hailes  
 The resty raines, regarded now no more:  
 He to them calles and speakes, yet nought auails;  
 They heare him not, they haue forgot his lore,  
 But go which way they list, their guide they haue forlore.

As when the fiery-mouthed steedes, which drew  
 The Sunnes bright waine to *Phaëtons* decay,  
 Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion view,  
 With vgly cruples crawling in their way,  
 The dreadful sight did them so fore affray,  
 That their well known cources they forwent;  
 And leading th'euer-burning lampe astray,  
 Th'is lower world nigh all to ashes Brent,  
 And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,  
 Soone as the Infants sun-like shield they saw,  
 That all obedience both to words and deeds  
 They quite forgot, and scord all former law;  
 Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did  
 The iron Charet, and the wheelces did tear, (draw  
 And tost the Paynim, without feare or awe;  
 From side to side they tost him here and there,  
 Crying to them in vaine, that n'ould his crying heare.

Yet still the Prince purfew'd him close behind,  
 Oft making offer him to smite, but found  
 No easie meanes according to his mind.  
 At last, they haue all over-throwne to ground  
 Quite topside turuey, and the Pagan hound  
 Amongst the iron hookes and grapples keene,  
 Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;  
 That no whole pecece of him was to be seene,  
 But scatted all about, and strow'd vpon the Greene.

Like as the cursed sonne of *Thefus*,  
 That following his chace in deawy morne,  
 To flie his stepdames loue outrageous,  
 Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,  
 And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;  
 That for his sake *Diana* did lament,  
 And all the woody Nymphs did waile & mourne:  
 So was this Souldan rapt and ill to rent,  
 That of his shape appear'd no little moniment.

44  
 Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,  
 Though nothing whole, but all to brus'd and broken,  
 He vp did take, and with him brought away,  
 That mote remaine for an eternall token  
 To all, mongst whom this story should be spoken,  
 How worthily, by heauens high decree,  
 Iustice that day of wrong her selfe had wroken;  
 That all men which that spectacle did see,  
 By like ensample mote for euer warned bee.

45  
 So, on a tree before the Tyrants dore,  
 He caused them be hung in all mens sight;  
 To be a monument for euermore.  
 Which when his Lady from the Castles height  
 Beheld, it much appall'd her troubled sight:  
 Yet not, as women wont in dolefull fit,  
 She was dismayd, or fainted through affright;  
 But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,  
 And gan estfoones deuise to be aveng'd for it.

46  
 Straight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow,  
 That is berobbed of her youngling dere,  
 With knife in hand, and fatally did vow,  
 To wreake her on that mayden messenger,  
 Whom she had caus'd be kept as prisonere  
 By *Arthegall*, misween'd for her owne Knight,  
 That brought her back. And comming present there,  
 She at her ran with all her force and might,  
 All flaming with reuenge and furious despight:

47  
 Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand  
 She threw her husbands murthered infant out;  
 Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchicke* strand  
 Her brothers bones she scattered all about;  
 Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout  
 Of *Bacchus* Priests her owne deare flesh did teare.  
 Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* stout,  
 Nor all the *Mænads* so furious were,  
 As this bold woman, when she saw that Damzell there.

48  
 But *Arthegall*, beeing thereof aware,  
 Did stay her cruell hand, ere she her raught,  
 And as she did her selfe to strike prepare,  
 Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:  
 With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,  
 She forth did come, whither her rage her bore,  
 With frantick passion, and with furie fraught;  
 And breaking forth out at a posterne dore,  
 Vnto the wilde wood ran, her dolours to deplore:

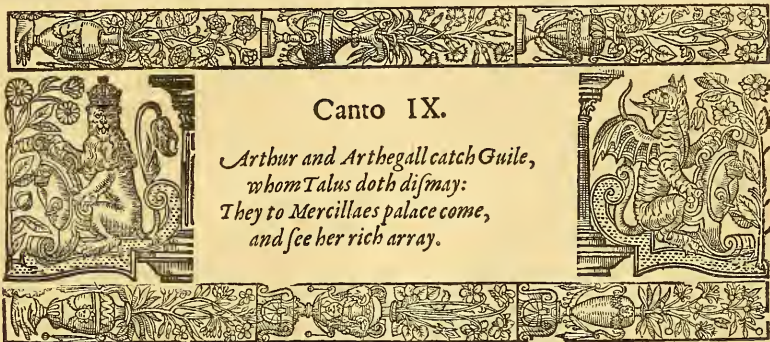
49  
 As a bad bitch, when as the frantick fit  
 Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,  
 Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit  
 Snatching at every thing, doth wreake her wrath  
 On man and beast that commeth in her path.  
 There they doe say, that she transformed was  
 Into a Tigre, and that Tigres seath  
 In crueltie and outrage she did pass,  
 To proue her surname true, that she imposed has.

50  
 Then *Arthegall*, himselfe discouering plaine,  
 Did issue forth gainst all that war-like rout  
 Of Knights and armed men, which did maintaine  
 That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:  
 All which he did assault with courage stout,  
 All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,  
 And like wilde Goates them chased all about,  
 Flying from place to place with coward shame,  
 So that with final force them all he ouercame.

51  
 Then caused he the gates be opened wide;  
 And there the Prince, as Victor of that day,  
 With triumph entertain'd and glorifide,  
 Presenting him with all the rich array,  
 And royall pompe, which there long hidden lay,  
 Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong  
 Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay.  
 So, both, for rest there hauing staid not long,  
 Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another long.

Canto





## Canto IX.

*Arthur and Arthegall catch Guile,  
whom Talus doth dismay:  
They to Mercillaes palace come,  
and see her rich array.*

**W**Hat Tigre, or what other saluage wight  
Is so exceeding furious and fell, (might ?  
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe vwith  
Not fit mongst men, that do with reason mell,  
But mongst wilde beasts and saluage woods to dwell;  
Where full the stronger doth the weake deuoure,  
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell,  
Are dradded most, and feared for their powre :  
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre.

There let her wonne farre from resort of men,  
Where righteous *Arthegall* her late exiled ;  
There let her euer keep her damned den,  
Where none may be with her lewd parts defiled,  
Nor none but beasts may be of her depoyled :  
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late  
We did him leaue, after that he had foyled  
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate  
Had vtterly subverted his vnrighteous state.

Where, hauing with Sir *Arthegall* a space  
Well solac't in that Souldans late delight,  
They both resolving now to leaue the place,  
Both it and all the wealth therein behight  
Vnto that Damzell in her Ladies right,  
And so would haue departed on their way.  
But see them woo'd by all the meanes she might,  
And earnestly besought, to wend that day  
With her, to see her Lady thence not farre away.

By whose entreatie both they, overcomen,  
Agree to goe with her, and by the way  
(As often fall'es) of sundry things did commen.  
Mongst which, that Damzell did to them bewray  
A strange aduenture, which not farre thence lay ;  
To wect, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,  
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,  
That robbed all the Country there about, (out.  
And brought the pillage home, whence none could gett

There to, both his owne wilie wit, she said,  
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,  
Both vnassailable, gaue him great ayde :  
For he so crafty was to forge and face,  
So light of hand, and nimble of his pace,  
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,  
That could deceiue one looking in his face ;  
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,  
Well knownen by his feates, and famous ouer all.

Through these his slights he many doth confound,  
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,  
Is wondrous strong, and hewen farre vnder ground  
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell ;  
But some doe say, it goeth downe to hell.  
And all within, it full of windings is,  
And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell  
Can follow out those false foot-steps of his,  
Ne none can back returne, that once are gone amis.

Which when those knights had heard, their harts gan  
To vnderstand that villaines dwelling place, (yearne,  
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,  
And by which way they towards it should trace.  
Were not, said she, that it should let your pace  
Towards my Ladies presence by you meant,  
I would you guide directly to the place.  
Then let not that, said they, stay your intent.  
For, neither will one foot, till we that Carle haue hent.

So, forth they past, till they approached nie  
Vnto the rock where was the villaines won.  
Which when the Damzell nere at hand did spy,  
She warn'd the Knights thereof : who there-vpon  
Gan to aduize, what best were to be done.  
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,  
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,  
Wayling, and rayfing pittifull vprore,  
As if she did some great calamitic deplore.

9  
 With noyse whereof, when as the caytiue Carle  
 Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,  
 They in await would closely him enstarle,  
 Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,  
 And so would hope him easily to foile.  
 The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,  
 Vnto the rock; and there, vpon the soile  
 Hauing her selfe in wretched wife abiected,  
 Gan wepe and waile, as if great griefe had her affected.

10  
 The cry whereof, entring the hollow Caue,  
 Effsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,  
 With hope of her some wishfull boot to haue.  
 Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went  
 Vpon the earth, with hollow eyes deepepent,  
 And long curld locks, that downe his shoulders shag-  
 And on his backe an vnouth vestiment (ged,  
 Made of strange stuffe, but all to worne and ragged;  
 And vnderneath, his breech was all to torne and iagged.

11  
 And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,  
 Whose top was arm'd with many an iron hooke,  
 Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,  
 Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;  
 And euer round about he cast his looke.  
 Als at his backe a great wide net he bore,  
 With which he feldome fished at the brooke,  
 But vs'd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,  
 Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

12  
 Him when the Damzell saw fast by her side,  
 So vgly creature, she was nigh dismayd;  
 And now for helpe aloud in earnest cried.  
 But when the villaine saw her so affraid,  
 He gan with guilefull words her to perswade  
 To banish feare: and with *Sardonian* smile  
 Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,  
 Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguile,  
 That from her selfe vnwares he might her steale the while.

13  
 Like as the Fowler on his guilefull pipe  
 Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,  
 That they the whiles may take lesse heedy keepe,  
 How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:  
 So did the villaine to her prate and play,  
 And many pleasant tricks before her shewe,  
 To turne her eyes from his intent away:  
 For, he in sleights and iuggling feates did shewe,  
 And of legier-de-maine the mysteries did knowe.

14  
 To which, whil' st he lent her intente mind,  
 He suddenly his net vpon her threw,  
 That over-sprad her like a puffe of wind;  
 And inatching her soone vp, ere well she knew,  
 Ran with her fast away vnto his mew,  
 Crying for helpe aloud. But when as nic  
 He came vnto his Caue, and there did view  
 The armed knights, stopping his passage by,  
 He threw his burden downe, and fast away did flie.

15  
 But *Arthegall*, him after did pursue,  
 The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still:  
 Vp to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew  
 Like a wilde Goat, leaping from hill to hill,  
 And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;  
 That deadly danger seem'd in all mens sight,  
 To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:  
 Ne ought auailed for the armed knight,  
 To thinke to follow him, that was so swift and light.

16  
 Which when he saw, his iron man he sent  
 To follow him: for, he was swift in chace.  
 He him pursued where-euer that he went,  
 Both over rocks, and hilles, and euery place,  
 Where-so he fled, he followd him apace:  
 So that he shortly forc't him to forsake  
 The height, and downe descend vnto the base.  
 There he him courtt afresh, and soone did make  
 To leaue his proper forme, and other shape to take.

17  
 Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne:  
 But he him hunted like a Fox full fast:  
 Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme;  
 But he the bush did beat, till that at last  
 Into a bird it chang'd, and from him fast,  
 Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:  
 But he then stoncs at it so long did cast,  
 That like a stone it fell vpon the land,  
 But he then tooke it vp, and held fast in his hand.

18  
 So he it brought with him vnto the knights,  
 And to his Lord Sir *Arthegall* it lent,  
 Warning him hold it fast, for feare of flights.  
 Who whil' st in hand it griping hard he hent,  
 Into a Hedgehogge all vnwares it went,  
 And prickt him so, that he away it threw.  
 Then gan it runne away incontinēt,  
 Being returned to his former hew:  
 But *Talus* soone him over-tooke, and backward drew.

19  
 But, when as he would to a snake againe  
 Haue turn'd himselfe, he with his iron flaile  
 Gan drue at him, with so huge might and maine,  
 That all his bones, as small as sandy graile  
 He broke, and did his bowels disentraine;  
 Crying in vaine for help, when help was past.  
 So did deceit the selfe deceiuer faile,  
 There they him left a carrion out-cast,  
 For beasts and fowles to feed vpon for their repast.

20  
 Thence, forth they passed with that gentle Maid,  
 To see her Lady, as they did agree.  
 To which when she approched, thus she said;  
 Lo, now, right noble Knights, arriv'd yee bee  
 Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see:  
 There shall ye see my fourcraigne Lady *Queene*,  
 Most sacred wight, most debonaire and free,  
 That euer yet vpon this earth was seene,  
 Or that with Diademe hath euer crown'd beene.

21

The gentle Knights reioyced much to heare  
The praises of that Prince so manifold;  
And passing little further, commen were,  
Where they a stately Palace did behold,  
Of pompous showe, much more then he had told;  
With many towres, and terras mounted hie,  
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,  
That seemed to out-shine the dimmed sky,  
And with their brightnesse daz'd the strange beholders eye.

22

There they, alighting, by that Damzell were  
Directed in, and shewed all the sight:  
Whose porch, that most magnifick did appeare,  
Stood open wide to all men day and night;  
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,  
That fate thereby, with giant-like resemblance,  
To keepe out guile, and malice, and despight,  
That vnder shewe oft-times of fained semblance,  
Are wont in Princes Courts to worke great scathe and hin-

23

His name was *Awe*; by whom they passing in  
Went vp the hall, that was a large wide roome,  
All full of people making troublous din,  
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some,  
Which vnto them was dealing righteous doome.  
By whom they passing through the thickest peace,  
The Marshall of the hall to them did come;  
His name hight *Order*, who commaunding peace,  
Them guided through the throng, that did their clamors

24

They ceast their clamors, vpon them to gaze;  
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,  
Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,  
And with vnwonted terror halfe affray.  
For, neuer sawe they there the like array.  
Ne euer was the name of warre there spoken,  
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway,  
Dealing iust iudgements, that more not be broken  
For any bribes, or threats of any to be wroken.

25

There as they entred at the Scriene, they saw  
Some one, whose tongue was for his trespass vile  
Nayld to a poste, adiudged so by law:  
For that there-with he falsely did reule,  
And foule blaspHEME that Queene for forged guile,  
Both with bold speeches, which he blazed had,  
And with lewd poems, which he did compile;  
For, the bold title of a Poet had  
He on himselfe had taken, and rayling rimes had sprad.

26

Thus, there he stood, whilst high over his head,  
There written was the purport of his sin,  
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,  
BON FONNS: but *bon* that once had written bin,  
Was rased out, and *Mal* was now put in.  
So now *Malfont* was plainly to be red;  
Either for th'euill, which he did therein,  
Or that he likened was to a VVell-hed  
Of euill words, and wicked slanders by him shed.

27

They, passing by, were guided by degree  
Vnto the presence of that gracious Queene:  
Who fate on high, that she might all men see,  
And might of all men royally be scene,  
Vpon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,  
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,  
As either might for wealth haue gotten beene,  
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare deuice;  
And all embost with Lions, and with Flour-delice.

28

All over her a cloth of state was spred,  
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,  
Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,  
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,  
That her broad spreading wings did wide vnfold;  
Whose skirts were bordered with bright sunny beames,  
Glistering like gold, amongst the plights enrold,  
And here and there shooting forth siluer streames,  
Mongst which crept little Angels through the glittering

29

Seemed those little Angels did vphold  
The cloth of State, and on their purpled wings  
Did beare the pendants, through their nimbleste bold:  
Besides a thousand more of such, as sings  
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,  
Encompassed the throne, on which she fate:  
She Angel-like, the heire of ancient Kings  
And mighty Conquerors, in royall state,  
Whilst Kings and Kefars at her feet did them prostrate.

30

Thus she did sit in soueraigne Maieestic,  
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,  
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,  
With which high God had blest her happy land,  
Maugre so many foes, which did withstand.  
But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,  
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;  
Yet when as foes enforc't, or friends sought ayde,  
She could it stembly draw, that all the world dismaide.

31

And round about, before her feet there fate  
A beanie of faire Virgins clad in white,  
That goodly seem'd to r'adorne her royall state,  
All lonely daughters of high *Ioue*, that hight  
*Luce*, by him begot in loues delight,  
Vpon the righteous *Themis*: those they say,  
Vpon *Ioues* iudgement seat wait day and night,  
And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,  
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

32

They also doe by his diuine permission  
Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,  
And often treat for pardon and remission  
To suppliants, through frailtie which offend.  
Those did vpon *Mercillaes* throne attend:  
Iust *Dice*, wise *Economie*, mild *Erene*;  
And them amongst, her glory to commend,  
Sate goodly *Temperance* in garments clene,  
And sacred *Reuerence*, yborne of heavenly strene.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,  
 Admir'd of many, honoured of all;  
 Whil'st vnderneath her feet, there as she fate,  
 An huge great Lion lay, that mote appall  
 An hardy courage, like captiu'd thrall,  
 With a strong iron chaine and collar bound,  
 That once he could not moue, nor quich at all;  
 Yet did he murmur with rebellious found,  
 And softly royne, when saluage cholcr gan redound.

34  
 So, sitting high in dradded soueraigntie, (brought;  
 Those two strange Knights were to her presence  
 Who, bowing low before her Maieftie,  
 Did to her milde obeyfance, as they ought,  
 And meekest boone, that they imagine mought.  
 To whom she eke inclyning her withall,  
 As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,  
 A chearefull countenance on them let fall,  
 Yet tempred with some maieftie imperiall.

35  
 As the bright sunne, what time his fiery teame  
 Towards the weasterne brim begins to draw,  
 Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beame,  
 And feruour of his flames some-what adaw:  
 So did this mighty Lady, when she saw  
 Those two strange knights such homage to her make,  
 Bate some-what of that Maieftie and awe,  
 That whylome wont to doe so many quake,  
 And with more milde aspect those two to entertake.

36  
 Now, at that instant, as occasion fell,  
 When these two stranger knights arriu'd in place,  
 Shee was about affaires of Common-weale,  
 Dealing of Iustice with indifferent grace,  
 And hearing pleas of people meane and base.  
 Mongt which as then, there was for to be heard  
 The tryall of a great and weighty case,  
 Which on both sides was then debating hard:  
 But at the sight of these, those were awhile debar'd.

37  
 But, after all her princely entertaine,  
 To th' hearing of that former cause in hand,  
 Herselfe estdoones she gan conuert againe;  
 Which, that those knights likewise mote vnderstand,  
 And witness forth aright in forraine land,  
 Taking them vp vnto her stately throne,  
 Where they mote heare the matter thoroughly scand  
 On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,  
 The other on the other side, and nere them none.

38  
 Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,  
 A Lady of great countenance and place,  
 But that she ir with foule abuse did marre;  
 Yet did appeare rare beauty in her face,  
 But blotted with condition vile and base,  
 That all her other honour did obscure,  
 And titles of nobilitie deface:  
 Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did sure  
 The peoples great compassion vnto her allure.

39  
 Then vp arose a person of deepe reach,  
 And rare in-sight, hard matters to reucale; (speach  
 That well could charme his tongue, and time his  
 To all affaies; his name was called Zeale:  
 He gan that Lady strongly to appeale  
 Of many hainous crimes, by her enured;  
 And with sharpe reatons rang her such a peale,  
 That those, whom the to pity had allured,  
 He now t' abhorre and loath her person had procured.

40  
 First, gan he tell, how this that seem'd fo faire  
 And royally arrayd, *Duessá* hight,  
 That false *Duessá*, which had wrought great care,  
 And mickle milchiefe vnto many a knight,  
 By her beguiled, and confounded quight:  
 But not for those she now in question came,  
 Though also those mote question'd be aright,  
 But for vile treasons, and outrageous shame,  
 Which she against the drad *Mercilla* oft did frame.

41  
 For, the whylome (as ye mote yet right well  
 Remember) had her counsell false conspired,  
 With faithlesse *Blandamour* and *Paridell*  
 (Both two her paramours, both by her hired,  
 And both with hope of shadowes vane inspired)  
 And with them practiz'd, how for to deprive  
*Mercilla* of her Crowne, by her aspired,  
 That the might it vnto her selfe deniue,  
 And triumph in their blood, whom she to death did driue.

42  
 But through high heauens grace (which fauour not  
 The wicked drifts of trayterous designes,  
 Gainst loyall Princes) all this cursed plot,  
 Ere prooffe it tooke, discouered was betimes,  
 And th' actors won the need meet for their crimes.  
 Such be the meed of all, that by such meane  
 Vnto the type of kingdomes title climes.  
 But false *Duessá*, now vntitled Queene,  
 Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene.

43  
 Strongly did Zeale her hainous fact enforce,  
 And many other crimes of foule defame  
 Against her brought, to banish all remorse,  
 And aggrauate the horror of her blame.  
 And with him to make part against her, came  
 Many graue persons, that against her plead;  
 First, was a sage old Sire, that had to name  
 The *Kingdomes care*, with a white siluer head,  
 That many high regards and reasons gainst her read.

44  
 Then, gan *Authority* her to oppose  
 With peremptory powre, that made all mute;  
 And then the law of *Nations* gainst her rose,  
 And reasons brought, that no man could refute;  
 Next, gan *Religion* gainst her to impute  
 High Gods beheat, and powre of holy lawes;  
 Then gan the Peoples cry, and Commons sute,  
 Importune care of their owne publike cause;  
 And lastly, *Iustice* charged her with breach of lawes.



45

But then for her, on the contrary part,  
 Rose many aduocates for her to plead:  
 First there came *Pittie*, with full tender heart,  
 And with her ioynd *Regard* of woman-head;  
 And then came *Danger* the eating hidden dread,  
 And high alliance vnto forren Powre;  
 Then came *Nobility* of birth, that bread  
 Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre;  
 And lastly *Griefe* did plead, and many teares forth powre.

46

With the neere touch whereof in tender heart  
 The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,  
 And woxe inclined much vnto her part,  
 Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,  
 And wretched ruine of so high estate;  
 That for great ruth his courage gan relent.  
 Which when as *Zeie* perceiued to abate,  
 He gan his earnest feruour to augment,  
 And many fearfull obiects to them to present.

47

He gan re'efforce the euidence anew,  
 And new acuements to produce in place:  
 He brought forth that old Hag of hellish hew,  
 The cursed *Até*, brought her face to face,  
 Who priuie was, and party in the case:  
 She, glad of spoile and ruinous decay,  
 Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace,  
 The plot of all her practice did display,  
 And all her traynes, and all her treasons forth did lay.

48

Then brought he forth, with grieftly grim aspect,  
 Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloody knife  
 Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect.  
 And there with guilty bloud-shed charged ryfe:  
 Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding strife  
 In troublous wits, and mutinous vp-rore:  
 Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of life,  
 Euen foule *Adulterie* her face before,  
 And lewd *Impietie*, that her accused fore.

49

All which when as the Prince had heard and seene,  
 His former fancies ruth he gan repent,  
 And from her partie estfoones was drawn cleane.  
 But *Arthegall*, with constant firm intent,  
 For zeale of Iustice was against her bent.  
 So was she guilty deemed of them all.  
 Then *Zeie* began to vrge her punishment,  
 And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,  
 Vnto *Mercilla* myld for Iustice gainst the thrall.

50

But she, whose Princely breast was touched neare  
 With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,  
 Though plaine she sawe by all, that she did heare,  
 That she of death was guilty found by right,  
 Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;  
 But rather let in stead thereof to fall  
 Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;  
 The which she couering with her purple pall  
 Would haue the passion hid, and vp arose withall.

## Canto X.

*Prince Arthur takes the enterprize  
 For Belge for to fight:  
 Gerioneos Seneschall  
 He slayes in Belges right.*

1

**S**ome Clarke doe doubt in their deuicfull art,  
 Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,  
 To weeten *Mercy*, be of Iustice part,  
 Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreat.  
 This well I wote, that sure she is as great,  
 And meriteth to haue as high a place,  
 Sith in th' Almightyes euerlasting feat  
 She first was bred, and borne of heuently race;  
 From thence pour'd downe on men, by influence of grace.

2

For, if that Vertue be of so great might,  
 Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,  
 But to preferre inuolated right,  
 Oft spilles the principall, to saue the part;  
 So much more then is that of powre and art,  
 That seekes to saue the subiect of her skill,  
 Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart:  
 As it is greater praye to saue, then spill,  
 And better to reforme, then to cut-off the ill.

Cc

Who

Who then can thee, <sup>3</sup> *Mercilla*, throughly praise,  
That herein do't all earthly Princes pass?  
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour raise  
Vp to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,  
And now on earth it selfe enlarged has,  
From th'v'tmost brinke of the *Armericke* shore,  
Vnto the margent of the *Molucas*?  
Those Nations farre thy inficce do adore:  
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more.

Much more it prayesd was of those two knights;  
The noble Prince, and righteous *Artbegall*,  
When they had seene and heard her doom arights  
Against *Duessa*, damned by them all;  
But by her tempred without grieffe or gall,  
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce.  
And yeteuen then ruing her wilfull fall,  
With more then needfull naturall remorse  
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

During all which, those knights continu'd there,  
Both doing and receiuing courtesies,  
Of that great Lady, who with goodly cheare  
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,  
Approuing daily to their noble eyes  
Royall examples of her mercies rare,  
And worthy paterns of her clemencies;  
Which all this day amongst many liuing are,  
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,  
There came two Springalls of full tender yeares,  
Farre thence from forreign land, where they did dwell,  
To seek for succour of her and her Peares,  
With humble prayers and intreacfull teares;  
Went by their mother, who a widow was,  
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,  
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has  
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

Her name was *Belge*, who in former age  
A Lady of great worth and wealth had been,  
And mother of a fruitfull heritage,  
Euen seenteene goodly sonnes: i which who had seene  
In their first flowre, before this fatal teene  
Them ouertooke, and their faire blossomes blasted,  
More happy mother would her surely weene,  
Then famous *Njob*, before she tasted  
*Labonaes* childrens wrath, that all her issue wasted.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,  
Had left her now but fine of all that brood:  
For, twelue of them he did by times deuoure,  
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,  
Why! 't he of none was stopp'd, nor withstood.  
For, soothly he was one of matchlesse might,  
Of horrible aspect, and dreadfull mood,  
And had three bodics in one waste empight,  
And th'armes and legs of three, to succour him in fight.

And sooth they say, that he was borne and brad  
Of Gyants race, the sonne of *Geryon*,  
He that whylome in Spaine so fore was drad,  
For his huge powre and great oppression,  
Which brought that land to his subiectiō,  
Through his three bodics powre, in one combyn'd;  
And eke all strangers in that region  
Anyuing, to his kynce for food assynd;  
The fayrest kyne aliue, but of the fiercest kynd.

For, they were all, they say, of purple hew,  
Kept by a cow heard, hyght *Eurytion*.  
A cruell carle, the which all strangers flew,  
Ne day nor night did sleepe, 't attend them on,  
But walkt about them euer and anon,  
With his two headed dogge, that *Orthrus* hight;  
*Orthrus* begotten by great *Typhaon*,  
And foule *Echidna*, in the house of night;  
But *Hercules* them all did ouercome in fight.

His sonne was this, *Geryoneo* hight:  
Who, after that his monstrous father fell  
Vnder *Alcides* club, straight took his flight  
From that sad land, where he his fire did quell,  
And came to this, where *Belge* then did dwell,  
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,  
Being then new made widow (as befell)  
After her noble husbands late decease;  
Which gaue beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

Then this bold tyrant, of her widow-head  
Taking aduantage, and her yet fresh woes,  
Himselfe and seruice to her offered,  
Her to defend against all forreign foes,  
That should their powre against her right oppose.  
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,  
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion chose:  
Which long he vs'd with carefull diligence,  
The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

By meanes whereof, she did at last commit  
All to his hands, and gaue him soueraine powre  
To do, what-euer he thought good or fit.  
Which hauing got, he gan forth from that howre  
To stirre vp strife, and many a Tragicke stowre,  
Giuing her dearest children one by one  
Vnto a dreadfull Monster to deuoure,  
And setting vp an Idole of his owne,  
The image of his monstrous parent *Geryone*.

So tyrannizing, and oppressing all,  
The woeful widow had no meanes now left,  
But vnto gracious great *Mercilla* call  
For ayde, against that cruell Tyrants theft,  
Ere all her children he from her had left.  
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent  
To seek for succour of this Ladies gift:  
To whom their fate they humbly did present,  
In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongst

15  
Amongst the which, then fortun'd to be  
The noble Briton Prince, with his braue Peare;  
Who when he none of all those knights did see  
Hastily bent that enterprife to heare,  
Nor vndertake the fame, for coward feare,  
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,  
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,  
And humbly gan that mighty Queene entreat,  
To grant him that aduenture for his former feat.

16  
She gladly granted it: then he, straight way,  
Himselfe vnto his iourney gan prepare,  
And all his armours ready dight that day,  
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.  
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre  
Yet dropping fresh out of the *Indian* fount,  
And bringing light into the heauens faire,  
When he was ready to his steed to mount,  
Vnto his way, which now was all his care and count.

17  
Then taking humble leaue of that great Queene,  
Who gaue him royall giftes and riches rare,  
As tokens of her thankfull mind besene,  
And leauing *Arthegall* to his owne care;  
Vpon his voyage forth he gan to fare,  
With those two gentle youths, which him did guide,  
And all his way before him still prepare.  
Ne after him did *Arthegall* abide,  
But on his first aduenture forward forth did ride.

18  
It was not long, till that the Prince arriued  
Within the land, where dwelt that Lady sad,  
Whereof that Tyrant had her now deprived,  
And into moores and marshes banisht had,  
Out of the pleasant foyle, and Cities glad,  
In which she wont to harbour happily:  
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,  
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,  
And there her selfe did hide from his hard tyranny.

19  
There he her found in sorrowe and dismay,  
All solitarie without liuing wight;  
For, all her other children, through affray,  
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight:  
And eke her selfe through sudden strange affright,  
When one in armes the lawe, began to fly;  
But when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,  
She gan take heart, and looke vp ioyfully:  
For, well she wist this Knight came, succour to supply.

20  
And running vnto them with greedy ioyes,  
Fell streight about their neckes, as they did kneele:  
And bursting forth in teares; Ah my sweet boyes,  
Sayd she, yet now I gin new life to feele,  
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,  
Now rite againe, at this your ioyous fight.  
Already seems that Fortunes headlong wheele  
Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright  
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

21  
Then turning vnto him; And you Sir knight,  
Sayd she, that taken haue this toyle some paine  
For wretched woman, miserable wight,  
May you in heauen immortalt guardon gaine  
For so great trauell, as you doe sustaine:  
For, other meed may hope for none of mee,  
To whom nought else, but bare life doth remaines,  
And that so wretched one, as ye do see  
Is liker lingring death, then loathed life to bee.

22  
Much was he moued with her pitious plight;  
And, lowe dismounting from his lofty steed,  
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,  
Seeking to driue away deep rooted dreede,  
With hope of helpe in that her greatest need.  
So, thence he wished her with him to wend,  
Vnto some place, where they mote rest and feed,  
And she take comfort, which God now did send:  
Good heart in euills doth the euills much amend.

23  
Ay me! sayd she, and whether shall I goe?  
Are not all places full of forraine powres?  
My Palaces possessed of my foe,  
My Cities sackt, and their sky-threatening towres  
Rased, and made smooth fields now full of flowres?  
Onely these marshes, and miry bogs,  
In which the fearefull ewfies do build their bowres,  
Yeeld me an holly mongst the croking frogs,  
And harbour here in safety from those rauinous dogges.

24  
Nath'lesse, sayd he, deare Lady with me goe:  
Some place shall vs receue, and harbour yeeld;  
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,  
And purchase it to vs with speare and shield:  
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:  
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.  
With such his chearefull speeches he doth wield  
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;  
And binding vp her lockes & weeds, forth with him wends.

25  
They came vnto a Citie faire vp land,  
The which whylome that Ladies owne had been;  
But now by force extort out of her hand,  
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleane  
Her stately towres, and buildings sunny sheene;  
Shut vp her haven, mard her marchants trade,  
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,  
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,  
The which did her command, without needing perswade.

26  
That Castle was the strength of all that State,  
Vntill that State by strength was pulled downe,  
And that same Citie, so now ruinate,  
Had been the key of all that kingdomes Crowne;  
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,  
Till that th'offended heauens list to lowre  
Vpon their blisse, and balefull Fortune frowne.  
When those gainst States and Kingdomes do coniure,  
Who then can thinke their headlong ruine to recure?

27  
 But he had brought it now in seruite bond,  
 And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,  
 Strining long time in vaine it to withstand;  
 Yet glad at last to make most base submission,  
 And life enjoy for any composition.  
 So now he hath new lawes and orders new  
 Impos'd on it, with many a hard condition,  
 And forced it, the honour that is dew  
 To God, to do vnto his Idole most vntrew.

28  
 To him he hath, before this Castle Greene,  
 Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed  
 Of costly Iuory, full rich bescene,  
 On which that cursed Idole farre proclaimed,  
 He hath set vp, and him his god hath named;  
 Offering to him in sinfull sacrifice  
 The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,  
 And powring forth their bloud in brutish wize,  
 That any iron eies to see it would agrize.

29  
 And for more horror and more crueltie,  
 Vnder that cursed Idols altar stone;  
 An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,  
 Whose dreadfull shape was neuer seene of none  
 That liues on earth; but vnto those alone  
 The which vnto him sacrificed bee.  
 Those he deuoures, they say, both flesh and bone:  
 What else they haue, is all the Tyrants fee;  
 So that no whit of them remaining one may see.

30  
 There eke he placed a strong garrison,  
 And set a Seneschall of dradded might,  
 That by his powre oppressed cuerie one,  
 And vanquished all ventrous knights in fight;  
 To whom he woult shew all the shame he might,  
 After that them in battell he had wonne.  
 To which, when now they gan approach in sight,  
 The Lady counsell'd him the place to shonne,  
 Whereas so many knights had fouly been fordonne.

31  
 Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard;  
 But riding streight vnder the Castle wall,  
 Called aloud vnto the warchfull ward,  
 Which there did waite, willing them forth to call  
 Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall.  
 To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight  
 Calls for his armes, and arming him withall,  
 Estoones forth pricked proudly in his might,  
 And gan with courage fierce address him to the fight.

32  
 They both encounter in the middle Plaine,  
 And their sharpe speares doe both together smite  
 Amid their shields, with so huge might and maine,  
 That seem'd their soules they would haue ryuen quight  
 Out of their breasts, with furious despight.  
 Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find  
 Into the Princes shield, where it empight;  
 So pure the metall was and well refyn'd,  
 But shuered all about, and scattered in the wind.

33  
 Not so the Princes; but with restlesse force,  
 Into his shield it ready passage found,  
 Both through his habergeon, and eke his corse:  
 Which tumbling downe vpon the fencklesse ground,  
 Gane leaue vnto his ghost from thraldome bound,  
 To wander in the grieuful shades of night.  
 There did the Prince him leaue in deadly fownd;  
 And thence vnto the Castle marched right,  
 To see if entrancethere as yet obtaine he might.

34  
 But as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,  
 All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,  
 Which towards him with all their powre did ride;  
 And meeting him right in the middle race,  
 Did all their speares attonce on him enchace.  
 As three great Culuerings for battery bent,  
 And leneld all against one certaine place,  
 Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth-rent,  
 That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment:

35  
 So all attonce they on the Prince did thunder;  
 Who from his saddle swarued nought aside,  
 Ne to their force gaue way, that was great wonder,  
 But like a Bulwarke, firmly did abide;  
 Rebutting him, which in the midst did ride,  
 With so huge rigour, that his mortal speare  
 Past through his shield, & pearc't through either side,  
 That downe he fell vpon his mother deare,  
 And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

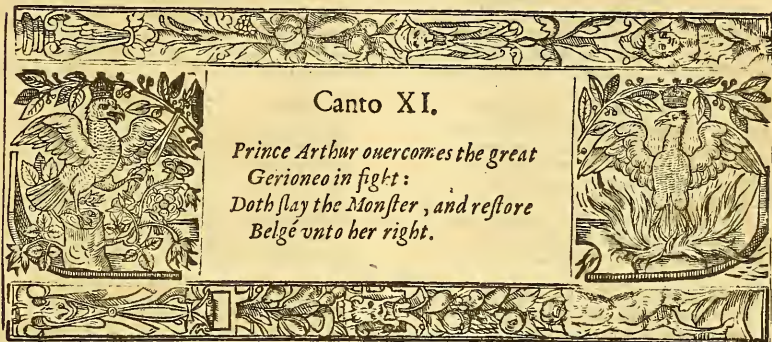
36  
 Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled  
 As fast as feete could carry them away;  
 And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,  
 To be aueng'd of their vnknighly play.  
 There whilest they entring, th'one did th'other stay,  
 The hindmost in the gate he ouer-hent,  
 And as he pressed in, him there did slay:  
 His carkaffe tumbling on the threshold, sent  
 His groning soule vnto her place of punishment.

37  
 The other which was entred, laboured fast  
 To sperre the gate; but that same lumpe of clay,  
 Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,  
 Right in the midst of the threshold lay,  
 That it the Posterne did from closing stay:  
 The whiles the Prince had preaced in betweene,  
 And entrance wonne. Streight th'other fled away,  
 And ran into the hall, where he did weene  
 Himselfe to saue: but he there slew him at the screene.

38  
 Then all the rest which in that Castle were,  
 Seeing that sad ensample them before,  
 Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,  
 And them conuayd out at a Posterne deare.  
 Long fought the Prince: but when he found no more  
 To oppose against his powre, he forth issued  
 Vnto that Lady, where he her had lore,  
 And her gan cheare, with what she there had viewed,  
 And what she had not seene, within vnto her shewed.

39  
Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting,  
For so great prowesse, as he there had proued,  
Much greater then was euer in her weeting,  
With great admirance inwardly was moued,

And honourd him, with all that her behoued.  
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led,  
With her two sonnes, right deare of her behoued,  
Where all that night them selues they cherished,  
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.



## Canto XI.

*Prince Arthur ouercomes the great  
Gerioneo in fight:  
Doth slay the Monster, and restore  
Belgé vnto her right.*

1  
**T** often fals in course of common life,  
That right, long time, is ouerborne of wrong,  
Through avarice, or powte, or guile, or strife,  
That weakens her, and makes her party strong:  
But Iustice, though her dome she doe prolong,  
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right.  
As by Lad Belgé seemes, whose wrongs though long  
She suffered, yet at length she did requight,  
And sent redresse thereof by this braue Briton Knight.

2  
Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,  
How that the Lady Belgé now had found  
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,  
And laid his fenetch all lowe on the ground,  
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,  
He gan to burn in rage, and frise in feare,  
Doubting sad end of principle vnfound:  
Yet sith he heard but one, that did appeare,  
He did himselfe encourage, and take better cheare.

3  
Nathesse himselfe he armed all in haste,  
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,  
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last  
Vnto the Castle, which they conquerd had.  
There with huge terror, to be more ydrad,  
He sternely marcht before the Castle gates  
And with bold vaunts, and idle threatning bade  
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,  
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.

4  
The Prince stayd not his answer to deuize,  
But opening streight the Sparte, forth to him came,  
Full nobly mounted in right war-like wize;  
And asked him, if that he were the same,

Who all that wrong vnto that wofull Dame  
So long had done, and from her natue land  
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.  
He boldly answerd him, he there did stand  
That would his doings iustifie with his owne hand.

5  
With that, so furiously at him he flew,  
As if he would haue ouer-run him streight;  
And with his huge great iron axe gan he  
So hideously vpon his armour bright,  
As he to peeces would haue chopt it quight:  
That the bold Prince was forced foote to giue  
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;  
The whil't at him so dreadfully he drue,  
That seem'd a marble rocke afunder could haue riuie.

6  
Thereto a great aduantage eke he has  
Through his three double hands thrice multiplide,  
Besides the double strength, which in them was:  
For, still when fit occasion did betide,  
He could his weapon shift from side to side,  
From hand to hand, and with such nimble sleight  
Could wield about, that ere it were espide,  
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,  
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

7  
Which vncouth vsf when as the Prince perceiued,  
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,  
Least by such sleight he were vnwares decuiued;  
And euer ere he sawe the stroke to land,  
He would it meeete, and warily withstand.  
One time, when he his weapon sayn'd to shift,  
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,  
He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,  
That quite smit off his arme, as he it vp did lift.

8

Therewith, all fraught with fury and disdain,  
 He brayd aloud for very fell despight;  
 And sodainely t'auenge him selfe againe,  
 Gan into one assemblle all the might  
 Of all his hands, and heaued them on high,  
 Thinking to pay him with that one for all:  
 But the sad steele seizd not, where it was light,  
 Vpon the childe, but somewhat flort did fall;  
 And lighting on his horses head, him quite did mall.

9

Downe straight to ground fell his astonisht steed,  
 And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare:  
 But he him selfe full lightly from him freed,  
 And gan him selfe to fight on foot prepare.  
 Whereof when as the Giant was aware,  
 He wox right blythe, as he had got thereby,  
 And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare  
 One might haue seene enraung'd disorderly,  
 Like to a ranke of piles, that pitched are awry.

10

Efffoones againe his axe he raught on hie,  
 Ere he were throughly buckled to his gear;  
 And can let driue at him to dreadfully,  
 That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,  
 Ere that huge stroke arriued on him neare,  
 He had him surely clouen quite in twaine.  
 But th' Adamantine shield, which he did beare,  
 So well was tempred, that (for all his maine)  
 It would no passage yeld vnto his purpose vaine.

11

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,  
 That made him stagger with vncertaine sway,  
 As if he would haue tottered to one side.  
 Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan assly,  
 That cur'tise with like kindnesse to repay;  
 And smote at him with so importune might,  
 That two more of his armes did fall away,  
 Like fruitlesse branches, which the hatchets slight  
 Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

12

With that, all mad and furious he grew,  
 Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,  
 And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw,  
 Against his gods, and fire to them did threat,  
 And hell vnto him selfe with horror great.  
 Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he strooke,  
 Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and sweat,  
 Ane gnasht his teeth, and his head at him strooke,  
 And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

13

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats,  
 But onely wexed now the more aware,  
 To sane him selfe from those his furious heats,  
 And watch aduantage, how to work his care,  
 T he which good Fortune to him offered faire.  
 For, as he in his rage him ouer-strooke,  
 He ere he could his weapon backer repaire,  
 His side all bare and naked ouertooke,  
 And with his mortall steel quite through the body strooke.

14

Through all three bodies he him strook at once;  
 That all the three at once fell on the Plaine:  
 Elle should he thrice haue needd, for the nonce,  
 Them to haue stricken, and thrice to haue slaine.  
 So now all three one fenselesse lumper remaine,  
 Enwallow'd in his owne black bloody gore,  
 And byting th' earth for very deaths disdain;  
 Who with a cloud of night him covering, bore  
 Downe to the house of doole, his dayes there to deplore.

15

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,  
 Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand  
 She towards him in haste her selfe did draw,  
 To greet him the good fortune of his hand:  
 And all the people both of towne and land,  
 Which there stood gazing from the Cities wall  
 Vpon these warriors, greedy t'vnderstand  
 To whether should the victory befall,  
 Now when they sawe it false, they eke him greeted all.

16

But *Belgè*, with her sonnes prostrated lowe  
 Before his feet, in all that peoples sight,  
 Mongst ioyes mixing som tears, mongst weale som wo,  
 Him thus bespake; ô most redoubted knight,  
 The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,  
 That carst was dead, restor'd to life againe,  
 And these weak impes replanted by thy might;  
 What guerdon can I giue thee for thy paine,  
 Eut euen that which thou fauest, thine still to remaine?

17

He took her vp forby the lily hand,  
 And her comforted the best he might,  
 Saying; Deare Ladie, deeds ought not be stand  
 By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,  
 But by their truth and by the causes right:  
 That fame is it, which fought for you this day.  
 What other meed then need me to requight,  
 But that which yeldeth vertues meed alway?  
 That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.

18

She humbly thank him for that wondrous grace,  
 And further sayd; Ah Sir, but more ye please,  
 Sith ye thus farre haue tendred my poore case,  
 As from my chiefest foe me to release,  
 That your victorious armewill not yet cease,  
 Till ye haue rooted all the relics out  
 Of that vile race, and established my peace.  
 What is there else, sayd he, left of their rout?  
 Declare it boldly Dame, and do not stand in dout.

19

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby  
 There stands an Idoll, of great note and name,  
 The which this Giant reared first on hie,  
 And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:  
 To whom for endlesse honour of his shame,  
 He offered vp for daily sacrifice  
 My children and my people burnt in flame;  
 With all the tortures that he could deuize,  
 The more t'aggrate his god with such his bloody guise.

And

20

And vnderneath this Idoll there doth lie  
 An hideous monster, that doth it defend,  
 And feeds on all the carcasses, that die  
 In sacrifice vnto that cursed fend:  
 Whose vgly shape none euer sawe, nor kend,  
 That euer scap't: for, of a man they say  
 It has the voice, that speeches forth doth send,  
 Euen blasphemous words, which the doth bray  
 Out of her poyinous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

21

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan yearne  
 For great desire that Monster to assay,  
 And prayd the place of her abode to learne.  
 Which being shew'd, he gan himselfe streight way  
 Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.  
 So to the Church he came, where it was tolde,  
 The Monster vnderneath the Altar lay;  
 There he that Idoll sawe of masse golde  
 Most richly made, but there no Monster did behold.

22

Vpon the Image with his naked blade  
 Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;  
 And the third time, out of an hidden shade,  
 There forth illewd, from vnder th' Altars smooke,  
 A dreadfull feend, with foule deformed looke,  
 That stretcht it selfe, as it had long lien still;  
 And her long taile and feathers strongly shooke,  
 That all the Temple did with terror fill:  
 Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

23

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length  
 Was stretcht forth, that nigh filld all the place,  
 And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;  
 Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,  
 Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* base,  
 Or other like infernall Furies kinde:  
 For, of a Mayd she had the outward face,  
 To hide the horrour, which did lurke behind,  
 The better to beguile, whom she so fond did finde.

24

Thereto the body of a dog she had,  
 Full of fell raiu and fierce greedinesse;  
 A Lions claws, with powre and rigour clad,  
 To rend and teare what-so she can oppresse;  
 A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse  
 Full deadly wounds, where-fo it is smipght;  
 An Eagles wings for scope and speedinesse,  
 That nothing may escape her reaching might,  
 Where-to she euer list to make her hardy sight;

25

Much like in foulnesse and deformitie  
 Vnto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,  
 The father of that fatall progeny,  
 Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight,  
 That he had read her riddle, which no wight  
 Could euer loofe, but suffred deadly doole.  
 So also did this Monster vse like sight  
 To many a one, which came vnto her school,  
 Whom she did put to death, deceiued like a fool!

26

She comming forth, when as she first beheld  
 The armed Prince, with shield so blazing bright,  
 Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,  
 And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,  
 That back she would haue turnd for great affright.  
 But he gan her with courage fierce asslay,  
 That forc't her turne againe in her despight,  
 To saue her selfe, least that he did her slay:  
 And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd her way.

27

Tho, when she sawe, that she was forc't to fight,  
 She flew at him, like to an hellish feend,  
 And on his shield took hold with all her might,  
 As it that it she would in peeces rend,  
 Or reauce out of the hand, that did it hend.  
 Strongly he stroue out of her greedy gripe  
 To loofe his shield, and long while did contend:  
 But when he could not quite it, with one stripe  
 Her Lions claws he from her feete away did wipe.

28

With that, aloud she gan to bray and yell,  
 And fowle blasphemous speeches forth did cast,  
 And bitter curses, horrible to tell;  
 That euen the Temple wherein she was plac't,  
 Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast.  
 Tho, with her huge long taylor she at him strooke,  
 That made him stagger, and stand halfe aghaft  
 With trembling ioynts, as he for terror shooke:  
 Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

29

As when the Mast of some well timbred hulke  
 Is with the blast of some outrageous storme  
 Blowne downe, it shakes the bottom of the bulke,  
 And makes her ribs to crack, as they were torne,  
 Whil' it still she stands as stonish and forlorne:  
 So was he stonn'd with stroke of her huge taile.  
 But ere that it she backe againe had borne,  
 He with his sword it strook, that without faile  
 He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her saile.

30

Then gan she cry much louder then afore,  
 That all the people (there without) it heard,  
 And *Bely* selfe was therewith stonied fore,  
 As if the onely sound therof she heard.  
 But then the feend her selfe more fiercely reard  
 Vpon her wide great wings, and strongly flew  
 With all her body at his head and beard;  
 That had he not forseene with heedfull view,  
 And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

31

But as she prest on him with heavy sway,  
 Vnder her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,  
 And for her entrails made an open way,  
 To issue forth: the which, once being brust,  
 Like to a great Mill damb forth fiercely gusht,  
 And powred out of her infernall sinke  
 Most vgly filth, and poyson therewith rufst,  
 That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:  
 Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke.

32  
Then downe to ground fell that deformed Masse,  
Breathing out cloudes of sulphur fowle and blacke,  
In which a puddle of contagion was,  
More loath'd then *Lerna*, or then *Stygian* lake,  
That any man would nigh awhaped make,  
Whom when he sawe on ground, he was full glad,  
And freight went forth his gladnesse to partake  
With *Belgé*, who watcht all this while full sad,  
Wayting what end would be of that same danger drad.

33  
Whom when she saw so ioyouly come forth,  
She gan reioyce, and shew triumphant cheare,  
Lauding and praying his renowned worth,  
By all the names that honorable were.  
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there  
The present of his paines, that monsters (spoyle,  
And eke that Idoll deem'd fo costly deare;  
Whom he did all to peeces breake and foyle  
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathly foyle.

34  
Then all the people, which beheld that day,  
Gan shout aloud, that vnto heaven it rong;  
And all the danizels of that towne in ray,  
Came dancing forth, and ioyous Carrolles song:  
So him they led through all their streets along,  
Crowned with girlonds of immortall bayes,  
And all the vulgar did about them throng,  
To see the man, whose euerlasting praise  
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

35  
There he with *Belgé* did awhile remaine,  
Making great feast and ioyous merriment,  
Vntill he had her settled in her raigne,  
With safe assurance and establishment.  
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,  
Full loath to *Belgé*, and to all the rest:  
Of whom yet taking leaue, thenceforth he went  
And to his former iourney him addrest,  
On which long way he rode, ne euer day did rest.

36  
But turne we now to noble *Arthegall*;  
Who, hauing left *Mercilla*, straight way went  
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,  
To weete, to worke *Irenaes* franchisement,  
And eke *Grantorto*es worthy punishment.  
So forth he fared as his manner was,  
With onely *Talus* waiting diligent,  
Through many perils, and much way did pass,  
Till nigh vnto the place at length approacht he has.

37  
There as he traueld by the way, he met  
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,  
Who through his yeares long since aside had set  
The vse of armes, and battell quite forgone:  
To whom as he approacht, he knew anone,  
That it was he which whilome did attend  
On faire *Irene* in her affliction,  
When first to Faery Court he saw her wend,  
Vnto his soueraine Queene her suite for to commend.

38  
Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;  
Haile good Sir *Sergis*, trustt Knight aliue,  
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,  
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne depriue;  
What new occasion doth thee hither driue,  
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?  
Or is she thrall, or doth she not suruiue?  
To whom he thus; She liueth sure and found;  
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

39  
For, she presuming on th'appointed tyde,  
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,  
To meete her at the saluage Ilands syde  
(And then and there for tryall of her right  
With her vnrighteous enemy to fight)  
Did thither come, where she (the affraid of nought)  
By guilefull treason and by subtilt slight  
Surprised was, and to *Grantorto* brought,  
Who her imprison'd hath, and her life often sought.

40  
And now he hath to her prefixt a day,  
By which, if that no Champion doe appeare,  
Which will her cause in battailous array  
Against him iustifie, and proue her cleare  
Or all those crimes, that he gainst her doth reare,  
She death shall by. Those tydings sad  
Did much abash Sir *Arthegall* to heare,  
And grieved fore, that through his fault she had  
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and vsage bad.

41  
Then thus replide; Now sure and by my life,  
Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,  
That haue her drawne to all this troublous strife,  
Through promise to afford her timely ayde,  
Which by default I haue not yet defraide.  
But witnesse vnto me, ye heauens, that knew  
How cleare I am from blame of this vpbraide: ]  
For, ye into like thraldome me did throwe,  
And kept from complishing the faith, which I did owe.

42  
But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long space  
Hath he her lent a Champion to prouide:  
Ten daies, quoth he, he granted hath of grace,  
For that he weeneth well, before that tide  
None can haue tydings to assise her side.  
For, all the shores, which to the sea accoste,  
He day and night doth ward both farr and wide,  
That none can thre createiue without an hoste:  
So her he deemes already but a damned ghost.

43  
Now turne againe, Sir *Arthegall* then sayd:  
For if I liue till those ten dayes haue end,  
Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall haue ayd,  
Though I this dearest life for her do spend;  
So backward he attone with him did wend.  
Tho, as they rode together on their way,  
A rout of people they before them kend,  
Flocking together in confusde array,  
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.



44

To which as they approacht, the cause to knowe,  
They sawe a Knight in dangerous distresse  
Of a rude rout, him chafing to and fro,  
That fought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,  
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:  
And farre away, amid their rake-hell bands,  
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,  
Crying, and holding vp her wretched hands  
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

45

Yet still he striues, ne any perill spares,  
To rescue her from their rude violence,  
And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,  
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,  
Gainst which, the pallid death findes no defence.  
But all in vaine; their numbers are so great,  
That nought may boot to banish them from thence:  
For, soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,  
They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

46

And now they do so sharply him assay,  
That they his shield in peeces battered haue,  
And forced him to throwe it quite away,  
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to laue;  
Albe that it most safety to him gaue,  
And much did magnifie his noble name.  
For, from the day that he thus did it leaue,  
Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,  
And counred but a recreant Knight, with endlesse shame.

47

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,  
They drew vnto his aide; but that rude rout  
Them also gan assayle with outrage bold,  
And forced them, how-euer strong and stout  
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,  
Backe to recule; vntill that yron man  
With his huge slaile began to lay about;  
From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,  
Like scattered chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

48

So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,  
He drawing neere, began to greet them faire,  
And yeeld great thanks for their so goodly deed,  
In sauing him from dangerous despair  
Of those, which sought his life for to empaire.  
Of whom Sir *Arthegall* gan then enquire  
The whole occasion of his late misfaire,  
And who he was, and what those villaines were,  
The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so neere.

49

To whom he thus; My name is *Burbon* hight,  
Well knowne, and far renowned heretofore,  
Vntill late mischief did vpon me light,  
That all my former prayle hath blemisht sore;  
And that faire Lady, which in that vprore  
Ye with those caytiues sawe, *Flourdelis* hight,  
Is mine own Loue, though me she haue forlore,  
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,  
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

50

But sure to me her faith she first did plight,  
To be my Loue, and take me for her Lord;  
Till that a Tyrant, which *Grantorto* hight,  
With golden gifts, and many a guilefull word  
Entrycd her, to him for to accord.  
(O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?)  
Sith which, she hath me euer since abhord,  
And to my foe hath guilefully consented:  
Ay me! that euer guile in women was inuented.

51

And now he hath his troop of villains sent,  
By open force to fetch her quite away:  
Gainst whom, my selfe I long in vaine haue bent  
To reskew her, and daily means assay,  
Yet reskew her thence by no means I may:  
For, they doe me with multitude oppresse,  
And with vnequall might do ouer-lay,  
That oft I driuen am to great distresse,  
And forced to forgo th' attempt remediesse.

52

But why haue ye, sayd *Arthegall*, forborne  
Your owne good shield in dangerous dismay?  
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorn,  
Which vnto any knight behappen may,  
To lose the badge, that should his deeds display.  
To whom Sir *Burbon*, blushing halfe for shame,  
That shall I vnto you, quoth he, bevray;  
Least yetherfore mote happely me blame,  
And deem it doen of wil, that through inforcement came.

53

True is, that I at first was dubbed knight  
By a good knight the knight of the *Redcrosse*;  
Who, when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,  
Gaue me a shield, in which he did endosse  
His deare Redeemers badge vpon the bosse:  
The same long while I bore, and therewithall  
Fought many battels without wound or losse;  
Therewith *Grantorto* selfe I did appall,  
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

54

But, for that many did that shield enuie,  
And cruell enemies encreasd more;  
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,  
That bloody scutchin being battered fore,  
I laid aside, and haue of late forbore,  
Hoping thereby to haue my Loue obtained:  
Yet can I not my Loue haue nathemore;  
For, she by force is still from me detained,  
And with corruptfull bribes is to vntruth mis-trained.

55

To whom thus *Arthegall*; Certes Sir knight,  
Hard is the case, the which ye do complaine;  
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light,  
That it to such a straight mote you constraime)  
As to abandon that which doth containe  
Your honourous stile, that is your warlike shield.  
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine  
Then losse of fame in disaduenturous field;  
Dyerather, then doe ought, that mote dishonour yeeld.

56  
Not so, quoth he; for, yet when time doth serue,  
My former shield I may resume againe:  
To temporize is not from truth to swerue,  
Ne for aduantage terme to entertaine,  
When as necessity doth it constrain.  
Fie on such forgery, sayd *Arthegall*,  
Vnder one hood to shadow faces twaine.  
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:  
Of all things to dissemble fowly may befall.

57  
Yet let me you of courtesie request,  
Sayd *Burbon*, to assist me now at need  
Against these peasants, which haue me opprest,  
And forced me to so infamous deed,  
That yet my Loue may from their hands be freed.  
*Sir Arthegall*, albe he earst did wyte  
His waucring mind, yet to his ayde agreed,  
And buckling him esloones vnto the fight  
Did set vpon those troupes with all his powre and might.

58  
Who flocking round about them, as a swarme  
Of fyes vpon a birchen bough doth cluster,  
Did them assault with terrible allarme,  
And ouer all the fields themselves did muster,  
With bills and glayues making a dreadfull luster;  
That for't at first those knights back to retire:  
As when the wrathfull *Boreas* doth bluster,  
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,  
Both man & beast do fly, and succour doe inquire.

59  
But when as ouerblown was that brunt,  
Those knights began affresh them to assayle,  
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;  
But chiefly *Talas* with his iron flayle,  
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote auail,  
Made cruell hauocke of the baser crew,  
And chased then: both ouer hill and dale:  
The rascall many foone they ouerthrew;  
But the two knights themselves their captains did subdew.

60  
At last, they came whereas that Lady bode,  
Whom now her keepers haue forsaken quight,  
To saue them selues, and scattered were abroad:  
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,  
As neither glad nor sory for their sight;  
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad  
In royall robes, and many Jewels dight,  
But that those villens through their visage bad  
Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

61  
But *Burbon*, streight dismounting from his steed,  
Vnto her ran with greedy great desire,  
And catching her fast by her ragged weed,  
Would haue embraced her with heart entire.  
But she, back-starting with disdainfull ire,  
Bad him auant, ne would vnto his lore  
Allured be, for prayer nor for meed:  
Whom when those Knights so frowned and forlore  
Beheld, they her rebuked and vpbayded fore.

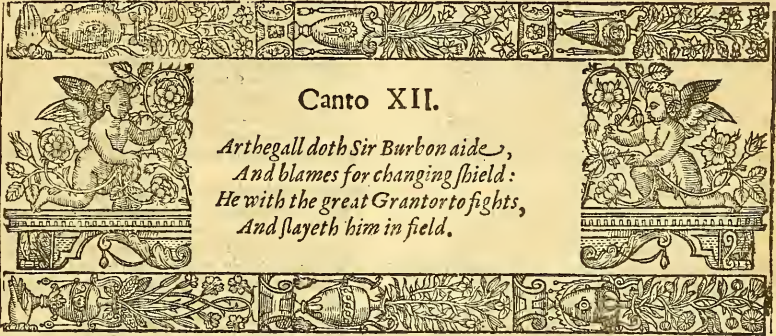
62  
Sayd *Arthegall*: What soule disgrace is this,  
To so faire Lady, as ye seeme in sight,  
To blot your beauty, that vnblemisht is,  
With so foule blame, as breach of faith once plight,  
Or change of Loue for any worlds delight?  
Is ought on earth so precious or deare,  
As prayse and honour? Or is ought so bright  
And beautifull, as glories beames appeare?  
Whose goodly light then *Phabus* lampe doth shine more  
(cleare.)

63  
Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted be  
Vnto a strangers loue, so lightly placed,  
For gifts of gold, or any worldly glee,  
To leaue the Loue, that ye before embraced,  
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?  
Fie on the pelfe, for which good name is sold,  
And honour with indignity defaced:  
Dearer is loue then life, and fame then gold;  
But dearer then them both, your faith once plighted hold.

64  
Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind  
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,  
Ne ought to answer thereunto did find;  
But hanging downe her head with heauy cheare,  
Stood long amaz'd, as she amated weare.  
Which *Burbon* seeing, her againe assaid,  
And clasping twixt his armes, her vp did reare  
Vpon his steede, whiles she no whit gaine-said;  
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid.

65  
Nath'lesse the yron man did still pursue  
That rascall many with vnpietied spoyle;  
Ne ceased not, till all their scatted crew  
Into the sea he droue quite from that soyle,  
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.  
But *Arthegall*, seeing his cruell deed,  
Commanded him from slaughter to recoyle,  
And to his voyage gan againe proceed,  
For that the terme approaching fast, required speed.





## Canto XII.

*Arthegall doth Sir Burbon aide,  
And blames for changing shield;  
He with the great Grantor to fights,  
And slayeth him in field.*

**S**acred hunger of ambitious mindes,  
And impotent desire of men to raigne!  
Whō neither dread of God, that duels bindes,  
Nor lawes of men, that Cōmon-weals contain,  
Nor bands of Nature, that wilde beasts restraine,  
Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,  
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtaine.  
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,  
No louc so lasting then, that may endure long.

Witnesse may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,  
Which may a Knight assure, had surely bound,  
Vntill the loue of Lordship and of lands  
Made him become most faithlesse and vsound:  
And witnesse be *Gerioneo* found,  
Who for like cause faire *Belgé* did oppresse,  
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:  
And so be now *Grantorto*, who no lesse  
Then all the rest burst out to all outrageousnesse.

Gainst whom Sir *Arthegall*, long hauing since  
Taken in hand th'exploit, being theretoo  
Appointed by that mighty Faery Prince,  
Great *Glouiane*, that tyrant to foordoo,  
Through other great adventures hithertoo  
Had it forsackt. But now time drawing ny,  
To him assynd, her high becheast to doo,  
To the sea shore he gan his way apply,  
To weet, if shipping ready he mote there descrie.

Tho. when they came to the sea coast, they found  
A ship all ready (as good fortune fell)  
To put to sea, with whom they did compound,  
To passe them ouer, where them list to tell:  
The winde and weather serued them so well,  
That in one day they with the coast did fall;  
Whereas they ready found, them to repell,  
Great hostes of men in order Martiall,  
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forfall.

But nathemore would they from land refraine:  
But when as nigh vnto the shore they drew,  
That foot of man might sound the bottom plaine,  
*Talus* into the sea did forth islew,  
Though darts from store, & stones they at him threw;  
And wading through the waues with stedfast sway,  
Maugre the might of all those troupes in view,  
Did win the shore, whence bethem chaft away,  
And made to fly, like Doves, whom th' Eagle doth affray.

The whyles, Sir *Arthegall*, with that old knight  
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,  
And forward marched to a towne in sight.  
By this, came tydings to the Tyrants care,  
By thofe, which earst did fly away for feare  
Of their arriual: wherewith troubled fore,  
He all his forces streight to him did reare,  
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,  
Meant them to haue incountred, ere they left the shore.

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,  
And fiercely charged them with all his force;  
But *Talus* sternely did vpon them set,  
And brullit, and battered them without remorse,  
That on the ground he left full many a corse;  
Ne any able was him to withstand,  
But he them ouerthrew both man and horse,  
That they lay scattered ouer all the land,  
As thicke as doth the feed after the fowers hand;

Till *Arthegall* him seeing so to rage,  
Will'd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:  
To which all hearkning, did awhile asswage  
Their foyes fury, and their terror slake;  
Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,  
Willing him went vnto the Tyrant streight,  
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake  
He thither came, but for to try the right  
Of faire *Iremaes* cause with lum in single fight.

9  
And willed him for to reclaime with speed  
His scattered people, ere they all were slaine,  
And time and place conuenient to areed,  
In which, they two the combat might darraine,  
Which message when *Grantorto* heard, full faine  
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,  
And pointed for the combat twixt them twaine  
The morrow next, ne gaue him longer day;  
So founded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

10  
That night, Sir *Arthegall* did cause his tent  
There to be pitched on the open Plaine;  
For, he had giuen streight commandement,  
That none should dare him once to entertaine:  
Which none durst break, though many would right faine  
For faire *Irena*, whom they loued deare.  
But yet olde *Sergis* did fo well him paine,  
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,  
He all things did puruay, which for them needfull were.

11  
The morrow next, that was the dismall day,  
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,  
So soone as it did to the world display  
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,  
The heauy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore  
Of *Arthegalls* arriuall, her to free,  
Lookt vp with eyes full sad, and heart full sore;  
Weening her lifes last howre then neere to be,  
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

12  
Then vp she rose, and on her selfe did dight  
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day;  
And with dull count'nance, and with dolfull spright,  
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay,  
For to receiue the doom of her decay.  
But coming to the place, and finding there  
Sir *Arthegall*, in battailous array  
Wayting his foe, it did her dead heart cheare,  
And new life to her lent, in midst of deadly feare.

13  
Like as a tender Rose in open Plaine,  
That with vntimely drought nigh withered was,  
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine  
Thereon disfull and deaw her dainty face,  
Gins to looke vp, and with fresh wonted grace  
Dispreads the glory of her leaves gay;  
Such was *Irenas* countenance, such her case,  
When *Arthegall* she sawe in that array,  
There wayting for the tyrant, till it was farre day.

14  
Who came at length, with proud presumptuous gate,  
Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,  
All armed in a coat of iron plate,  
Of great defence toward the deadly feare,  
And on his head a steele-cap he did weare  
Of colour rusty browne, but sure & strong;  
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,  
Whose steele was iron studded, but not long,  
With which he went to fight, to iustifie his wrong.

15  
Of stature huge, and hideous he was,  
Like to a Giant for his monstrous height,  
And did in strength most sorts of men surpass,  
Ne euer any found his match in might;  
Thereto he had great skill in single fight;  
His face was vgly, and his countenance sterne,  
That could haue frayd one with the very sight,  
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,  
That whether man or monster one could scarce discern.

16  
Soone as he did within the listes appeare,  
With dreadfull looke he *Arthegall* beheld,  
As if he would haue daunted him with feare,  
And grinning grieisly, did against him weld  
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.  
But th' *Elfin* swayne, that oft had seene like fight,  
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld,  
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,  
And cast his shield about, to be in ready plight.

17  
The Trumpets sound, and they together goe,  
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;  
And their huge strokes full dangerously bestowe,  
To doe most dammage, where as most they ment.  
But with surfe force and fury violent,  
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,  
That through the iron walles their way they rent,  
And euen to the vitall parts they past,  
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brast.

18  
Which cruell outrage, when as *Arthegall*  
Did well auize, thenceforth with wary heed  
He shund his strokes, where-euer they did fall,  
And way did giue unto their gracelesse speed:  
As when a skilfull Mariner doth reed  
A storme approaching, that doth perill threat,  
He will not bide the danger of such dread,  
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-sheat,  
And lends vnto it leaue the emptic ayre to beat.

19  
So did the Faery Knight himselfe abear,  
And stouped oft, his head from shame to shield:  
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare,  
And much to gaine, a little for to yield;  
So stoutest knights doen ofentimes in field.  
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,  
Add did his iron axe so nimble wield,  
That many wounds into his flesh it made,  
And with his burdenons blowes him sore did ouer-lade.

20  
Yet, when as fit aduantage he did spy,  
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare  
His cruell hand, to smite him mortally,  
Vnder his stroke he to him stepping neare,  
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,  
That the gore-bloud, thence gushing grievously,  
Did vnderneath him like a pond appeare,  
And all his armour did with purple die;  
Therewith he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

21

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,  
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,  
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,  
That seemed nought could him from death protect:  
But he it well did ward with wife respect,  
And twixt him and the blowe his shield did cast,  
Which thereon seizing, rooke no great effect;  
But byring deepe therein, did sticke so fast,  
That by no means it backe againe he forth could wraft.

22

Long while he tugd and stroue, to get it out,  
And all his powre applyed there-vnto,  
That he there-with the Knight drew all about:  
Nath'lesse, for all that euer he could doe,  
His axe he could not from his shield vndoe.  
Which *Arthegall* percciuing, strooke no more,  
But loosing soone his shield, did it forgoe,  
And whiles he combred was there-with so fore,  
He gan at him let driue more fiercely then afore.

23

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last,  
He strooke him with *Chrysaor* on the head,  
That with the fouse thereof full foreagast,  
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull stead.  
Agaïne, whiles he him saw so ill bested,  
He did him smite with all his might and maine,  
That falling on his mother earth he fed:  
V Whom when he saw prostrated on the Plaine,  
He lightly rest his head, to ease him of his paine.

24

Which when the people round about him saw,  
They shouted all for ioy of his successe,  
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,  
Which with strong powre did them long time oppresse;  
And running all with greedy ioyfulnesse  
To faire *Irena*, at her feet did fall,  
And her adored with due humblenesse,  
As their true Liege and Princeesse naturall;  
And eke her champions glory founded over all.

25

Who, straight her leading with meet maiesty  
Vnto the Palace where their Kings did raigne,  
Did her therein establish peaceably,  
And to her kingdomes feat restore againe;  
And all such persons as did late maintaine  
That Tyrants part, with close or open ayd,  
He sorely punished with heauy paine;  
That in short space, whiles there with her he staid,  
Not one was left, that durst her once haue disobaid.

26

During which time that he did there remaine,  
His studie was true Iustice how to deale,  
And day and night employ'd his busie paine  
How to reforme that ragged Common-weale:  
And that same iron man which could reueale  
All hidden crimes, through all that Realme he sent,  
To search out those that vs'd to rob and steale,  
Or did rebell gainst lawfull gouernment;  
On whom he did inflict most grieuous punishment.

27

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,  
He through occasion called was away  
To Faery-Court, that of necessity  
His course of Iustice he was forc't to stay,  
And *Talus* to reuoke from the right way,  
In which he was that Realme for to redresse.  
But enuies crowd still dimmeth vertues ray.  
So hauing freed *Irena* from distresse,  
He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heauinesse.

28

Tho, as he backe returned from that land,  
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,  
He had not pass'd farre vpon the strand,  
When-as two old ill fauour'd Haggs he met,  
By the way side beeing together set,  
Two grieu'd creatures; and, to that their faces  
Most foule and filthy were, their garments yer  
Beeing all ragd and tatter'd, their disgraces  
Did much the more atgment, and made most vgly cases.

29

The one of them, that elder did appeare,  
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,  
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule haire  
Hung loose and loathsome: there to her hew  
V Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,  
And all her bones, might through her cheeks be red;  
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blew:  
And as she spake, there-with she flauered;  
Yet spake she seldome, but thought more, the lesse shee fed.

30

Her hands were foule and dirty, neuer washt  
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,  
Like Puttocks clawes: with th' one of which shee scratcht  
Her curfed head, although it itched naught;  
The other held a snake with venime fraught,  
On which shee fed, and gnawed hungerly,  
As if that long she had not eaten ought;  
That round about her iawes one might descry  
The bloody gore and poyson dropping lothsome.

31

Her name was *Envy*, known well thereby;  
Whose nature is to grieue, and grudge at all  
That euer shee sees done praise-worthily:  
V Whose sight to her is greatest croffe may fall,  
And vexeth so, that makes her eate her gall.  
For, when she wanteth other thing to eate,  
Shee feeds on her owne mawe vnnaturall,  
And of her owne foule entrailes makes her meat;  
Meat fit for such a monst'rs monstrous dicat.

32

And if she hapt of any good to heare,  
That had to any happily betid,  
Then would shee inly fret, and grieue, and teare  
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid:  
But if she heard of ill that any did,  
Or harme that any had, then would shee make  
Great cheere, like one vnto a banquet bid;  
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,  
As she had got thereby, and gain'd a great stake.

Dd.

The

33

The other, nothing better was then shee;  
 Agreeing in bad will and cancred kind,  
 But in bad manner they did disagree:  
 For, what-so *Envy* good or bad did find,  
 She did conceale, and murder her owne mind;  
 But this, what-uer euill she conceiu'd,  
 Did spread abroad, and throwe in th'open wind.  
 Yet this in all her words might be perceiu'd,  
 That all shee fought, was mens good name to haue be-

34

For, what-soeuer good by any said,  
 Or doen she heard, she would straight-waies invent  
 How to depraue, or slanderously vp-braid,  
 Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,  
 And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.  
 Therefore she vsed often to report  
 To common haunts, and companies frequent,  
 To harke what any one did good report,  
 To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked fort.

35

And if that any ill she heard of any,  
 She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,  
 And take great ioy to publish it to many,  
 That euery matter worse was for her melling.  
 Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling  
 Was nere to *Envy*, euen her neighbour next;  
 A wicked hag, and *Envy* selfe excelling  
 In mischief: for, her selfe she onely vext:  
 But this same, both her selfe, and others eke perplex.

36

Her face was vgly, and her mouth distort,  
 Foming with poyson round about her gils,  
 In which her curst tongue (full sharpe and short)  
 Appeard like *Aspis* sting, that closely kills,  
 Or cruelly does wound whom-so she wils:  
 A distaffe in her other hand she had,  
 Vpon the which she little spinnes, but spils,  
 And faimes to weaue false tales and leasings bad,  
 To throwe amongst the good, which others had disprad.

37

These two now had themselues combyn'd in one,  
 And linkt together gainst Sir *Arthegall*,  
 For whom they waited as his mortall sone,  
 How they might make him into mischief fall,  
 For freeing from their snares *Irena* thrall:  
 Besides, vnto themselues they gotten had  
 A monster, which the *Blatant Beast* men call;  
 A dreadful fiend, of Gods and men ydrad,  
 Whom they by flights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

38

Such were these Hags, and so vnhandsome dreft:  
 Who when they nigh approaching had espide  
 Sir *Arthegall* return'd from his late quest,  
 They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,

As it had beene two shepheards cures, had scride  
 A rauinous Wolfe amongst the scattered flocks.  
 And *Envy* first, as she that first him cyde,  
 Towards him runnes, and with rude flaring locks  
 About her eares, does beat her brest, & forehead knocks.

39

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,  
 The which whyleare she was so greedily  
 Decouring; euen that halfe-gnawen snake,  
 And at him throwes it most despightfully.  
 The curst Serpent, though the hungry  
 Earst chaw'd thereon, yet was not all dead,  
 But that some life remained secretly;  
 And, as he past afore withouten dread,  
 Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

40

Then, th'other comming nere, gan him reuile,  
 And foully raile, with all she could invent;  
 Saying, that he had with vnmanly guile,  
 And foule abusion borh his honour blent,  
 And that bright sword, the sword of Iustice lent,  
 Had stained with reprochfull crueltie,  
 In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:  
 As for *Grandtorto*, him with treacherie  
 And traines hauing surpriz'd, he foully did to die.

41

There-to the *Blatant beast*, by them set on,  
 At him began aloud to barke and bay,  
 With bitter rage and fell contention,  
 That all the woods and rocks, nigh to that way,  
 Began to quake and tremble with dismay;  
 And all the ayre rebellowed againe.  
 So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,  
 And euermore those hags themselues did paine,  
 To sharpen him, and their owne curst tongues did straine.

42

And still among, most bitter words they spake,  
 Most shamefull, most vnrighteous, most vtrew,  
 That they the mildest man aliu would make  
 Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew  
 To her, that so false slaunders at him threw.  
 And more, to make the peace and wound more deepe,  
 She with the sting which in her vile tongue grewe,  
 Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:  
 Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

43

But *Talus*, hearing her so lewdly raile,  
 And speake so ill of him, that well deserued,  
 Would her haue chastiz'd with his iron flaile,  
 If her Sir *Arthegall* had not preferred,  
 And him forbidden, who his heaft obserued.  
 So much the more at him still did she scold,  
 And stones did cast, yet he for nought would swerue  
 From his right course, but still the way did hold  
 To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be told.



# THE SIXT BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

(..)

CONTAINING

The Legend of Sir CALIDORE.

OR

*Of Curtesie.*

**H**e waies, through which my weary steps I guide,  
In this delightfull land of Faery,  
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,  
And sprinkled with such sweet varietie

Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,  
That I nigh rauisht with rare thoughts delight,  
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby;  
And when I gin to feeble decay of might,  
It strength to me supplies, and cheares my dulled spright.

Such secret comfort, and such heauenly pleasures,  
Ye sacred Imps, that on *Parnasso* dwell,  
And there the keeping haue of learnings treasures,  
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,  
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,  
And goodly fury into them infuse;  
Guide ye my footing, and condcit me well  
In these strange waies, where neuer foote did vse,  
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muse;

Reuale to me the sacred nourfery  
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,  
Where it in siluer bowre does hidden lie  
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdain.

Sith it at first was by the Gods with paine  
Planted in earth, becing deriu'd at first  
From heauenly feedes of bounty soueraine,  
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,  
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all growes not a fairer flowre,  
Then is the bloosme of comely curtesie;  
Which, though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,  
Yet becing forth in braue nobilitie,  
And spreads it selfe through all ciuilitie:  
Of which, though present age doe plentious soeme,  
Ye will them all but fained shoues esteeme,  
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eyes misdeeme.

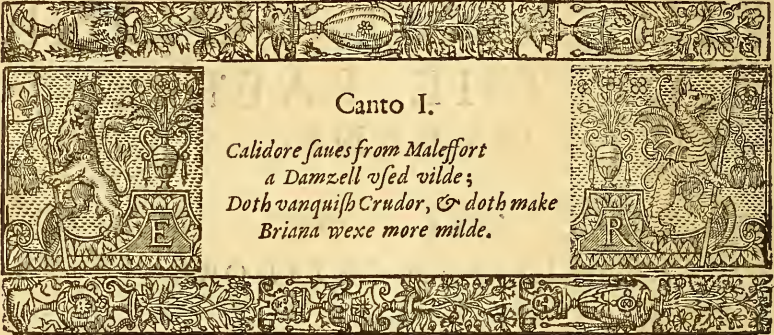
But in the triall of true curtesie,  
Its now so faire from that which then it was,  
That it indeed is nought bur forgerie,  
Fashion'd to please the eyes of them, that pass,  
Which see not perfect things but in a glasse:  
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blind  
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is brasse.  
But vertues seat is depe within the mind,  
And not in outward shoues, but inward thoughts defin'd.

D d. 2.

But

6  
 But where shall I in all Antiquitie  
 So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene  
 The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,  
 As in your selfe, ô souveraine Lady Queene?  
 In whose pure mind, as in a mirror theene,  
 It shows, and with her brightnesse doth inflame  
 The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;  
 But meriteth indeed an higher name:  
 Yet lo from lowe to high vp-lifted is your name.

7  
 Then pardon me, most dreaded Soueraigne,  
 That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,  
 And to your selfe doe it returne againe:  
 So from the Ocean all riuers spring,  
 And tribute backe repay, as to their King.  
 Right so from you all goodly vertues well  
 Into the rest, which round about you ring,  
 Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,  
 And doe adorne your Court, where courtesies excell.



## Canto I.

*Calidore saues from Maleffort  
 a Damzell vsed vilde;  
 Doth vanquish Crudor, & doth make  
 Briana wexe more milde.*

1  
**F** Court, it seemes, most Courtesie doe call,  
 For that it there most vseth to abound;  
 And well befeemeth, that in Princes hall  
 That vertue should be plenufully found,  
 Which of all goodly manners is the ground,  
 And roote of ciuill conuersation.  
 Right so in Faery Court it did redound,  
 Where courteous Knights and Ladies most did won  
 Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

2  
 But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight,  
 Then *Calidore*, beloued over all:  
 In whom, it seemes, that gentlenesse of spright  
 And manners milde were planted naturall;  
 To which he adding comely giuize withall,  
 And gracious speech, did steale mens harts away.  
 Nath'lesse, thereto he was full stout and tall,  
 And well approv'd in battailous affray,  
 That him did much renoume, and for his fame display.

3  
 Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found  
 In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace,  
 For his faire vsage and conditions found,  
 The which in all mens liking gained place,  
 And with the greatest, purchast greatest grace:  
 Which he could wisely vse, and well apply,  
 To please the best, and th'euill to embafe.  
 For, he loath'd leasung, and base flattery,  
 And loued simple truth, and stedfast honesty.

4  
 And now he was in trancell on his way,  
 Vpon an hard adventure sore beftad,  
 When-as by chance he met vpon a day  
 With *Arthegall*, returning yet halfe sad  
 From his late conquest which he gotten had.  
 Who, when-as each of other had a fight,  
 They knew themselues, and both their persons rad:  
 When *Calidore* thus first; Haile noblest Knight  
 Of all this day on ground that breatheen liuing spright:

5  
 Now tell, if please you, of the good successe  
 Which ye haue had in your late enterprize.  
 To whom Sir *Arthegall* gan to expresse  
 His whole exploit, and valorous emprize,  
 In order as it did to him arize.  
 Now happy man, said then Sir *Calidore*,  
 Which haue so goodly, as ye can deuize,  
 Atchieu'd lo hard a quest, as few before;  
 That shall you most renoumed make for euermore.

6  
 But where ye ended haue, now I begin  
 To tread an endlesse trace withouten guide,  
 Or good direction, how to enter in,  
 Or how to issue forth in waies vntride,  
 In perils strange, in labours long and wide;  
 In which, although good fortune me befall,  
 Yet shall it not by none be testifide.  
 What is that quest, quoth then Sir *Arthegall*,  
 That you into such perils presently doth call:



7  
The Blattant Beast, quoth he, I doe pursue,  
And through the world incessantly doe chase,  
Till I him overtake, or else subdew:  
Yet knowe I nor or how, or in what place,  
To find him out, yet still I forward trace.  
What is that Blattant Beast, then he replide?  
It is a Monster bred of hellish race,  
Then answerd he, which often hath annoyd  
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd.

8  
Of *Cerberus* whylome he was begot,  
And fell *Chimera* in her darksome den,  
Through foule commixture of his filthy blot;  
Where he was fostred long in *Stygian* fen,  
Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then  
Into this wicked world he forth was sent,  
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:  
Whom with vile rounge and venomous intent  
He fore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

9  
Then since the saluage Island I did leaue,  
Said *Arthegall*, I such a Beast did see,  
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to haue,  
That all in spight and malice did agree,  
With which he bayd, and loudly barkt at mee,  
As if that he attonce would me deuoure.  
But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,  
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre;  
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure.

10  
That surely is that Beast, said *Calidore*,  
Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad  
To heare these tidings, which of none afore  
Through all my weary trauell I haue had:  
Yet now some hope your words vnto me add.  
Now God you speed, quoth then *Sir Arthegall*,  
And keepe your body from the danger drad:  
For, ye haue much adoe to deale withall;  
So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted feuerall.

11  
*Sir Calidore* thence travelled not long,  
When as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,  
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong,  
Both hand and foot vnto a tree was bound:  
Who, seeing him from farre, with pittious sound  
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide.  
To whom approaching, in that painfull stound  
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staid,  
But first him loos'd, and after wards thus to him said.

12  
Vnhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought  
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?  
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,  
And thee captiued in this shamefull place?  
To whom he answerd thus: My haplesse case  
Is not occasion through my misdesert,  
But through misfortune, which did me abase  
Vnto this shame, and my young hope subvert,  
Ere that I in her guilefull traires was well expert.

13  
Not farre from hence, vpon yond rocky hill,  
Hard by a straight there stands a Castle strong,  
VVhich doth obserue a custome lewd and ill,  
And it hath long maintaiend with mighty wrong:  
For, may no Knight nor Lady passe along  
That way (and yet they needs must passe that way)  
By reason of the straight, and rocks among,  
But they that Ladies locks doe shau away,  
And that knights beard for roll, which they for passage pay.

14  
A shamefull vse as euer I did heare,  
Said *Calidore*, and to be overthrowne.  
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,  
And for what cause? tell if thou haue it knowne.  
Said then that Squire: The Lady which doth owne  
This Castle, is by name *Briana* hight,  
Then which a prouder Lady lueth none:  
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,  
And fought to win his lone by all the meanes she might.

15  
His name is *Crudor*, who through high disdain  
And proud despighr of his selfe-pleasing mind,  
Refused hath to yield her loue againe,  
Vntill a Mantle she for him doe find,  
With beards of Knights, and locks of Ladies lin'd,  
Which to prouide, she hath this Castle dight,  
And therein hath a Seneschall assign'd,  
Calld *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,  
Who executes her wicked will, with worse despight.

16  
He, this same day, as I that way did come  
With a faire Damzell, my beloued deare,  
In execution of her lawlesse doome,  
Did set vpon vs flying both for feare:  
For, little bootes against him hand to reare.  
Me first he tooke, vnable to withstand;  
And whiles he her pursued euery where,  
Till his returne vnto this tree he bond:  
Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet haue fond.

17  
Thus, whiles they spake, they heard a ruefull shriek  
Of one loud crying, which they straight way ghest,  
That it was she, the which for helpe did seeke.  
Tho, looking vp vnto the cry to left,  
They saw that Carle from farre, with hand vnablest  
Haling that maiden by the yellow haire,  
That all her garments from her snowy brest,  
And from her head her locks he nigh did teare,  
Ne would he spare for pittie, nor refrain for feare.

18  
Which haynous fight when *Calidore* beheld,  
Eftsoones he loos'd that Squire, and so him left,  
With harts dismay, and inward dolour queld,  
For to pursue that villaine, which had rdt  
That pittious spoile by so iniurious theft.  
Whom overtaking, loud to him he cride:  
Leaue saytor quickly that misgotten west,  
To him that hath it better iustside,  
And turne thee soone to him, of whom thou art deside.

19  
Who harkning to that voice, him selfe vp-reard,  
And seeing him so fiercely towards make,  
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afraid,  
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;  
And with sterne count'naunce thus vnto him spakes  
Art thou the caitiue that defiest mee,  
And for this Maid, whose party thou doost take,  
Wilt giue thy beard, though it but litle bee?  
Yet shall it not her locks for ransom from me free.

20  
VVith that, he fiercely at him flew, and layd  
On hideous strokes with most importune might,  
That oft he made him stagger as vnstaid,  
And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despiight.  
But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,  
Him long forbore, and still his spirit spar'd,  
Lying in wait how him he damage night.  
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,  
He greater grew, and gan to driue at him more hard.

21  
Like as a water streame, whose swelling soure  
Shall driue a Mill, within strong banks is pent,  
And long restrained of his ready course;  
So soone as passage is vnto him lent,  
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.  
Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,  
When once he felt his foe-man to relent;  
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed fore,  
Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

22  
The heauy burden of whose dreadfull might  
When as the Carle no longer could sustaine,  
His hart gan faint, and straight he tooke his flight  
Toward the Castle, where if need constrainc,  
His hope of refuge vsed to remaine.  
Whom *Calidore* perceiuing fast to flie,  
He him pursu'd and chased through the Plaine,  
That he for dread of death gan loud to cry  
Vnto the ward, to open to him hastily:

23  
They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,  
The gate soone opened to receiue him in;  
But *Calidore* did follow him so fast,  
That euen in the Porch he him did win,  
And cleft his head asunder to his chin.  
The carcasse tumbling downe within the dore,  
Did choke the entrance with a lump of sin,  
That it could not be shut, whil't *Calidore*  
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

24  
With that, the rest, the which the Castle kept,  
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;  
But he them all from him full lightly swept,  
As doth a Steare, in heat of sommers day,  
With his long taile the bryzes brush away.  
Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,  
Where, of the Lady selfe in sad distray  
He was ymet: who with vncomely shame  
Gan him salute, and foule vpbraid with faulty blame.

25  
False traytor Knight, said she, no knight at all,  
But scorne of armes, that hast with guilty hand  
Murderd my men, and slaine my Seneschall;  
Now comest thou to rob my house vnrmand,  
And spoile my selfe, that cannot thee withstand?  
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight  
Then thou, that shall thy treason vnderstand,  
Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:  
And if none doe, yet shame shall thee with shame requight.

26  
Much was the Knight abashed at that word;  
Yet answerd thus; Not vnto me the shame,  
But to the shamefull doer it afford.  
Blood is no blemish; for, it is no blame  
To punish those that doe deserue the fame;  
But they that breake bands of ciuilitie,  
And wicked customes make, those doe defame  
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.  
No greater shame to man, then inhumanitie.

27  
Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, forgoe  
This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,  
And doe in stead thereof mild cur'sie shoue  
To all that passe. That shall you glory gaine  
More then his loue, which thus ye seeke to obtaine.  
V Where-with, all full of wrath, she thus replide;  
Vile recreant, knowe that I doe much disdainc  
Thy courteous lore, that doost my loue deride,  
Who scornes thy idle scoffe, and bids thee be defide.

28  
To take defiance at a Ladies word  
Quoth hee, I hold it no indignity;  
But were he here, that would it with his sword  
Abett, perhaps he mote it deere aby.  
Coward, quoth shee, were not that thou wouldst flie,  
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.  
If I doe so, said he, then liberty  
I leaue to you, for aye me to disgrace,  
With all those shames that earst ye spake me to deface.

29  
VVith that, a Dwarf she cald to her in haste,  
And taking from her hand a ring of gold  
(A priuy token which betwene them past)  
Bade him to flie with all the speed he could  
To *Crador*, and desire him that he would  
Vouchsafe to reskew her against a Knight,  
Who through strong powre had now herselfe in hold,  
Hauing late slaine her Seneschall in fight,  
And all her people murderd with outrageous might.

30  
The Dwarf she his way did haste, and went all night;  
But *Calidore* did with her there abide  
The coming of that so much threatned Knight,  
Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull pride,  
And soule entreay him indignifide,  
That iron hart it hardly could sustaine:  
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guide,  
Did well endure her womanish disdainc,  
And did him selfe from fraile impatience refraine.

The morrow next, before <sup>31</sup>the lampe of light  
 About the earth vp-reard his flaming head,  
 The Dwarf which bore that message to her knight,  
 Brought answer back, that ere he tasted bread,  
 He would her succour; and aliue or dead  
 Her foe deliuer vp into her hand:  
 Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;  
 And that of him she mote assured stand,  
 He sent to her his basenet, as a faithfull band.

There of full blithe the Lady straight became,  
 And gan t'augment her bitterness much more:  
 Yet no whit more appalled for the same,  
 Ne ought dismaied was Sir *Calidore*,  
 But rather did more cheerfull seeme therefore.  
 And hauing soone his armes about him dight,  
 Did issue forth, to meet his foe afor;  
 Where long he stayed not, when-as a Knight  
 He spide come pricking on with all his powre & might.

Well weend he straight, that he should be the same  
 Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;  
 Ne staid to aske if it were he by name,  
 But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.  
 They been ymett in midst of the Plaine,  
 With so fell furie and despiteous force,  
 That neither could the others stroke sustaine,  
 But rudely rowl'd to ground both man and horse,  
 Neither of other taking pity nor remorse.

But *Calidore* vp-rose againe full light,  
 Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senselesse sound;  
 Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:  
 For, shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.  
 But when *Briana* saw that dreary ffound,  
 There where she stood vpon the Castle wall,  
 She deem'd him sure to haue beene dead on ground:  
 And made such pittious mourning there-withall,  
 That from the battlements the ready seem'd to fall.

Nath'lesse at length himselfe he did vp-reare  
 In lustlesse wise; as if against his will,  
 Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,  
 And gan to stretch his limbes; which feeling ill  
 Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:  
 But when he saw his foe before in view,  
 He shooke off luskifnesse, and courage chill  
 Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,  
 To proue if better foot then horseback would enfew.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray  
 Betwixt them two, for maistry of might.  
 For, both were wondrous practicke in that play,  
 And passing well expert in single fight,  
 And both inflam'd with furious despight:  
 Which as it still increast, so still increast  
 Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;  
 Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,  
 Ne once to breache awhile their angers tempest ceast.

Thus, long they tract and trauert to and fro,  
 And tryde all waies, how each mote entranc make  
 Into the life of his malignant foe:  
 They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,  
 As they had pot-shares been; for nought mote slake  
 Their greedy vengeance, but goary blood;  
 That at the last, like to a purple lake  
 Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,  
 Which from their riuen sides forth gushed like a flood.

At length, it chaunc't, that both their hands on hie  
 Attonce did heaue, with all their powre and might,  
 Thinking the vtmost of their force to try;  
 And proue the finall fortune of the fight:  
 But *Calidore*, that was more quicke of sight,  
 And nimbler handed then his enemy,  
 Preuented him before his stroke could light,  
 And on the helmet smote him formerly,  
 That made him stoope to ground with meeke humility.

And ere he could recouer foot againe,  
 He following that faire advantage fast,  
 His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,  
 That him vpon the ground he groueling cast;  
 And leaping to him light, would haue vnlac't  
 His Helme, to make vnto his vengeance way.  
 Who seeing in what danger he was plac't,  
 Cryde out, Ah mercy Sir, doe me not slay,  
 But saue my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

VVith that, his mortall hand awhile he stayd,  
 And hauing some-what calm'd his wrathfull heat  
 With goodly patience, thus he to him said;  
 And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,  
 That menaced me from the field to beat,  
 Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne,  
 Strangers no more so rudely to intreat,  
 But put away proud looke, and vsage sterne,  
 The which shall nought to you but foule dishonour earne.

For, nothing is more blamefull to a Knight,  
 That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,  
 How-euer strong and fortunate in fight,  
 Then the reproche of pride and cruellnesse.  
 In vaine he seeketh others to suppressse,  
 Who hath not leard him selfe first to subdew:  
 All flesh is fraile, and full of sicklenesse,  
 Subiect to fortunes chaunce, still changing new;  
 What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

VVho will not mercy vnto others shew,  
 How can he mercy euer hope to haue?  
 To pay each with his owne, is right and dew.  
 Yet sith ye mercy now doe need to craue,  
 I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to saue,  
 With these conditions, which I will prouound:  
 First, that ye better shall your selfe behaue  
 Vnto all errant knights, where-so on ground;  
 Next, that ye Ladies ayde in euery stead and ffound.

43  
The wretched man, that all this while did dwell  
In dread of death, his hearts did gladly heare,  
And prouist to performe his precept well,  
And what-soeuer else he would requere.  
So suffering him to rise, he made him swear  
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,  
To take *Briana* for his louing fere,  
Withouten dowre or composition;  
But to release his former foule condition.

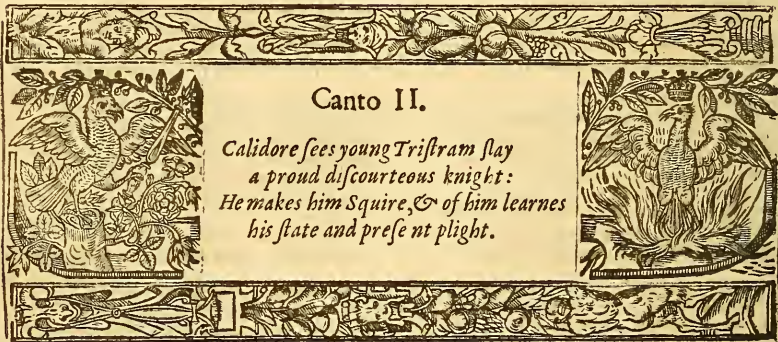
44  
All which accepting, and with faithfull oth  
Binding himselfe most firmly to obey,  
He vp arose, how euer life or loth,  
And swore to him true fealty for aye.  
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay  
The sad *Briana*, which all this beheld:  
Who comming forth yet full of late affray,  
Sir *Calidore* vp-heard, and to her teld  
All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

45  
Whercof she now more glad, then fory cast,  
All overcome with infinite affect,  
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearc't  
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,

Before his feet her selfe she did proiect,  
And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,  
With all due thanks, and dutifull respect,  
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,  
By which he had to her both life and Loue restord.

46  
So all returning to the Castle glad,  
Most ioyfully she them did entertaine;  
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,  
To shew her thankfull mind and meaning faine,  
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:  
And after all, vnto Sir *Calidore*  
She freely gaue that Castle for his paine,  
And her selfe bound to him for euermore;  
So wondrously now chang'd from that she was afore.

47  
But *Calidore*, himselfe would not retaine  
Nor land nor fee for hire of his good deed;  
But gaue them straight vnto that Squire againe,  
Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,  
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed,  
For recompence of all their former wrong:  
There he remaind with them right well agreed,  
Till of his wounds he waxed whole and strong,  
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.



## Canto II.

*Calidore sees young Tristram slay  
a proud discourteous knight:  
He makes him Squire, & of him learns  
his state and present plight.*

1  
**W**hat vertue is so fitting for a Knight,  
Or for a Lady, whom a knight should loue,  
As Conscience, to beare themselues aright  
To all of each degree, as doth behoue?  
For, whether they be placed high aboue,  
Or lowe beneath, yet ought they well to knowe  
Their good, that none them rightly may reprove  
Of rudenesse, for not yielding what they owe:  
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestowe.

2  
There-to great helpe Dame Nature selfe doth lend:  
For, some so goodly gracious are by kind,  
That euery action doth them much commend,  
And in the eyes of men great liking find;

Which others, that haue greater skill in mind,  
Though they enforce themselues, cannot attaine.  
For, euery thing to which one is inclin'd,  
Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gaine:  
Yet praise likewise deserue good theues, enforce't with  
(paine.)

3  
That well in courtesie *Calidore* appeares;  
- Whole euery deed, and word that he did say,  
- Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,  
- And both the eares did steale the hart away.  
He now againe is on his former way,  
- To follow his first quest, when as he spyde  
A tall young man from thence not farr away,  
- Fighting on foot, as well he him deseride,  
Against an armed knight, that did on horse-back ride.

And

And them beside, a Lady faire he saw,  
 Standing alone on foot, in foule array:  
 To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,  
 To weete the cause of so vncomely fray,  
 And to depart them, if so be he may.  
 But ere he came in place, that youth had kild  
 That armed Knight, that lowe on ground he lay;  
 Which when he saw, his hart was inly child  
 With great amazement, & his thought with wonder filld.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee  
 A goodly youth of amiable grace,  
 Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see  
 Yet feauenteene yeeres, but tall and faire of face, AB  
 That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race.  
 All in a Woodmans iacket he was clad  
 Of Lincolne greene, belayd with siluer lace;  
 And on his head an hood with a glets sprad,  
 And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwaine,  
 Pinkt vpon gold, and paled part per part,  
 As then the guize was for each gentle swaine;  
 In his right hand he held a trembling dart,  
 Whose fellow he before had sent apurt;  
 And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,  
 With which he wont to lounce the saluage hart  
 Of many a Lion, and of many a Bearc  
 That first vnto his hand in chase did happen neare.

Whom *Calidore* awhile well hauing vewed,  
 At length bespake; What means this, gentle swaine?  
 Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed  
 In blood of knight, the which by thee is slunc?  
 By thee no knight; which armes impugne th plaine.  
 Certes, said he, loth were I to haue broken  
 The law of armes; yet breake it should againe,  
 Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,  
 So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

For, not I him, as this his Lady here  
 May witness well, did offer first to wrong,  
 Ne surly thus vnarm'd I likely were;  
 But he me first, through pride & puissance strong  
 Assaild, not knowing what to armes doth long.  
 Perdie, great blame, then said Sir *Calidore*,  
 For armed knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong.  
 But then aread, thou gentle child, wherefore  
 Betwix you two began this strife and sterne vp-rore.

That shall I sooth, said he, to you declare.  
 I, whose vnriper yeeres are yet vnfit  
 For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,  
 Doe spend my dayes, and bend my carelesse wit  
 To saluage chase, where I thereon may hit  
 In all this Forrest, and wilde woody raine:  
 Where, as this day I was enraging it,  
 I chaunc't to meet this knight, who there lies slaine,  
 Together with this Lady, passing on the Plaine.

The knight, as ye did see, on horse-back was,  
 And this his Lady (that him ill became)  
 On her faire feet by his horse side did pass  
 Through thick and thin, vnfit for any Dame.  
 Yet not content, more to increas his shame,  
 When so she lagged, as she needs mote fo,  
 He with his speare (that was to him great blame)  
 Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,  
 Weeping to him in vaine, and making pittious woe.

Which when I saw, as they me passed by,  
 Much was I moued in indignaunt mind,  
 And gan to blame him for such cruelty  
 Towards a Lady, whom with vsage kind  
 He rather should haue taken vp behind.  
 Where-with he wroth, and full of proud disdainc,  
 Tooke in foule scoorne that I such fault did find,  
 And me in lieu thereof reuil'd againe,  
 Threatning to chastize me, as doth t'a child pertaine.

Which I no lesse disdainyng, backe returned  
 His scornfull taunts vnto his teeth againe,  
 That he straight way with haughtie choler burn'd,  
 And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;  
 Which I enforce't to beare, though to my paine,  
 Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,  
 Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,  
 Strooke him, as seemeth, vnderneath the hart,  
 That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart.

Much did Sir *Calidore* admire his speach  
 Tempred lo well; but more admir'd the stroke  
 That through the mailes had made lo strong a breack  
 Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke  
 His wrath on him, that first occasion broke.  
 Yet restd not, but further gan inquire  
 Of that same Lady, whether what he spoke,  
 Were loothly lo, and that th'vnrighteous ire  
 Of her owne knight, had giuen him his owne due hire.

Of all which, when as she could nought deny,  
 But cleard that stripling of th'imputed blame,  
 Staid then Sir *Calidore*; neither will I  
 Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite claime:  
 For, what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame:  
 And what he did, he did himselfe to saue: (shame.)  
 Against both which, that knight wrought knightlesse  
 For, knights and all men this by nature haue,  
 Towards all women-kind them kindly to behaue.

But, sith that he is gone irreuocable,  
 Please it you Lady, to vs to aread,  
 What cause could make him lo dishonourable,  
 To driue you fo on foot vnfit to tread  
 And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead?  
 Certes, sir knight, said she, full loth I were  
 To raise a liuing blame against the dead:  
 But sith it me concerns my selfe to clere,  
 I will the truth discouer, as it chaunc't whylere.

16

This day, as he and I together roade  
 Vpon our way, to which we weren bent,  
 We chaunc't to come fore-by a couert glade  
 Within a wood, where-as a Lady gent  
 Sate with a Knight in ioyous iolliment  
 Of their franke loues, free from all iealous spies:  
 Faire was the Lady sure, that mote content  
 An hart not carried with too curious eyes,  
 And vnto him did shew all louely curtesies.

17

Whom, when my Knight did see so louely faire,  
 He inly gan her Louer to enue,  
 And wish that he part of his spoyle might share.  
 Where-to when as my presence he did spy  
 To be a let, he bade me by and by  
 For to alight: but when as I was loth,  
 My Loues owne part to leaue so suddenly,  
 He with strong hand downe fro his steed me throw'th,  
 And with presumptuous powre against that knight straight

18

Vnarm'd all was the knight; as then more meete  
 For Ladies seruice, and for loues delight,  
 Then fearing any foe-man there to meet:  
 Whereof he taking oddes, straight bids him dight  
 Himselfe to yield his Loue, or else to fight.  
 Whereat, the other starting vp dismaid,  
 Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might;  
 To leaue his Loue he should be ill apayd,  
 In which he had good right gainst all, that it gaine-said.

19

Yet, sith he was not presently in plight  
 Her to defend, or his to iustifie,  
 He him requested, as he was a Knight,  
 To lend him day his better right to try,  
 Or stay till he his armes (which were there by)  
 Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and hot,  
 No time would giue, nor any tearmes aby,  
 But at him flew, and with his speare him smote;  
 From which to thinke to saue himselfe, it booted not.

20

Meane-while, his Lady, which this outrage saw,  
 VVhil't they together for the quarrey stroue,  
 Into the couert did her selfe withdraw,  
 And closely hid her selfe within the Groue.  
 My knight, hers soone (as seemes) to danger droue,  
 And left sore wounded: but, when her he mist,  
 He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan roue  
 And range through all the wood, where so he wist  
 Shee hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

21

But, when as her he by no means could find,  
 After long search and chauffe, he turned back  
 Vnto the place where me he left behind:  
 There gan he me to curse and ban, for lack  
 Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wrack  
 To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.  
 Of all which, I yet glad to beare the pack,  
 Stroue to appease him, and perswaded long:  
 But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

22

Then, as it were t'auenge his wrath on mee,  
 When forward we should fare, he flat refused  
 To take me vp (as this young man did see)  
 Vpon his steed, for no iust cause accused,  
 But forc't to trot on foot, and foule misused;  
 Punching me with the butt end of his speare,  
 In vaine complaining to be so abused.  
 For, he regarded neither plaint nor teare,  
 But more enforc't my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

23

So passed we, till this young man vs met;  
 And beeing mou'd with pity of my plight,  
 Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret:  
 Whereof befell, what now is in your fight.  
 Now sure, then said Sir *Calidore*, and right  
 Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:  
 Who cuer thinks through confidence of might,  
 Or through support of count'nance proud and haule  
 To wrong the weaker, oft falls in his owne assault.

24

Then, turning backe vnto that gentle boy,  
 VVhich had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;  
 Seeing his face so louely sterne and coy,  
 And hearing th'answers of his pregnant wit,  
 He prayd it much, and much admired it;  
 That sure he weend him borne of noble blood,  
 With whom those graces did so goodly fit:  
 And when he long had him beholding stood,  
 He burst into these words, as to him seem'd good:

25

Faire gentle swaine, and yet as stowt as faire,  
 That in these woods amongst the Nymphs doost won,  
 Which daily may to thy sweet lookes repaire,  
 As they are wont vnto *Latonaes* son,  
 After his chace on woody *Cynthus* don:  
 Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,  
 As by thy worth thou worthily hast won,  
 Or surely borne of some Herodick fead,  
 That in thy face appeares, and gracious goodly-head.

26

But should it not displease thee it to tell  
 (Vnlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale,  
 For loue amongst the woody Gods to dwell;) I  
 I would thy selfe require thee to reuale,  
 For deare affection and vnfaigned zeale  
 Which to thy noble personage I beare,  
 And wish thee growe in worship and great weale.  
 For, since the day that armes I first did reare,  
 I neuer saw in any, greater hope appeare.

27

To whom, then thus the noble youth: May be  
 Sir knight, that by discouering my estate,  
 Harme may arise vnweeting vnto mee;  
 Nath'lesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,  
 To you I will not feare it to relate.  
 Then wote ye; that I am a Briton borne,  
 Sonne of a King, how cuer thorough fate  
 Or fortune I my country haue forlorne, (adorne.  
 And lost the Crowne, which should my head by right

And

28

And *Trifram* is my name, the onely heire  
Of good king *Meliogras*, which did raigne  
In Cornewale, till that he through liues despeire  
Vntimely dide, before I did attaine  
Ripe yeares of reason; my right to maintaine.  
After whose death, his brother seeing mee  
An infant, weake a kingdom to sustaine,  
Vpon him tooke the roy all high degree,  
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

29

The widow Queene, my mother, which then hight  
Faire *Emiline*, conceiuing then great feare  
Of my frule safety, resting in the might  
Of him, that did the kingly Scepter beare,  
Whose iecalous dread induring not a peare,  
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed.  
Thought best away me to remoue some-where  
Into some forraine Land, where-as no need  
Of dreaded danger might his doubtfull humor feed.

30

So, taking counsell of a wife man red,  
She was by him adviz'd, to send me quight  
Out of the Country wherein I was bred,  
The which the fertile *Lionesse* is hight,  
Into the Land of *Faery*, where no wight  
Should weete of mee, nor worke me any wrong.  
To whose wife read she harkning, sent me straight  
Into this Land, where I haue wond thus long,  
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature strong.

31

All which, my dayes I haue not lewdly spent,  
Nor spilt the blosome of my tender yeares  
In idlesse; but as was conuenient,  
Haue trained been with many noble feres  
In gentle thewes, and such like seemly leres.  
Amongst which, my most delight hath alwaies been  
To hunt the saluage chace amongst my peres,  
Of all that rangeth in the Forrest greene;  
Of which, none is to me vnknowne, that ev'r was seene.

32

Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on perch,  
Whether high to wing, or accoasting lowe,  
But I the measure of her flight doe search,  
And all her prey, and all her diet knowe.  
Such be our ioyes, which in these Fortrefts growe:  
Onely the vie of armes, which most I ioy,  
And fitteth most for noble swaine to knowe,  
I haue not tasted yet, yet past a boy,  
And being now high time these strong ioynts to employ.

33

Therefore, good sir, sith now occasion fit  
Doth fall, whose like hereafter sildome may;  
Let me this craue, vnworthy though of it,  
That ye will make me Squire without delay,  
That from henceforth in batallous array  
I may beare armes, and learne to vse them right;  
The rather, sith that fortune hath this day  
Giuen to me the spoile of this dead knight,  
These goodly gilden armes, which I haue won in fight.

34

All which, when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,  
Him much more now, then erst he gan admire,  
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,  
And thus replide; Faire child, the high desire  
To loue of armes, which in you doth aspire,  
I may not certes without blame denie;  
But rather wish, that some more noble hire  
(Though none more noble then is cheualric)  
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.

35

There, him he caus'd to kneele, and made to sweare  
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all;  
And neuer to be recreate, for feare  
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:  
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.  
Full glad and ioyous then young *Trifram* grew,  
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small,  
Long shut vp in the bud from heauens view,  
At length breakes forth, and brode displayes his smiling  
(hew.)

36

Thus, when they long had treated to and fro,  
And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,  
Child *Trifram* prayd, that he with him might goe  
On his aduenture; vowing not to start,  
But wait on him in euery place and part.  
Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,  
And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,  
In hope he sure would proue a doughtie knight:  
Yet for the time this answer he to him behight;

37

Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,  
To haue thy presence in my present quest,  
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,  
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest:  
But I am bound by vow, which I profess  
To my drad Soueraigne, when I it afraid,  
That in atchieuement of her high behest,  
I should no creature ioyne vnto mine ayde,  
For-thy, I may not grant that ye so greatly prayd.

38

But, since this Lady is all desolate,  
And needeth safe gard now vpon her way,  
Ye may doe well in this her needfull state  
To succour her, from danger of dismay;  
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.  
The noble Impe, of such new seruice faine,  
It gladly did accept, as he did say.  
So taking courteous leaue, they parted twaine,  
And *Calidore* forth passed to his former paine.

39

But *Trifram*, then despoiling that dead knight  
Of all those goodly ornaments of praise,  
Long fed his greedy eyes with the faire sight  
Of the bright metall, shining like Sunne rayes;  
Handling and turning them a thousand waies.  
And after, hauing them vpon him dight,  
He tooke that Lady, and her vp did raise  
Vpon the steed of her owne late dead knight:  
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

There

40  
 There, to their fortune, leaue we them awhile,  
 And tu me we backe to good Sir *Calidore*;  
 Who, ere he thence had traueil'd many a mile,  
 Came to the place, where-as ye heard afore,  
 This Knight, whom *Trifram* slew, had wounded fore.  
 Another Knight in his despite ous pride;  
 There he that knight found lying on the flore,  
 With many wounds full perilous and wide,  
 That all his garments, and the graffe in vermeill dide.

41  
 And there beside him, fate vpon the ground  
 His dolefull Lady, pittiously complaining  
 With loud laments that most vnluckie found,  
 And her sad selfe with careful hand constraining  
 To wipe his wounds, and ease their bitter payning.  
 Which fory fight when *Calidore* did view  
 With heauy eyne, from teares vneath refrayning,  
 His mighty hart their mournfull case can rew,  
 And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

42  
 Then speaking to the Lady, thus he said:  
 Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieffe empeach  
 To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arraid  
 This knight vnarm'd, with so vnknighly breach  
 Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,  
 I may auenge him of so foule despight.  
 The Lady, hearing his so courteous speach,  
 Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,  
 And from her fory hart few heauy words forth sigh't.

43  
 In which she shew'd, how that discourteous knight  
 (Whom *Trifram* slew) them in that shadow found,  
 Ioying together in vnblam'd delight,  
 And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,  
 Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound  
 Withouten cause, but onely her to reauē  
 From him, to whom she was for euer bound:  
 Yet when she fled into that covert greaue,  
 He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leaue.

44  
 When *Calidore* this reuefull storie had  
 Well vnderstood, he gan of her demand,  
 What maner wight he was, and how yelad,  
 Which had this out-rage wrought with wicked hand.

She then, like as she best could vnderstand,  
 Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,  
 Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band  
 Quarred athwart, and bearing in his targe  
 A Lady on rough waues, row'd in a fommeer barge.

45  
 Then gan Sir *Calidore* to ghesse straight way,  
 By many signes which she described had,  
 That this was he, whom *Trifram* carst did slay,  
 And to her said; Dame be no longer sad:  
 For, he that hath your Knight fo ill bestad,  
 Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight;  
 These eyes him saw vpon the cold earth sprad,  
 The meed of his desert for that despight,  
 Which to your selfe he wrought, and to your loued knight.

46  
 Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this grieffe,  
 Which ye haue gathered to your gentle hart  
 For that displeasure; and thinke what reliefe  
 Were best deuise for this your Louers smart,  
 And how ye may him hence, and to what part  
 Conuay to be recur'd. She thank't him deare,  
 Both for that newes he did to her impart,  
 And for the courteous care which he did beare  
 Both to her Loue, and to her selfe in that sad dreare.

47  
 Yet could she not deuise by any wit,  
 How thence she might conuay him to some place.  
 For, him to trouble she it thought vnfit,  
 That was a stranger to her wretched case;  
 And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.  
 VVhich when as he percei'd, he thus bespake;  
 Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace,  
 To beare this burden on your dainty backe;  
 My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

48  
 So, off he did his shield, and downeward layd  
 Vpon the ground, like to an hollow beare;  
 And pouring balme, which he had long puruaid,  
 Into his wounds, him vp thereon did reare,  
 And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,  
 Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.  
 Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,  
 In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:  
 Where what ensu'd, shall in next Canto be begonne.





## Canto III.

*Calidore brings Priscilla home,  
Pursues the Blatant Beast:  
Saves Serena, whil' st Calepine  
By Turpine is opprest.*

**R**ue is, that whilome that good Poets say,  
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is knowne.  
For, a man by nothing is so well bewrayd;  
As by his manners; in which plaine is showne  
Of what degree and what race he is growne.  
For, seldome seene, a trotting Stallion get  
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:  
So seldome seene, that one in basenesse set  
Doth noble courage shew, with courteous manners met.

But euermore contrary hath been tryde,  
That gentle blood will gentle manners breed;  
As well may be in *Calidore* descride,  
By late ensample of that courteous deed,  
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,  
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought  
Vnto the Castle where they had decreed.  
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,  
To make abode that night he greatly was befought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,  
That in his youth had been of mickle might,  
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares:  
But now weak age had dimd his candle light.  
Yet was he courteous still to euery wight,  
And loued all that did to aimes incline,  
And was the father of that wounded Knight,  
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,  
And *Aldus* was his name, and his sonnes *Aladine*.

Who when he sawe his sonne fo ill bedight,  
With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a Beare,  
By a faire Lady, and a stranger knight,  
Was inly touched with compassion deare,  
And deare affection of so doolefull dreare,  
That he these words burst forth; Ah fory boy,  
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare  
Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely ioy,  
Which I expected long, now turn'd to sad annoy?

Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope;  
So tickle is the flate of earthly things,  
That ere they come vnto their aymed scope,  
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,  
And bring vs bale and bitter forrowings,  
In stead of comfort, which we should embrace:  
This is the state of Keafars and of Kings.  
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,  
Too greatly griene at any his vnلucky case.

So well and wisely did that good old Knight  
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,  
To cheare his guests, whom he had stayd that night,  
And make their welcome to them well appeare:  
That to Sir *Calidore* was easie gear;  
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,  
But sigh't and sorrow'd for her louer deare,  
And inly did afflict her pensive thought, (brought  
With thinking to what case her name should now be

For, she was daughter to a noble Lord,  
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affie  
To a great Peere: but she did dilacord,  
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,  
But lov'd this fresh young knight, who dwelt her nie,  
The lusty *Aladine* though meaner borne,  
And of lesse liuelood and hability;  
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne  
His meannesse much, and make herth' others riches scorne.

So hauing both found fit occasion,  
They met together in that lucklesse glade;  
Where that proud knight in his presumption  
The gentle *Aladine* did earst invade,  
Being vnarm'd, and set in secreet shade.  
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t'aduize,  
How great a hazard she at earst had made  
Of her good fame; and further gan deuize,  
How he the blame might false with coloured disguise.

E e

But

But *Calidore* with all good courtesie  
 Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away  
 The pensive fit of her melancholy;  
 And that old Knight by all meanes did assay,  
 To make them both as merry as he may.  
 So they the euening past, till time of rest;  
 When *Calidore* in seemely good array  
 Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndrest,  
 Did sleepe all night through weary trauell of his quest.

But faire *Priscilla* (so that Lady hight)  
 Would not to bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,  
 But by her wounded Loue did watch all night,  
 And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,  
 And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe.  
 So well she washt them, and so well she watcht him,  
 That of the deadly swoun, in which full deep  
 He drenched was, she at the length dispatcht him,  
 And droue away the fount, which mortally attacht him.

The morrow next when day gan to vp-look,  
 He also gan vp-look with drery eye,  
 Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:  
 Where when he sawe his faire *Priscilla* by,  
 He deeply sigh't, and groaned inwardly,  
 To thinke of this ill fate, in which she stood,  
 To which she for his sake had weeingly  
 Now brought her selfe, and blamd her noble bloud:  
 For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

Which she perceiuing, did with plentious teares  
 His care more then her owne compassionate,  
 Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:  
 So both conspiring, gan to intimate  
 Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,  
 And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast,  
 How to saue whole her hazarded estate;  
 For which the onely helpe now left them last  
 Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helpe was past.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seem'd,  
 A courteous knight, and full of faithfull trust:  
 Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed  
 Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.  
 Earely, so soone as *Titans* beams forth brust  
 Through the thick clouds, in which they steeped lay  
 All night in darknesse, duld with iron rust,  
*Calidore* rising vp as fresh as day,  
 Gan freshly him adreste vnto his former way.

But first him seem'd fit, that wounded Knight  
 To visite, after this nights perillous passe,  
 And to salute him, if he were in plight,  
 And eke that Lady his faire louely Lasse.  
 There he him found much better then he was,  
 And moued speech to him of things of course,  
 The anguish of his paine to ouer-passe:  
 Mongst which he namely did to him discourse,  
 Of former dayes mishap, his sorrowes wicked course.

Of which occasion *Aldine* taking hold,  
 Gan breake to him the fortunes of his Loue,  
 And all his disaduentures to vnfold;  
 That *Calidore* it dearely deep did moue.  
 In th'end his kindly courtesie to proue,  
 He him by all the bands of loue besought,  
 And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,  
 To safe-conduēt his Loue, and not for ought  
 To leaue, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight,  
 It to performe: so, after little stay,  
 That the her selfe had to the journey dight,  
 He passed forth with her in faire array,  
 Fearelesse, who ought did thinke, or ought did say,  
 Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite.  
 So as they past together on their way,  
 He can deuize this counter-cast of flight,  
 To giue faire colour to that Ladies causē in sight.

Streight to the carcasse of that Knight he went,  
 The cause of all this euill, who was flaine  
 The day before, by iust auengement  
 Of noble *Trisfram*, where it did remaine:  
 There he the necke therof did cut in twaine,  
 And took with him the head, the signe of shanie.  
 So forth he passed thorough that dayes paine,  
 Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,  
 Most pensue man, through fear, what of his child became.

There he arriuing boldly, did present  
 The fearefull Lady to her father deare,  
 Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent  
 Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,  
 Since first he sawe her, and did free from feare  
 Of a discourteous Knight, who her had rest,  
 And by outrageous force away did beare:  
 Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,  
 And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of his theft.

Most ioyfull man her Sire was her to see,  
 And heare th'aduenture of her late mischance;  
 And thousand thanks to *Calidore* for fee  
 Of his large paines in her deliuerance  
 Did yeeld; Ne lesse the Lady did aduince.  
 Thus hauing her restored trustfully,  
 As he had vow'd, some small continuance  
 He there did make, and then most carefully  
 Vnto his first exploit he did him selfe apply.

So as he was pursuing of his quest,  
 He chaunc't to come whereas a iolly knight,  
 In couert shade him selfe did safely rest,  
 To solace with his Lady in delight:  
 His warlike armes he had from him vndight;  
 For that him selfe he thought from danger free,  
 And far from enuious eyes that mote him spight,  
 And eke the Lady was full faire to see,  
 And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

21

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nie,  
 Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,  
 Them much abasht, but more him selfe thereby,  
 That he so rudely did vpon them light,  
 And troubled had their quiet lones delight,  
 Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,  
 Him selfe thereof he labourd to acquite,  
 And pardon crau'd for his so rash default,  
 That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

22

With which his gentle words and goodly wit,  
 He soon allayd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure,  
 That he besought him downe by him to sit,  
 That they mote treat of things abroad at leasure;  
 And of adventures, which had in his measure  
 Of so long waies to him befallen late.  
 So downe he fate, and with delightfull pleasure  
 His long adventures gan to him relate,  
 Which he endured had through dangerous debate.

23

Of which whilest they discoursed both together,  
 The faire *Serena* (so his Lady hight)  
 Allur'd with mildnesse of the gentle weather,  
 And plesance of the place, the which was dight  
 With diuers flowres distinct with rare delight;  
 Wandred about the fields, as liking led  
 Her wauering lust after her wandring sight,  
 To make a garland to adorne her head,  
 Without suspect of ill or dangers hidden dread.

24

All sodainly out of the Forrest neere  
 The *Blatant Beast*, forth rushing vnaware,  
 Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,  
 And in his wide great mouth away her bare.  
 Crying aloud in vaine, to shew her sad misfate  
 Vnto the Knights, and calling off for ayde;  
 Who with the horror of her haplesse care  
 Hastily starting vp, like men dismaide,  
 Ran after fast, to rescue the distressed mayde.

25

The Beast, with their pursuit incited more,  
 Into the wood was bearing her apace  
 For to haue spoyled her, when *Calidore*  
 Who was more light of foot and swift in chace,  
 Him ouer-tooke in midst of his race:  
 And fiercely charging him with all his might,  
 Forc't to forgoe his prey there in the place,  
 And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight;  
 For, he durst not abide with *Calidore* to fight,

26

Who nathelesse, when he the Lady sawe  
 There left on ground, though in full euill plight,  
 Yet knowing that her Knight now neere did draw,  
 Staide not to succour her in that affright,  
 But follow'd fast the Monster in his sight:  
 Through woods and hills he follow'd him so fast,  
 That he n'ould let him breath nor gather spright,  
 But forc't him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,  
 As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

27

And now by this, Sir *Calepine* (so hight)  
 Came to the place, where he his Lady found  
 In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,  
 All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,  
 Hauing both sides through grip't with grieuoly wound:  
 His weapons soone from him he threw away;  
 And stooping downe to her in drery wound,  
 Vprear'd her from the ground, whereon shelay,  
 And in his tender armes her forced vp to stay.

28

So well he did his busie paines apply,  
 That the faint sprite he did reuoke againe,  
 To her fraile mansion of mortalitie.  
 Then vp he took her twixt his armes twaine,  
 And setting on his steed, her did sustaine  
 With carefull hands softning foot her beside,  
 Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,  
 Where she in safe assurance mote abide,  
 Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

29

Now when as *Phæbus* with his fiery waine  
 Vnto his Inne began to drawe apace;  
 Tho' waxing weary of that toyleforme paine,  
 In traouelling on foote so long a space,  
 Not wont on foot with heavy armes to trace,  
 Downe in a dale forby a riuers side,  
 He chaunc't to spy a faire and stately Place,  
 To which he meant his weary steps to guide,  
 In hope there for his Loue some succour to prouide.

30

But comming to the riuers side, he found  
 That hardly passable on foote it was:  
 Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,  
 Ne wight which way he through the foord mote pass.  
 Thus whyl'f he was in this distressed case,  
 Deuising what to do, he nigh espide  
 An armed Knight approaching to the place,  
 With a faire Lady linked by his side,  
 The which theselues prepar'd thorough the foord to ride.

31

Whom *Calepine* saluting (as became)  
 Besought of courtesie in that his need  
 (For safe conducting of his sickly Dame,  
 Through that same perillous foord with better heed)  
 To take him vp behinde vpon his steed:  
 To whom that other did thus taunt returre;  
 Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly reed  
 Me then to be full base and euill borne,  
 If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

32

But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,  
 So fare on foote till thou another gaine,  
 And let thy Lady likewise do the same,  
 Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing paine,  
 And prouethy manhood on the billowes vaine.  
 With which rude speech his Lady much displeas'd,  
 Did him reprove, yet could him not restraine,  
 And would on her owne Palfrey him haue cas'd,  
 For pity of his Dame, whom she sawe so diseas'd.

33  
 Sir *Calepine* her thank; yet, inly wroth  
 Against her Knight, her gentleness refused,  
 And carelesly into the river goth,  
 As in despite to be so fowle abused  
 Of a rude churle, whom often he accused  
 Of fowle discourtesie, vnfit for Knight;  
 And strongly wading through the waues vnused,  
 With speare in th' one hand, stayd him selfe vp right,  
 With th' other stayd his Lady vp with stedy might.

34  
 And all the while, that same discourteous Knight  
 Stood on the further banke be holding him :  
 At whose calamity, for more despite,  
 He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.  
 But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,  
 And sawe his carriage past that perill well,  
 Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,  
 His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,  
 And forth at last did breake in speeches sharpe and fell.

35  
 Vnknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,  
 And blot of all that armes vpon them take,  
 Which is the badge of honour and of fame,  
 Loe I desie thee, and here challenge make,  
 That thou for cuer doesthose armes forsake;  
 And befor cuer held a recreant knight,  
 Vnlesse thou dare for thy deare Ladies sake,  
 And for thine owne defence on foot alight,  
 To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.

36  
 The dastard, that did heare him selfe deside,  
 Seem'd not to waigh his threatfull words at all,  
 But laught them out, as if his greater pryde  
 Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall:  
 Or had no courage, or else had no gall.  
 So much the more was *Calepine* offended,  
 That him to no reuenge he forth could call,  
 But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,  
 Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

37  
 But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,  
 Turned his steed about another way,  
 And with his Lady to the Castle rid,  
 Where was his won; ne did the other stay,  
 But after went directly as he may,  
 For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;  
 Where he arriuing with the fall of day,  
 Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,  
 And milde entreaty, lodging did for her beseeke.

38  
 But the rude Porter, that no manners had,  
 Did shut the gate against him in his face,  
 And entrance boldly vnto him forbade,  
 Nathelesse the Knight, now in so needy case,  
 Gan him entreat euen with submission base,  
 And humbly prayd to let them in that night:  
 Who to him answer'd, that there was no place  
 Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,  
 Vnlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

39  
 Full loth am I, quoth he, as now at earst,  
 When day is spent, and rest vs needeth most,  
 And that this Lady, both wofe fides are pearc't  
 With wounds, is ready to forgoe the ghost:  
 Ne would I gladly combat with mine host,  
 That should to me such courtesie afford,  
 Vnlesse that I were thereunto enforc't.  
 But yet aread to me; how high thy Lord,  
 That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the ford.

40  
 His name, quoth he, if that thou list to learne,  
 Is high Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,  
 And manhood rare, but terrible and sterne  
 In all assayes to euery errant Knight,  
 Because of one, that wrought him fowle despite.  
 Ill seemes, sayd he, if he so valiant be,  
 That he should befo sterne to stranger wight:  
 For, seldome yet did liuing creature see,  
 That courtesie and manhood euer did agree.

41  
 But goe thy wayes to him, and fro me say,  
 That here is at his gate an errant knight,  
 That house-roume craues, yet would be loth t'assay  
 The prooue of battell, now in doubtfull night,  
 Or courtesie with rudenesse to requite:  
 Yet if he needs will fight, craue leaue till morne,  
 And tell (withall) the lamentable plight,  
 In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,  
 That pity craues, as he of woman was yborne.

42  
 The groome went streight way in, and to his Lord  
 Declar'd the message, which that Knight did moue,  
 Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,  
 Not onely did not his demand approue,  
 But both himselfe reuill'd, and eke his Loue;  
 Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,  
 Him of vngentle vsage did reprove  
 And earnestly entreated that they might  
 Finde fauour to be lodged there for that same night.

43  
 Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,  
 Ne from his currish will awbit reclame.  
 Which answer from the groom, returning, brought  
 To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame  
 With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,  
 That he could not thereof auenged be:  
 But most for pity of his dearest Dame,  
 Whom now in deadly danger he did see;  
 Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

44  
 But all in vaine; for why, no remedy  
 He sawe, the present mischefe to redresse,  
 But th' vtmost end perforce for to aby,  
 Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.  
 So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,  
 And layd her vnderneath a bush to sleepe,  
 Couer'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse,  
 Whiles he himselfe all night did nought but weep,  
 And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.

45

The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day  
 Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,  
*Serena* full of dolorous dismay,  
 Twixt darknesse drad, and hope of liuing light,  
 Vpreat'd her head to see that chearefull sight.  
 Then *Calepine*, how-euer inly wroth,  
 And greedy to auenge that vile despight;  
 Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth  
 To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney goth.

46

He goth on foote all armed by her side,  
 Vpstayng still her selfe vpon her steed,  
 Being vnhabie else alone to ride;  
 So fore her sides, so much her wounds did bleed:  
 Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,  
 He chaunc't far off an armed Knight to spie,  
 Pursuing him apace with greedy speed;  
 Whom well he wist to be some enemy,  
 That meant to make aduantage of his misery.

47

Wherefore he stayd, till that he neerer drew,  
 To weet what issue would thereof betide.  
 Tho, when-as he approached nigh in view,  
 By certaine signes he plainly him descride,  
 To be the man, that with such scornfull pride  
 Had him abused, and shamed yester day.  
 Therefore mildoubting, least he should mis-guide  
 His former malice to some new assay,  
 He cast to keep him selfe so safely as he may.

48

By this, the other came in place likewise;  
 And couching close his speare and all his powre,  
 As bent to some malicious enterprise,  
 He beld him stand, t'abide the bitter stoure.

Of his fore vengeance, or to make auoure  
 Of the lewd words and deeds, which he had done;  
 With that ran at him, as he would deuoure  
 His life attonce; who nought could do, but shun  
 The perill of his pride, or else be ouer-run.

49

Yet he him still pursfwd from place to place,  
 With full intent him cruelly to kill;  
 And like a wilde goate round about did chase,  
 Flying the fury of his bloody will.  
 But his best succour and refuge was still  
 Behinde his Ladies backe; who to him cride,  
 And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,  
 As cuer he to Lady was affide,  
 To spare her knight, and rest with reason pacifide.

50

But he the more thereby cntaged was,  
 And with more eager felnesse him pursfwd:  
 So that at length, after long weary chase,  
 Hauing by chance a close aduantage vew'd,  
 He ouer-raught him, hauing long eschew'd  
 His violence in vaine; and with his speare  
 Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensfwd  
 In great abundance, as a Wel it were,  
 That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appeare.

51

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,  
 But chac't him still, for all his Ladies crye;  
 Not satisfide till on the fatal ground  
 He saw his life pou'd forth despiteously:  
 The which was certes in great iopardie,  
 Had not a wondrous chance his reskew wrought,  
 And saued from his cruell villany.  
 Such chaunces oft exceed all humane thought:  
 That in another Canto shall to end be brought.



## Canto III.

*Calepine by a saluage man  
 From Turpine re:skew'd is;  
 And whilst an Infant from a Beare  
 He saues, his Loue doth misse.*



**L**ike as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,  
 Hauing spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,  
 Now farr from harbour likely to be lost,  
 At last some fisher barke doth neere behold,

That giueth comfort to her courage cold:  
 Such was the state of this most courtes knight,  
 Being oppressed by that faytour bold,  
 That he remayned in most perilous plight,  
 And his sad Lady left in pittifull affright;

Ee 3

Till

2  
Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,  
A saluage man, which in those woods did wonne,  
Drawne with that Ladies loud and pitious fright,  
Toward the same incessantly did ronne,  
To vnderstand what there was to be donne.  
There he this most discourteous crauen found,  
As sierecly yet, as when he first begonne,  
Chasing the gentle *Calepine* around,  
Nesparing him the more for all his grieuous wound.

3  
The saluage man, that neuer till this houre  
Did taste of pittie, neither gentleffe knew,  
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure  
Was much ermoued at his perils view;  
That euen his ruder heart began to rew,  
And feele compassion of his euill plight,  
Against his foe, that did him so perfw:  
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,  
And him auenge of that fo villenous despight.

4  
Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,  
Ne knew the vse of warlike instruments,  
Saue such as sudden rage him lent to smite;  
But naked without needfull vestiments,  
To clad his corpse with meet habiliments,  
He cared not for dint of sword nor speare,  
No more then for the strokes of strawes or bents:  
For, from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,  
He was invulnerable made by Magick cleare.

5  
He stayd not to aduize, which way were best  
His foe t' assaile, or how himselfe to gard,  
But with fierce fury and with force infest  
Vpon him ran; who, being well prepar'd,  
His first assault full warily did ward,  
And with the push of his sharpe pointed speare  
Full on the breast him strook, so strong and hard,  
That fore't him backe recoyle, and reele areare;  
Yet in his body made no wound nor bloud appeare.

6  
With that, the wilde man more enraged grew,  
Like to a Tigre that hath mist his pray,  
And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,  
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,  
Nor his fierce steed, that mote him much dismay.  
The saluage nation doth all dread despise:  
Tho, on his shield he griple hold' did lay,  
And held the same so hard, that by no wise  
He could him force to loofe, or leaue his enterprise.

7  
Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,  
And euery way did try, but all in vaine:  
For he would not his greedy gripe for-goe,  
But hal'd and puld with all his might and maine,  
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe.  
Who hauing now no vse of his long speare,  
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,  
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,  
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

8  
But after him the wild man ran apace,  
And him purswied with importune speed:  
(For, he was swift as any Bucke in chace)  
And had he not in his extremest need,  
Been helped through the swiftoesse of his steed,  
He had him overtaken in his flight.  
Who, cuer as he sawe him nigh succed,  
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,  
And shrieked out; a thing vncomely for a knight.

9  
But when the Saluage saw his Labour vaine,  
In following of him, that fled so fast,  
He weary woxe, and back return'd againe  
With speed vnto the place, wher-as he last  
Had left that couple, neere their vmost rest.  
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,  
And eke the Lady fearefully aghast,  
Both for the perill of the present stound,  
And also for the sharpnesse of her ranking wound.

10  
For, though she were right glad, so rid to bee  
From that vile lozell, which her late offended;  
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,  
And yettill by this saluage man pretended;  
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,  
By reason that her knight was wounded sore.  
Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended  
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore,  
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

11  
But the wild man, contrary to her feare,  
Came to her, creeping like a fawning hound,  
And by rude tokens made to her appeare  
His deep compassion of her dolefull stound,  
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;  
For, other language had he none nor speech,  
But a soft murmur, and confused sound  
Of senselesse words, which Nature did him teach,  
T' expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

12  
And comming likewise to the wounded knight,  
When he beheld the streames of purple blood  
Yet flowing fresh as moued with the fight,  
He made great mone, after his saluage mood:  
And running freight into the thickest wood,  
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,  
Whose vertue he by vse well vnderstood:  
The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,  
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it stanch'd thought.

13  
Then taking vp that Recreants shield and speare,  
Which earst he lef, he signes vnto them made,  
With him to wend vnto his winning neare:  
To which he easily did them persuade.  
Farre in the Forrest by a hollow glade,  
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spreading broad  
Did vnderneath them make a gloamy shade;  
Where foot of liuing creature neuer troad, (boode)  
Nescaife wild beafts durst come, there was this wights a-  
Thither

14

X Thither he brought these vnaquainted guests;  
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed  
By signes, by lookes and all his other gifts.  
But the bare ground, with hoary mosse bestrowed,  
Must be their bed, their pillow was vnswowd,  
And the fruites of the Forrest was their feast:  
For, their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor sowd,  
Ne fed on flesh, ne euer of wilde beast  
Did taste the blood; obeying Natures first becheast.

15

Yet howsoeuer base and meane it were,  
They took it well, and thanked God for all;  
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,  
And sav'd from being to that captive thrall.  
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)  
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,  
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;  
That hauing there their wounds awhile redrest,  
They mote the abler be to passe vnto the rest.

16

During which time, that wylde man did apply  
His best endencour, and his daily paine,  
In seeking all the woods both faire and nye  
For herbs to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine,  
When ought he did, that did their liking gaine.  
So as ere long he had that knightes wound  
Recured well, and made him whole againe:  
But that same Ladies hurts no herbe he found,  
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly vnfound.

17

Now when as *Calepine* was woxen strong,  
Vpon a day he cast abroad to wend,  
To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,  
Vnarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor friend,  
And without sword his person to defend.  
There him befell, vnlooked for before,  
An hard aduenture with vnhappy end,  
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore  
Betwixt his bloody iaves, besprinkled all with gore.

18

The little babe did loudly scricke and squall,  
And all the woods with pittious plants did fill,  
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call  
To *Calepine*, whose eares those shriches shrill  
Pearing his heart with pitie point did thrill;  
That after him, he ran with zealous haste,  
To rescue th'infant, ere he did him kill:  
Whom though he sawe now somewhat ouer-past,  
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursuw'd fast.

19

Well then him chaunc't his heauy armes to want,  
Whose burden mote impeach his needfull speed,  
And hinder him from libertie to part:  
For, hauing long time, as his daily weed,  
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,  
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,  
That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed  
From bels and icelles, which did lether sight,  
Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed delight.

20

So well he sped him, that the weary Beare  
Ere long he ouer-tooke, and forc't to stay;  
And without weapon him assaying neare,  
Compell'd him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.  
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to lose his prey,  
Vpon him turned, and with greedy force  
And fury, to be crossed in his way,  
Gaping full wide, did thinke without remorse  
To be aueng'd on him, and to deuoure his corse.

21

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismay'd:  
But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,  
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)  
Vpon him ran, and thrust it all atone  
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone  
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,  
Being vnable to digest that bone:  
Ne could it vpward come, nor downward pass:  
Ne could he brook the coldnesse of the stony mass.

22

Whom when as he thus cumberd did behold,  
Striving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,  
He with him clos'd: and laying mighty hold  
Vpon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,  
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;  
And then oppressing him with vrgent paine,  
Ere long enforc't to breath his vtmost blast,  
Gnawing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,  
And threatening his sharpe claws, now wanting powre to

23

(straine.  
Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine  
The little babe, sweet relicks of his pray;  
Whom pitying to heare so fore complaine,  
From his soft eyes the teares he wyp't away,  
And from his face the filth that did it ray:  
And euery little limbe he searcht around,  
And euery part, that vnder swath-bands lay,  
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound  
Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he found.

24

So hauing all his bands againe vp-tide,  
He with him thought backe to retorne againe:  
But when he lookt about on euery side,  
To weet which way were best to entertaine,  
To bring him to the place where he would faine,  
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,  
Ne by inquiry learne, nor ghesse by ayme.  
For, nought but woods and Forrests farre and nye,  
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

25

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell  
Which way to take: now West he went awhile,  
Then North; then neither, but as fortune fell.  
So vp and downe he wandred many a mile,  
With weary tranel and vnertaine toyle,  
Yet nought the nearer to his journeyes end;  
And euermore his louely little spoyle  
Crying for food did greatly him offend.  
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

26

At last, about the setting of the Sunne,  
Him selfe out of the forest he did winde,  
And by good fortune the plaine Champion wonne:  
Where looking all about, where he mote find  
Some place of succour to content his mind,  
At length he heard vnder the Forrests side  
A voice, that teemed of some woman-kinde,  
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cride,  
And oft complayn'd of Fate, and Fortune oft deside.

27

To whom approching, when as she perceiued  
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,  
As if she doubted to haue been deceiued,  
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayed,  
Whom when as *Calepine* saw so dismayd,  
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment  
Her chearing vp, thus gently to her sayd;  
What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament?  
And for what cause declare, fo mote ye not repent.

28

To whom she thus; What need me Sir to tell  
That which your selfe haue earst ared so right?  
A wofull Dame ye haue me tearmed well;  
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight  
Cannot redressed be by liuing wight.  
Nati' lesse, quoth he, it need do not you bind,  
Doe it disclose, to ease your grieued spright:  
— Oft-times it haps, that sorrowes of the mind  
— Find remedy vnfound, which seeking cannot find.

29

Then thus began the lamentable Dame;  
Sith then ye needs will knowe the grief I hoord,  
I am th'vnfortunate *Matilde* by name,  
The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord  
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword  
From a great Giant, called *Cormorant*;  
Whom he did ouerthrowe by yonder foord,  
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,  
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

30

So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,  
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,  
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,  
Ne any dares with him for it debate.  
But to those happy fortunes, cruel Fate  
Hath ioyn'd one euill, which doth ouer-throwe  
All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate;  
And like in time to further ill to growe,  
And all this land with endlesse losse to ouer-flowe.

31

For, th'heauens, enuying our prosperity,  
Haue not vouchsaf't to grant vnto vs twaine  
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,  
Which we might see after our feluces remaine  
In th'heritage of our vnhappy paine:  
So that for want of heires it to defend,  
All is in time like to returne againe  
To that foule feend, who daily doth attend  
To leape into the same after our liues end.

32

But most my Lord is grieued here withall,  
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke  
That all this land vnto his foe shall fall,  
For which he long in vaine did sweate and swinke,  
That now the lame he greatly doth for-thinke.  
Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne  
*Be gotten, not begotten*, which should drinke  
And dry vp all the water, which doth runne  
In the next brook, by whom that feend should be fordon.

33

Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,  
That from his side some noble childe should rise,  
The which, through fame should farre be magnifide,  
And this proud Giant should with braue emprise  
Quite ouerthrowe, who now giues to despise  
The good Sir *Bruin*, growing faire in yeares;  
Who thinks from me his sorrow all doth rise.  
Lo, this my cause of griefe to you appears;  
For which I thus do mourn, & poure forth ceaselesse teares.

34

Which when he heard, he inly touched was  
With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe:  
And when he had deuiz'd of her ease,  
He gan in mind conceiue a fit reliefe  
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe.  
And hauing cheared her, thus sayd; Faire Dame,  
In euils, countell is the comfort chiefe:  
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,  
Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

35

If that the cause of this your languishment  
Be lacke of children, to supply your place;  
Lo, how good fortune doth to you present  
This little babe, of sweet and louely face,  
And spodeffe spirit, in which ye may enchace  
What-uer formes ye list thereto apply,  
Being now lost and fit them to embrace;  
Whether ye list him train in cheualry,  
Or nourse vp in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

36

And certes it hath often-times been seene,  
That of the like whose linage was vnknowne,  
More braue and noble knights haue raysed beene  
(As their victorious deeds haue often shouen,  
Being with fame through many Nations blownen)  
Then those, which haue been dandled in the lap.  
Therefore some thought, that those braue imps were  
Here by the gods, and fed with heauenly sap, (Cosen  
That made them growe so high t' all honorab hap.

37

The Lady, hearkning to his sensefull speech,  
Found nothing that he sayd, vnmeet nor reason,  
Hauing oft seene it tride, as he did teach.  
Therefore inclining to his goodly reason,  
Agreeing well both with the place & season,  
She gladly did of that same babe accept,  
As of her owne by liury and seisin;  
And hauing ouer it a litle wept,  
She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept.

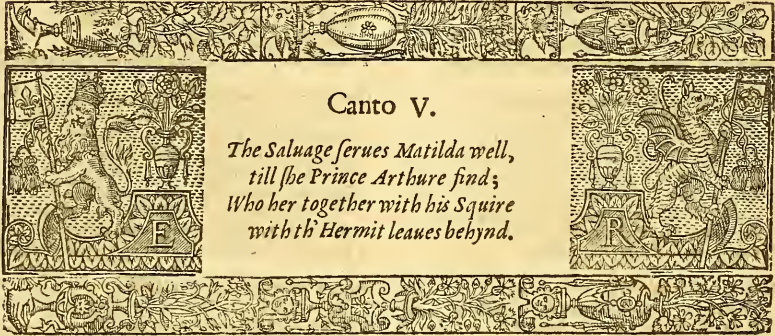


38  
 Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid  
 Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought:  
 Ne sine lesse glad; for, she so wisely did,  
 And with her husband vnder hand so wrought,  
 That when that infant vnto him she brought,  
 She made him thinke it surely was his owne,  
 And it in goodly thewes so well vp-brought,  
 That it became a famous Knight well knowne,  
 And did right noble deeds, the which elsewhere are shown.

39  
 But *Calepine*, now being left alone  
 Vnder the green-woods side in sorry plight,  
 Withouten armes or steed to ride vpon,  
 Or house to hide his head from heauens spight,

Albe that Dame (by all the means she might)  
 Him oft desired home with her to send,  
 And offered him (his courtiesie to requite)  
 Both horse and armes, and what-so else to lend;  
 Yet he them all refus'd, though thank her as a friend.

40  
 And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,  
 That he his Loue so lucklesse now had lost,  
 On the colde ground, maugre himselfe he threw,  
 For fell despight, to be so sorely crost;  
 And there all night himselfe in anguish tost;  
 Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe  
 His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,  
 Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,  
 Or vnderstand, that she in safety did remayne.



## Canto V.

*The Saluage serues Matilda well,  
 till she Prince Artbure find;  
 Who her together with his Squire  
 with th Hermit leaues behynd.*

1  
**W**hat an easie thing is to deserue  
 The gentle bloud, how-euer it be wrapt  
 In sad misfortunes foule deformity,  
 And wretched sorrows, which haue oft hap't:  
 For, howsoeuer it may growe mis-shap't  
 (Like this wyld man, being vndisciplin'd)  
 That to all vertue it may seeme vnapt,  
 Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mind,  
 And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kinde.

2  
 That plainly may in this wyld man be red,  
 Who though he were still in this desert wood,  
 Mongit saluage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,  
 Ne euer sawe faire guise, ne learned good,  
 Yet shew'd some token of his gentle blood,  
 By gentlesage of that wretched Dame.  
 For, certes he was borne of noble blood,  
 How-euer by hard hap he hither came:  
 As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

3  
 Who, when as now long time he lacked had  
 The good Sir *Calepine*, that faire was strайд,  
 Did waxe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,  
 As he of some misfortune were afrayd:

And leauing there this Lady all dismayd,  
 Went forth streightway into the forest wide,  
 To seeke, if he perchance asleepe were layd,  
 Or what-so else were vnto him betide:  
 He fought him far and neere, yet him no where he spyde.

4  
 Tho, back returning to that fery Dame,  
 He shewed semblant of exceeding mone,  
 By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;  
 Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,  
 Now beating his hard head vpon a stone,  
 That ruth it was to see him so lament.  
 By which she well perceiving, what was done,  
 Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,  
 And beat her breast, and pitiously her selfe torment.

5  
 Vpon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,  
 Regardlesse of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,  
 That with their bloud did all the floore imbrow,  
 As if her breast, new launc't with murderous knife,  
 Would streight dislodge the wretched weary life.  
 There she long groueling, and deep groning lay,  
 As if her vitall powers were at strife  
 With stronger death, and feared their decay:  
 Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

Whom

6

Whom when the Saluage faue so fore distrest,  
 He reared her vp from the bloody ground,  
 And sought by all the means that he could best  
 Her to recure out of that stony ffound,  
 And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.  
 Yet n'ould she be recomforted for nought,  
 Ne cease her sorrowe and impatient stound,  
 But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,  
 And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.

7

At length, when as no hope of his returne  
 She sawe now left, she cast to leaue the place,  
 And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,  
 To seek some comfort in that fory case.  
 His steed, now strong through rest so long a space,  
 Well as she could, she got, and did bedight:  
 And being thereon mounted, forth did passe,  
 Withouten guide, her to conduct aright,  
 Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

8

Whom when her Host saw ready to depart,  
 He would not suffer her alone to fare,  
 But gan him selfe addresse to take her part.  
 Those warlike armes, which *Calepine* whylear  
 Had left behind, he gan estoones prepare,  
 And put them all about him selfe vnfir,  
 His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare;  
 But without sword vpon his thigh to sit:  
 Sir *Calepine* himselfe away had hidden it.

9

So forth they traueld an vneuen payre,  
 That more to all men seem an vncouth sight;  
 A saluage man matcht with a Lady fayre,  
 That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,  
 Gotten by spoyle, theop purchased aright.  
 But he did her attend most carefully,  
 And faithfully did serue both day and night,  
 Withouten thought of shame or villeny,  
 Ne euer shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

10

Vpon a day as on their way they went,  
 It chaunc't some furniture about her steed  
 To be disordered by some accident:  
 Which to redresse, she did th' assistance need  
 Of this her groomme: which he by signes did reed;  
 And freight his combrous armes afide did lay  
 Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,  
 And in his homely wise began to assay  
 T'amend what was amisse, and put in right array.

11

Bout which while'ft he was busied thus hard,  
 Lo, where a knight together with his Squire,  
 All arm'd to point, came riding thitherward,  
 Which seemed by their portance and attire,  
 To be two errant Knights, that did enquire  
 After aduentures, where they mote them get.  
 Those were to weete (if that ye it require)  
 Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met  
 By strange occasion, that here needs forth be set.

12

After that *Timias* had againe recured  
 The fauour of *Belphebé*, (as ye heard)  
 Aud of her grace did stand againe assured,  
 To happy blisse he was full high vprear'd,  
 Neither of enuy, nor of change afear'd,  
 Though many foes did him maligne therefore,  
 And with vniust detraction him did beard;  
 Yet he him selfe so well and wisely bore,  
 That in her soueraine liking he dwelt euermore.

13

But of them all, which did his ruine seeke,  
 Three mighty en'mies did him most despight;  
 Three mighty ones, and cruell minded ceke,  
 That him not onely fought by open might  
 To ouerthrowe, but to supplant by slight.  
 The first of them by name was cald *Despetto*,  
 Exceeding all the rest in powre and height;  
 The second not so strong, but wise, *Decetto*;  
 The third nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest *Defetto*.

14

Of-times their sundry powers they did employ,  
 And seuerall decepts, but all in vaine:  
 For, neither they by force could him destroy,  
 Ne yet entrap in treasons subttill traine.  
 Therefore conspiring all together plaine,  
 They did their counsels uow in one compound;  
 Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.  
 The *Blatant Beast* the fittest means they found,  
 To worke his vtter shame, and throughly him confound.

15

Vpon a day as they the time did waite,  
 When he did range the wood for saluage game,  
 They sent that *Blatant Beast* to be a baite,  
 To drawe him from his deare beloued Dame,  
 Vnwares into the danger of defame.  
 For, well they wist, that Squire to be so bold,  
 That no one beast in Forrest wilde or tame.  
 Met him in chafe, but he it challenge would,  
 And plucke the prey of-times out of their greedy holde;

16

The hardy boy, as they deuised had,  
 Seeing the vgly Monster passing by,  
 Vpon him set, of perill nought adrad,  
 Ne skilfull of the vncouth jeopardy;  
 And charged him so fierce and furiously,  
 That (his great force vnable to endure)  
 He forced was to turne from him and fly:  
 Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure  
 Him heedleffe bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

17

Securely he did after him pursue,  
 Thinking by speed to ouertake his sight;  
 Who through thick woods & brakes & briers him drew,  
 To weary him the more, and waste his spight;  
 So that he now has almost spent his spight.  
 Till that at length vnto a woody glade  
 He came, whole couert stoppt his further sight:  
 There his three foes, snrowded in guilefull shade,  
 Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to inuade.

Sharply

18

Sharply they all atonce did him assayle,  
 Burning with inward rancour and despight,  
 And heaped strokes did round about him haile  
 With so huge force, that seemed nothing might  
 Bear off their blows from piercing thorough quite.  
 Yet he them all so warily did ward,  
 That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,  
 And all the while his backe for best safeguard,  
 He leant against a tree, that backward oulet bard.

19

Like a wilde Bull, that being at a bay,  
 Is baited of a mastiffe and a hound,  
 And a curre-dog; that doe him sharpe assay  
 On every side, and beat about him round;  
 But most that curre, barking with bitter found,  
 And creeping still behinde, doth him in comber,  
 That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,  
 And threats his horns, and bellows like the thunder;  
 So did that Squire his foes disperse, and driue afonder.

20

Him well behoued so; for, his three foes  
 Sought to encompassse him on every side,  
 And dangerously did round about enclose;  
 But most of all *Desetto* him annoyd,  
 Creeping behinde him still to bane destroyde:  
 So did *Decetto* eke him circumuent:  
 But front *Despetto*, in his greater pride,  
 Did front him face to face against him bent;  
 Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

21

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,  
 And weary now with carefull keeping ward,  
 He gan to shrinke, and somewhat to giue place,  
 Full like ere long to haue escaped hard;  
 When-as vnwares he in the Forrest heard  
 A trampling steed, that with his neighing fast  
 Did warne his rider be vpon his gard;  
 With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,  
 Remiued was, and sad despaire away did cast.

22

Estfoones he spide a Knight approaching nie,  
 Who seeing one in so great danger set  
 Mongst many foes, himselfe did faster hie,  
 To reskue him, and his weak part abet,  
 For pittie so to see him ouer-let.  
 Whom soone as his three enemies did view,  
 They fled, and fast into the wood did get:  
 Him booted not to think them to pursue,  
 The conert was so thick, that did no passage shew.

23

Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew  
 To be his *Timias* his owne true Squire:  
 Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,  
 And him embracing twixt his armes entire,  
 Him thus bespake; My life, my lifes desire,  
 Why haue ye me alone thus long yleft?  
 Tell me what worlds despight, or heauens yre  
 Hath you thus long away from me bereft?  
 Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bin west?

24

With that, he sighed deep for inward tyne:  
 To whom the Squire nought answered againe;  
 But shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,  
 His deare affect with silence did restraine,  
 And shut vp all his plaint in priuy paine.  
 There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,  
 As to them seemed fit, time to entertaine.  
 After all which, vp to their steeds they went,  
 And forth together rode a comely complement.

25

So now they be arrived both in fight  
 Of this wild man, whom they full busie found  
 About the sad *Serena* things to dight,  
 With those braue armours lying on the ground,  
 That seem'd the spoyle of some right well renownd.  
 Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept,  
 Thinking to take them from that hilding hound:  
 But he it seeing lightly to him lept,  
 And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

26

Gnashing his grinded teeth with grieisly looke,  
 And sparking fire out of his furious eyne,  
 Him with his fist vnwares on th' head he strooke,  
 That made him downe vnto the earth encline;  
 Whence soone vpstarting much he gan repine.  
 And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,  
 Thought therewithall forthwith him to haue laine;  
 Who it perceining, hand vpon him layd,  
 And greedily him griping, his auergement stayd.

27

With that, aloud the faire *Serena* cryde  
 Vnto the Knight them to dispart in twaine:  
 Who to them itepping did them soon diuide,  
 And did from further violence restraine,  
 Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.  
 Then gan the Prince, of her for to demand,  
 What and from whence she was, and by what traine  
 She fell into that saluage villaines hand,  
 And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

28

To whom she thus; I am, as now ye see,  
 The wretchedst Dame, that liues this day on ground;  
 Who both in minde, the which most griueth me,  
 And body, haue receiv'd a mortall wound,  
 That hath me driuen to this dreery found.  
 I was erewhile, the Loue of *Calepine*:  
 Who whether he aliu be to be found,  
 Or by some deadly chance be done to pine,  
 Sith I him lately lost, vneath is to define.

29

In saluage Forrest I him lost of late,  
 Where I had surely long ere this been dead,  
 Or else remained in most wretched state,  
 Had not this wilde man in that wofull stead  
 Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread.  
 In such a saluage wight, of brutish kynd,  
 Amongst wilde beasts in desert Forrests bred,  
 It is most strange and wonderfull to find  
 So milde humanity, and perfect gentle mind.

Let me therefore this fauor <sup>30</sup> for him finde,  
 That ye will not your wrath vpon him wreake,  
 Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,  
 Ne yours conceiue, ne but by tokens speake :  
 Small praife to proue your powre on wight fo weake.  
 With fuch faire words she did their heat adfwage,  
 And the strong courfe of their difpleafure breake,  
 That they to pity turnd their former rage,  
 And each fought to fupply the office of her page.

So hauing all things well about her dight,  
 She on her way caft forward to proceed;  
 And they her forth conducted, where they might  
 Finde harbour fit to comfort her great need.  
 For, now her wounds corruption gan to breed;  
 And eke this Squire, who likewife wounded was  
 Of that fame Monfter late, for lacke of heed,  
 Now gan to faint, and further could not pafs  
 Through feeblenefe, which all his limbes oppreffed has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,  
 To seek fome place, the which mote yeeld fome cafe  
 To thefe ficke twaine, that now began to droupe:  
 And all the way the Prince fought to appeafe  
 The bitter anguifh of their fharp difeafe,  
 By all the courteous meanes he could inuent;  
 Somewhile with merry purpofe fit to pleafe,  
 And otherwhile with good encouragement,  
 To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

Amongft which, *Serena* did to him relate  
 The foule difcour'ties and vnknighly parts,  
 Which *Turpine* had vnto her fnewed late,  
 Without compaffion of her cruell fmrarts:  
 Although *Blandina* did with all her arts  
 Him otherwife perfwade, all that she might;  
 Yet he of malice, without her defarts,  
 Not onely her excluded late at night,  
 But alfo traiteroufly did wound her weary knight.

Wherewith the Prince fore moued, there avoud,  
 That foone as he returned backe againe,  
 He would auenge th'abufes of that proud  
 And fhameful knight, of whom she did complaine.  
 This wize did they each other entertaine,  
 To paffe the tedious trauell of the way;  
 Till towards night they came vnto a Plaine,  
 By which a little hermitage there lay,  
 Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

And nigh thereto a little Chappell flood,  
 Which being all with Yuy ouer-fpred,  
 Deckt all the rooffe; and fhadowing the rood,  
 Seem'd like a groue faire branched ouer-head:  
 Therein the Hermite, which his life here led  
 In freight obferuance of religious vow,  
 Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;  
 And therein he likewife was praying now,  
 When-as thefe knights arriv'd, they wift not where nor how.

They ftayd not there, but freight way in did pafs.  
 Whom when the Hermite prefent fawe in place,  
 From his deuotion freight he troubled was;  
 Which breaking off, he toward them did pafe,  
 With ftayed fteps, and graue befeeming grace:  
 For, well it feem'd, that whylome he had bene  
 Some goodly perfon and of gentle race:  
 That could his good to all, and well did weene,  
 How each to entertaine with curt'fie well befeene.

And footherly it was fayd by common fame,  
 So long as age enabled him thereto,  
 That he had been a man of mickle name,  
 Renowned much in armes and derring doe:  
 But being aged now and weary to  
 Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,  
 The name of knighthood he did difauow,  
 And hanging vp his armes and warlike fpoyle,  
 From all this worlds incombrance did himfelfe affoyle.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,  
 Letting their feeds to graze vpon the Green:  
 Small was his houfe, and like a little cage,  
 For his owne tume, yet inly neat and cleane,  
 Deckt with green boughes, and flowers gay befeene.  
 Therein he them full faire did entertaine  
 Not with fuch forged fhoves, as fitter beene  
 For courting fools, that courtiefes would faigne,  
 But with entire affection and appearance plaine.

Yet was their fare but homely, fuch as hee  
 Did vse, his feeble body to fuffaine;  
 The which full gladly they did take in gree,  
 Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,  
 But being well fuffiz'd, them refted faigne.  
 But faire *Serene* all night could take no reft,  
 Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grieuous paine  
 Of their late wounds, the which the *Blatant Beaft*  
 Had giuen the, whose grief through fuffrance fore increaft

So all that night they paff in great difeafe,  
 Till that the morning, bringing early light  
 To guide mens labours, brought them alfo eafe,  
 And fome affwagement of their painefull plight.  
 Then vp their role, and gan themfelues to dight  
 Vnto their journey; but that Squire and Dame  
 So faint and feeble were, that they ne might  
 Endure to trauell, nor one foot to frame:  
 Their harts were ficke, their fides were fore, their feet were lame.

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mind  
 Would not permit, to make there lenger ftay,  
 Was forced there to leaue them both behind,  
 In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray  
 To tend them well. So forth he went his way,  
 And with him eke the Saluage (that whylere  
 Seeing his royall v'fage and array,  
 Was greatly growne in loue of that brauce pere)  
 Would needs depart, as fhall declared be elfewhere.

## Canto VI.

*The Hermite heales both Squire & Dame  
of their sore maladies:  
He Turpine doth defeate, and shame  
for his late villanies.*

**N**O wound, which warlike hand of enemy  
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light,  
As doth the poyinous sting, which Infamy  
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:  
For, by no art, nor any Leaches might  
It euer can recured be againe;  
Ne all the skill, which that immortal spright  
Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,  
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beast*  
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;  
And being such, were now much more increast,  
For want of taking heed vnto the same,  
That now corrupt and curelesse they became:  
How-be that carefull Hermite did his best,  
With many kindes of medicines meet, to tame  
The poyinous humour, which did most infest  
Their rankling wounds, & euery day them duely drest.

For, he right well in Leaches craft was seene;  
And through the long experience of his daies,  
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene,  
And past through many perillous aiaies,  
He knew the diuerse went of mortall aiaies,  
And in the mindes of men had great in-sight;  
Which, with sage counsell, when they went astray,  
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,  
And all the passions heale, which wound the weaker spright.

For, whylome, he had been a doughty Knight,  
As any one that liued in his daies,  
And proued oft in many perillous fight;  
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,  
And in all battels bore away the baies.  
But beeing now attacht with timely age,  
And weary of this worlds vnquiet waies,  
He tooke himselte vnto this Hermitage,  
In which he liu'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,  
He found that they had festred priuily,  
And ranking inward with vnruly stounds,  
The inner parts now gan to putrifie,  
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery;  
And rather needeed to be disciplinde  
With wholesome reede of sad sobriety,  
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blind:  
Giue salues to euery sore, but counsell to the mind.

So, taking them apart into his Cell,  
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,  
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,  
And eke could doe, as well as say the same;  
And thus he to them said, Faire daughter Dame,  
And you faire sonne, which heere thus long now lie  
In pittious languor, since ye hither came,  
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,  
And I likewise in vaine doe salues to you apply.

For, in your selfe your onely helpe doth lie,  
To heale your selues, and must proceed alone  
From your owne will, to cure your maladie.  
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?  
If therefore health ye seeke, obserue this one;  
First, leaue your outward senses to refrain  
From things that sturte vp fraile affection;  
Your eyes, your eares, your tongue, your talke restrain  
From that they most affect, and in due tearmes containe.

For, from those outward senses ill affected,  
The seed of all this euill first doth spring,  
Which at the first before it had infected,  
Mote easie be suppress with little thing:  
But beeing grown strong, it forth doth bring  
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine  
In th' inner parts, and lastly scattering  
Contagious poyson close through euery vaine,  
It neuer rests, till it haue wrought his finall bane.

9  
 For, that beasts teeth, which wounded you to-force,  
 Are so exceeding venomous and keene,  
 Made all of rusty iron, rankling for,  
 That where they bite, it booteth not to weene  
 With salve, or antidote, or other meane  
 It euer to amend: ne maruail ought;  
 For, that same beast was bred of hellish strene,  
 And long in darksome *Stygian* den vp-brought,  
 Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

10  
*Echidna* is a Monster direfull dred,  
 Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to see;  
 So hideous is her shape, so huge her head,  
 That euen the hellish fiends affrighted bee  
 At fight thereof, and from her presence flee:  
 Yet did her face and former parts professe  
 A faire young Maiden, full of comely glee;  
 But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse  
 A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull vglincesse.

11  
 To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face  
 (In fearefull darkenesse, furthest from the skie,  
 And from the earth) appointed haue her place  
 Amongst Rocks and Caues, where she enrold doth lie  
 In hideous horrour and obscurity,  
 Wasting the strength of her immortall age.  
 There did *Typhaon* with her company;  
 Cruell *Typhaon*, whose tempestuous rage  
 Make th'heauens tremble off, & him with vowes asswage.

12  
 Of that commixtion they did then beget  
 This hellish dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast*;  
 A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet  
 Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,  
 And poures his poisonous gall forth, to infest  
 The noblest wights with notable defame:  
 Ne euer Knight, that bore so lofty creast,  
 Ne euer Lady of so honest name,  
 But he them spotted with reproche, or secret shame.

13  
 In vaine therefore it were, with medicine  
 To goe about to salve such kind of sore,  
 That rather needs wise read and discipline,  
 Then outward salues, that may augment it more.  
 Aye me! said then *Serena*, sighing sore,  
 What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,  
 If that no salues may vs to health restore?  
 But, sith we need good counsell, said the swaine,  
 Aread good fire, some counsell, that may vs sustaine.

14  
 The best, said he, that I can you aduise,  
 Is to auoide the occasion of the ill:  
 For, when the cause whence euill doth arise,  
 Remoued is, th'effect surceaseth still.  
 Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,  
 Subdue desire, and bridle loofe delight,  
 Vse scant diet, and forbear your fill,  
 Shun secrecie, and talke in open sight:  
 So shall you sooner repaire your present euill plight.

15  
 Thus hauing said, his sickly Patients  
 Did gladly harken to his graue behest,  
 And kept so well his wife commaundements,  
 That in short space their malady was ceast;  
 And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast  
 Was thoroughly heal'd. Tho, when they did perceau  
 Their wounds re-cur'd, and forces reincreast,  
 Of that good Hermit both they tooke their leau,  
 And went both on their way, ne each would other leau:

16  
 But each the other vow'd to accompany:  
 The Lady, for that she was much in dted,  
 Now left alone in great extremity;  
 The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,  
 Would not her leau alone in her great need.  
 So both together trauld, till they met  
 With a faire Maiden clad in mourning weed,  
 Vpon a mangy Iade vnmeetely fet,  
 And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

17  
 But by what meanes that shame to her befell,  
 And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,  
 I must awhile forbear to you to tell;  
 Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite  
 What fortune to the Briton Prince did light,  
 Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whileare,  
 Wrought to Sir *Calidore* so foule despight;  
 And eke his Lady, though she sickly were,  
 So lewdly had abus'd, as ye did lately heare.

18  
 The Prince, according to the former token,  
 Which faire *Serene* to him deliuered had,  
 Pursu'd him straight; for mind to been ywroken  
 Of all the vile demeanes, and vsage bad,  
 With which he had those two so ill bestad:  
 Ne wight with him on that adventure went,  
 But that wilde man; whom though he oft forbad,  
 Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,  
 Would he restrained be from his attendement.

19  
 Arriuing there, as did by chance befall,  
 He found the gate wide ope, and in he rode,  
 Ne staid, till that he came into the hall:  
 Where soft dismounting like a weary lode,  
 Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,  
 As he vnable were for very need  
 To moue one foot, but there must make abode;  
 The whiles the saluage man did take his steed,  
 And in some stable neere did fet him vp to feed.

20  
 Ere long, to him a homely grome there came,  
 That in rude wise him asked what he was,  
 That durst so boldly, without let or shame,  
 Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe,  
 To whom, the Prince (him faino to embase)  
 Mild answer made; he was an errant Knight,  
 The which was fall'n into this feeble case,  
 Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,  
 Receiued had, and prayd to pity his ill plight.

21  
But he, the more outrageous and bold,  
Sternely did bid him quickly thence auant,  
Or deare aby; for why, his Lord of old  
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,  
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;  
And therefore lightly bade him packe away,  
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;  
And there-withall, rude hand on him did lay,  
To thrust him out of doore, doing his worst assay.

22  
Which, when the Saluage comming now in place  
Echeld, ctfoones he all enraged grew;  
And running straight vpon that villaine base,  
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,  
And with his teeth and nailes, in present view  
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore:  
So miserably him all helpelesse strew,  
That with the noife, whil't he did loudly rore,  
The people of the house rose forth in great vp-rore.

23  
Who, when on ground they law their fellow flaine,  
And that same Knight and Saluage standing by,  
Vpon them two they fell with might and maine,  
And on them laid so huge and horribly,  
As if they would haue flaine them presently.  
But the bold Prince defended him so well,  
And their assault withstood so mightily,  
That maugre all their might, he did repell  
And beat them back, whil't many vnderneath him fell.

24  
Yet he them still so sharply did purfew,  
That few of them he left aliué, which fled,  
Those euill tidings to their Lord to shew,  
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,  
Came forth in haste: where, when-as with the dead  
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight  
And Saluage with their bloud fresh steeming red,  
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,  
And with reprochefull words him thus bespake on hight;

25  
Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile  
Hast flaine my men in this vnmanly manner,  
And now triumphest in the pittous spoile  
Of these poore folke, whose soules with black dishonor  
And foule defame doe decke thy bloody banner?  
The meed whereof shall shortly be thy shame,  
And wretched end, which still attendeth on her.  
With that, him selfe to battell he did frame;  
So did his forty yemen, which there with him came.

26  
With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,  
And round about with boyftrous strokes oppresse,  
That on his shield did rattle like to haille  
In a great tempest; that in such distresse,  
He wist not to which side him to adresse.  
And euermore that crauen coward Knight,  
Was at his back with hartlesse heedinesse,  
Waiting if he vnwares him murder might:  
For, cowardize doth still in villany delight.

27  
VWhereof when-as the Prince was well aware,  
He to him turnd with furious intent,  
And him against his powre gan to prepare:  
Like a fierce Bull, that beeing busie bent  
To fight with many foes about him ment,  
Feeling some curre behind his heeles to bite,  
Turnes him about with fell auengement:  
So likewise turnd the Prince vpon the Knight,  
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

28  
Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,  
Durst not the furie of his force abide,  
But turn'd aback, and to retire him hasted  
Through the thicke peace, therethinking him to hide.  
But when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,  
He foot by foot him followed alway,  
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke aside;  
But joyning close, huge load at him did lay:  
Who flying full, did ward, and warding fly away.

29  
But, when his foe he still so eager saw,  
Vnto his heeles himselfe he did betake,  
Hoping vnto some refuge to with-draw:  
Ne would the Prince him cuer foot forsake,  
Where-so he went, but after him did make.  
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,  
Whil't cuery ioynt for dread of death did quake,  
Still looking after him that did him chase;  
That made him euermore increafe his speedy pace.

30  
At last, he vp into the chamber came,  
Where-as his Loue was sitting all alone,  
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.  
There did the Prince him over-take anone,  
Crying in vaine to her, him to bemoane;  
And with his sword him on the head did smite,  
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone:  
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lye,  
The tempred steele did not into his braine-pan bite.

31  
Which when the Lady saw, with great affright  
She starting vp, began to shriek aloud;  
And with her garment couering him from sight,  
Seem'd vnder her protection him to shroud;  
And falling lowly at his feet, her bow'd  
Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,  
And often him besought, and pray'd, and vow'd;  
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,  
He staid his second stroake, and did his hand abate.

32  
Her weed she then with-drawing, did him discover:  
Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rise,  
But still did lie as dead, and quake and quier,  
That euen the Prince his balenefse did despise;  
And eke his Dame him seeing in such guise,  
Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare.  
Who rising vp at last in ghastly wise,  
Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,  
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,  
 He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,  
 And with sharp words did bitterly vpbraide;  
 Vile coward dog, now doe I much repent,  
 That euer I this life vnto thee lent,  
 Whereof thou caitiue fo vnworthy art;  
 That both thy Loue, for lack of hardiment,  
 And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart, (part.  
 And eke all Knights hast shamed with this knightlesse

Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,  
 And crime to crime, by this thy coward feare.  
 For, first it was to thee reprochefull blame,  
 To erect this wicked custome, which I heare,  
 Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou doost reare;  
 Whom when thou maist, thou doost of armes despoile,  
 Or of their vpper garment which they weare:  
 Yet doost thou not with manhood, but with guile,  
 Maintain this euill vse, thy foes thereby to foile.

And lastly, in approuance of thy wrong,  
 To shew such faintnesse and soule cowardize,  
 Is greatest shame: for oft it falls, that strong  
 And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,  
 Either for fame, or else for exercize,  
 A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;  
 Yet haue, through prowesse & their braue emprize,  
 Gotten great worship in this worldes fight. (right.  
 For, greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then

Yet sith this life vnto this Lady faire  
 I giuen haue, liue in reproche and scorne;  
 Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare  
 Hence to professe: for, shame is to adorne  
 With so braue badges one fo basely borne;  
 But onely breathe, sith that I did forgieue.  
 So, hauing from his crauen body torne  
 Those goodly armes, he them away did giue,  
 And onely suffred him this wretched life to liue.

There, whilst he thus was settling things aboue,  
 Atweene that Lady milde and recreant Knight,  
 To whom his life he granted for her Loue,  
 He gan bethinke him in what perillous plight  
 He had behind him left that saluage wight,  
 Amongst so many foes; whom sure he thought  
 By this quite slaine in so vnequall fight:  
 Therefore, descending backe in haste, he sought  
 If yet he were aliue, or to destruction brought.

There he him found environed about  
 With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine;  
 And laying yet afresh with courage stout  
 Vpon the rest that did aliue remaine;  
 Whom he likewise right sorely did constraîne,  
 Like scattered sheepe, to seeke for safety,  
 After he gotten had with busie paine  
 Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,  
 With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,  
 Approching to him neere, his hand he staid,  
 And fought, by making signes, him to asswage:  
 Who, them perceiuing, straight to him obaid,  
 As to his Lord, and downe his weapons laid,  
 As if he long had to his hearts been trained.  
 Thence he him brought away, and vp conuaid  
 Into the chamber, where that Dame remained  
 With her vnworthy knight, who ill him entertained.

Whom, when the Saluage saw from danger free,  
 Sitting beside his Lady there at ease,  
 He well remembred, that the fame was hee,  
 Which lately fought his Lord for to displease:  
 Tho, all in rage, he on him straight did feaze,  
 As if he would in peeces him haue rent;  
 And were not that the Prince did him appeaze,  
 He had not left one limbe of him vrent:  
 But straight he held his hand, at his commaundment.

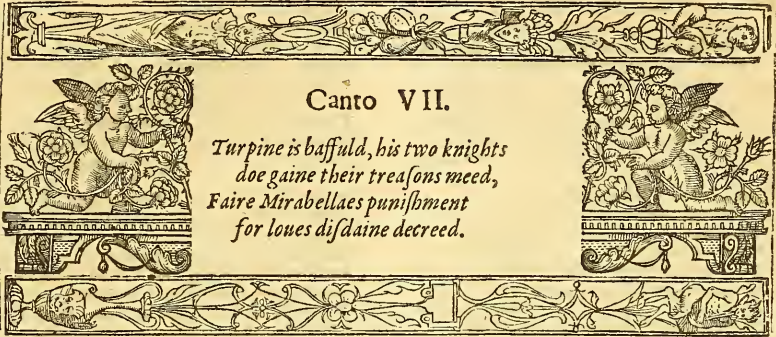
Thus, hauing all things well in peace ordained,  
 The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest;  
 Where him *Blandina* fairely entertained,  
 With all the courtous glee and goodly feast,  
 The which for him she could imagine best.  
 For, well she knew the waies to win good will  
 Of euery wight, that were not too infest;  
 And how to please the minds of good and ill, (skill.  
 Trough tempering of her words & lookes by wondrous

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fained,  
 To some hid end to make more easie way,  
 Or to allure such fondlings, whom she trained  
 Into her trap vnto their owne decay:  
 There-to when needed, she could weepe and pray,  
 And when her list, she could fawne and flatter;  
 Now smiling smoothly, like to sommers day,  
 Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;  
 Yet were her words but wind, & all her teares but water.

Whether such grace were giuen her by kind,  
 As women wont their guilefull wits to guide;  
 Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not find.  
 This well I wote, that the so well applide  
 Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifide  
 The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her husbands peace:  
 Who nathelless, not therewith satisfide,  
 His rancorous despight did not release,  
 Ne secretly from thought of fell reuenge surceasse.

For, all that night, the whiles the Prince did rest  
 In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,  
 He watcht in close awit with weapons prest,  
 Willing to worke his villainous intent  
 On him that had so shamefully him shent:  
 Yet durst he not for very cowardize  
 Effect the same, whilst all the night was spent.  
 The morrow next, the Prince did early rise,  
 And passed forth, to follow his first enterprize.





## Canto VII.

*Turpine is baffuld, his two knights  
doe gaine their treasons meed,  
Faire Mirabellæs punishment  
for lous disdaine decreed.*

**L**ike as a gentle hart it selfe bewraies,  
In dooing gentle deeds with franke delight:  
Euen so the baser mind it selfe displays,  
In cancred malice and reuengefull spight.  
For, to maligne, t'envie, t'vsc shifting sight,  
Be arguments of a vile dunghill-mind:  
Which what it dare not doe by open might,  
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,  
By such discourteous deeds discouering his base kind.

That well appears in this discourteous knight,  
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;  
Who notwithstanding that in former fight  
He of the Prince his life receiued late,  
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate  
He gan deuize, to be aueng'd anew  
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate.  
Therefore, so soone as he was out of view,  
Himselfe in haste he arm'd, and did him fast pursue.

Well did he tract his steps as he did ride,  
Yet would not nere approche in dangers eye,  
But kept aloofe, for dread to be deride,  
Vntill fit time and place he mote espy,  
Where he mote worke him scathe and villeny.  
At last, he met two knights; to him vnknowne,  
The which were armed both agreeably,  
And both combin'd, what-auer chaunce were blowne,  
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his owne.

To whom false *Turpine* comming courteously,  
To cloke the mischiefe which he inly ment,  
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,  
Which a strange knight, that nere afore him went,  
Had doen to him, and his deere Lady sient:  
Which, if they would afford him ayd at need,  
For to auenge in time conuenient,  
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,  
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

The knights belecnd, that all he said, was trew;  
And being fresh, and full of youthly spight,  
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,  
In which they mote make tryall of their might,  
Which neuer yet they had approv'd in fight:  
And eke desirous of the offred meed,  
Said then the one of them; Where is that wight,  
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,  
That we may it auenge, and punish him with speed?

Hee rides, said *Turpine*, there not farre afore,  
With a wilde man soft footing by his side,  
That if ye list to haste a little more,  
Ye may him over-take in timely tide:  
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pride;  
And ere that little while they ridden had,  
The gentle Prince not farre away they spide,  
Riding a softly pafe with portance fad,  
Deuizing of his Loue, more then of danger drad.

Then one of them aloud vnto him cride,  
Bidding him turne againe, false traytor knight,  
Foule woman-wronger; for, he him deside.  
VWith that, they both atonce with equall spight  
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might  
Against him ranne; but th'one did misse his marke:  
And being carried with his force forth-right,  
Glaunfit twisly by; like to that heauenly sparke,  
Which glyding through the aire, lights all the heauens

But th'other, ayiming better, did him smite  
Full in the shield, with so impetuous powre,  
That all his lance in peeces shiuered quite,  
And (scattered all about) fell on the floure.  
But the stout Prince, with much more steddly stowre  
Full on his beuer did him strike so fore,  
That the cold steele, through-pearing, did deuoure  
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,  
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

9  
As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight  
At an Hemesshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,  
The whiles they strike at him with heedlesse might,  
The warie fowle his bill doth backward wring;  
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,  
Her selfe quite through the body doth engore,  
And fallteth down to ground like senselesse thing;  
But th'other, not so swift as she before,  
Failes of her soule, and passing by, doth hurt no more.

10  
By this, the other which was passed by,  
Himselfe recouering, was return'd to fight;  
Where, when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,  
He much was daunted with so dismall sight;  
Yet nought abating of his former spight,  
Let driue at him with so malicious mind,  
As if he would haue passed through him quight:  
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could find,  
But glauncing by, deceiud him of that he desyn'd.

11  
Not so the Prince: for, his well learned speare  
Tooke surer hold, and from his hortes backe  
About a launces length him forth did beare,  
And gainst the cold hard earth to lore him strake,  
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.  
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,  
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take  
Of him, for all his former follies meed,  
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

12  
The fearefull swaine, beholding death so nie,  
Cride out aloud for mercy him to saue;  
In lieu whereof, he would to him desery  
Great treason to him meant, his life to reauce.  
The Prince soone harkned, and his life forgate.  
Then thus, said he; There is a stranger knight,  
The which for promise of great meed, vs draue  
To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,  
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might.

13  
The Prince much mused at such villenie,  
And said: Now sure ye well haue earn'd your meed:  
For, th'one is dead, and th'other soone shall die,  
Vnlesse to me thou hither bring with speed  
The wretch, that hir'd you to this wicked deed.  
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake  
The guilt on him, which did this mischiefe breed,  
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke  
He would surcease, but him, where-so he were, would seeke.

14  
So, vp he rose, and forth straight way he went  
Backe to the place where *Turpine* late he lore;  
There he him found in great astonishment,  
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,  
And grieusly wounds that him appalled sore.  
Yet thus at length he said; How now, Sir knight?  
What meaneth this which here I see before?  
How fortuneth this foule vncomely plight,  
So different from that, which earst ye seem'd in fight?

15  
*Perdy*, said he, in euill houre it fell,  
That euer I for meed did vndertake  
So hard a taske, as life for hire to sell;  
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake.  
Witnesse the wounds, and this wide bloody lake,  
Which ye may see yett all about me steeme.  
Therefore now yield, as ye did promise make,  
My due reward; the which right well I deeme  
I earned haue, that life so dearely did redeeme.

16  
But where then is, quoth hee, halfe wrathfully,  
Where is the bootie which threfore I bought;  
That cursed caitiue, my strong enemy,  
That recerant knight, whose hated life I fought?  
And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?  
He lies, said he, vpon the cold bare ground,  
Slaine of that errant knight, with whom he fought;  
Whom afterwards, my selfe with many a wound  
Did sleie againe, as ye may see there in the found.

17  
Thereoffalke *Turpine* was full glad and faine,  
And needs with him strait to the place would ride,  
Where he himselfe might see his foe-man slaine;  
For, else his feare could not be satisfide.  
So, as they rode, he saw the way all dide  
With streames of blond; which tracking by the traile,  
Ere long they came, where-as in euill tide,  
That other swaine, like ashes deadly pale,  
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

18  
Much did the Crauen seeme to mone his case,  
That for his sake his deare life had forgone;  
And, him bewailing with affection bale,  
Did counterfeit kind pittie, there was none:  
For, where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone  
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found,  
Where-as the Prince himselfe lay all alone,  
Loosely displayd vpon the grassie ground,  
Possessed of sweet sleepe, that luld him soft in sfound.

19  
Wearie of travell in his former fight,  
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,  
Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,  
Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;  
The whiles his saluage Page, that wont be prest,  
Was wandred in the wood another way,  
To doe some thing that seemed to him best,  
The whiles his Lord in slumber lay,  
Like to the Euening starre, adorn'd with dewy ray.

20  
Whom when-as *Turpine* saw so loosely laid,  
He weened well that he indeed was dead,  
Like as that other knight to him had said:  
But when he nigh approach't, he more aread  
Plaine signes in him of life and liueliehead.  
Where-at too grieu'd against that stranger knight,  
That him too light of credence did mislead,  
He would haue backe retrayed from that sight,  
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

21

But that same knight would not once let him start,  
 But plainly gan to him declare the case  
 Of all his mischief, and late lucklesse smart;  
 How both he and his fellow there in place  
 Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,  
 And how that he in lieu of life him lent,  
 Had vow'd vnto the Victor, him to trace  
 And follow through the world, where-so he went,  
 Till that he him deliuered to his punishment.

22

He, there-with much abashed and affraid,  
 Began to tremble euery limbe and vaine;  
 And softly whispering him, entirely praid,  
 T'advise him better, then by such a traine  
 Him to betray vnto a stranger swaine:  
 Yet rather counfeld him contrariwise,  
 Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,  
 To ioyne with him and vengeance to deuiſe,  
 Whil'ſt time, did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

23

Nath'lesse, for all his speech, the gentle knight  
 Would not be rempted to such willeny,  
 Regarding more his faith, which he did plight;  
 All were it to his mortall enemy,  
 Then to entrap him by false treacherie:  
 Great shame in Lieges' blood to be embrew'd.  
 Thus, whil'ſt they were debating diuersly,  
 The Saluage forth out of the wood th'iw'd  
 Backe to the place, where-as his Lord he sleeping view'd.

24

There, when he saw those two so neere him stand,  
 He doubted much what mote their meaning bee:  
 And throwing downe his load out of his hand  
 (To weet, great store of Forrest fruite, which hee  
 Had for his food late gathered from the tree)  
 Himselfe vnto his weapon he betooke,  
 That was an oaken plant, which lately hee  
 Rent by the root; which he so sternely shooke,  
 That like an hazell wand, it quiuered and quooke.

25

Where-at, the Prince awaking, when he spide  
 The traytor *Turpine* with that other knight,  
 He started vp; and snatching neere his side  
 His trusty sword, the seruauent of his might,  
 Like a fell Lion leaped to him light,  
 And his left hand vpon his collar layd.  
 There-with, the coward deaded with affright,  
 Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him laid,  
 But holding vp his hands, with silence mercy praid.

26

But he so full of indignation was,  
 That to his prayer nought he would incline,  
 But as he lay vpon the humbled gras,  
 His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe  
 Of seruile yoke, that nobler harts repine.  
 Then, letting him arise like abiect thrall,  
 He gan to him obiect his hainous crime,  
 And to reuile, and rate, and recreant call,  
 And lastly, to despoile of knightly bannerall.

27

And after all, for greater infamy,  
 He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,  
 And bafful so, that all which passed by,  
 The picture of his punishment might see,  
 And by the like ensample warned bee,  
 How euer they through treason doe trespaffe.  
 But turne we now backe to that Lady fire,  
 Whom late we left riding vpon an Ass,  
 Led by a Carle and foole, which by her side did passe.

28

She was a Lady of great dignity,  
 And lifted vp to honourable place,  
 Famous through all the land of Faerie,  
 Though of meane parentage and kindred base,  
 Yet deckt with wondrous gifts of Natures grace,  
 That all men did her person much admire,  
 And praise the feature of her goodly face,  
 The beames whereof did kindle loudly fire  
 In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle Squire.

29

But shee thereof grew proud and insolent,  
 That none shee worthy thought to be her fere,  
 But scorned them all that loue vnto her ment:  
 Yet was the lov'd of many a worthy pere;  
 Vnworthy she to be belov'd so dere,  
 That could not weigh of worthinesse aright.  
 For, beautie is more glorious, bright and clere,  
 The more it is admir'd of many a wight,  
 And noblest she, that serued is of noblest knight.

30

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwise,  
 That such proud looks would make her praised more;  
 And that the more she did all loue despise,  
 The more would wretched Louers her adore.  
 What cared she, who sighed for her fore,  
 Or who did waile, or watch the weary night?  
 Let them, that list, their lucklesse lot deplore;  
 Shee was borne free, not bound to any wight,  
 And so would euer lue, and loue her owne delight.

31

Through such her stubbornnesse, and hard hart,  
 Many a wretch, for want of remedy,  
 Did languish long in life-consuming smart,  
 And at the last, through dreary dolour die:  
 Whil'ſt shee (the Lady of her libertie)  
 Did boast her beauty had such soueraine might,  
 That with the onely twinkle of her eye,  
 She could or saue, or spill, whom she would hight,  
 What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

32

But loe, the Gods, that mortall follies view,  
 Did worthily reuenge this maydens pride;  
 And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,  
 Did laugh at her, that many did deride,  
 Whil'ſt shee the did weepe, of no man mercifide.  
 For, on a day, when *Cupid* kept his Court,  
 As heis wont at each Saint Valentide,  
 Vnto the which all Louers doe resort,  
 That of their loues successe they there may make reports;

33  
 If fortun'd then, that when the rolles were read,  
 In which the names of all Loues folke were fled,  
 That many there were missing, which were dead,  
 Or kept in bands, or from their Loues exiled,  
 Or by some other violence deposed.  
 Which when as *Cupid* heard, he wexed wroth,  
 And doubting to be wronged, or beguiled,  
 He bade his eyes to be vnblindfold both,  
 That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

34  
 Then found he many missing of his crew,  
 Which wont do suite and seruice to his might;  
 Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.  
 Therefore a iurie was impaneld straight,  
 T'enquire of them, whether by force or sleight,  
 Or their owne guilt, they were away conuaid.  
 To whom foule *Infamie* and fell *Despight*  
 Gave euidence, that they were all betraid,  
 And murdered cruelly by a rebellious Maid.

35  
 Faire *Mirabella* was her name, whereby  
 Of all those crimes she there indicted was:  
 All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by  
 In great displeasure, will'd a *Capias*  
 Should issue forth, t'attach that scornfull Lasse.  
 The Warrant straight was made, and therewithall  
 A Bailiff'e errant forth in post did passe,  
 Whom they by name their *Portamore* did call;  
 He which doth summon Louers to Loues iudgement hall.

36  
 The Damzell was attach't, and shortly brought  
 Vnto the Barre, where-as she was arraigned:  
 But she there-to nould plead, nor answer ought  
 Euen for stubborn pride, which her restrained.  
 So iudgement past, as is by law ordained  
 In cases like; which when at last she saw,  
 Her stubborn hart, which loue before disdained,  
 Gan stoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,  
 Cryde mercy, to abate the extremity of law.

37  
 The sonne of *Venus*, who is milde by kind  
 But where he is prouok't with peeuishnesse,  
 Vnto her prayers pittiously enclin'd,  
 And did the rigour of his doome repress;  
 Yet not so freely, but that natheliesse  
 He vnto her a penance did impose:  
 Which was, that through this worlds wide wildernes  
 She wander should in company of those,  
 Till shee had sau'd so many Loues as shee did lose.

38  
 So now she had been wandring two whole yeares  
 Throughout the world, in this vncomely case,  
 Wasting her goodly hew in heauie teares,  
 And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:  
 Yet had shee not, in all these two yeeres space,  
 Saued but two; yet in two yeeres before,  
 Through her despitous pride, whilstst loue lackt place,  
 Shee had destroied two and twenty more.  
 Aye me! how could her loue make halfe amends therefore.

39  
 And now she was vpon the weary way,  
 When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,  
 Met her in such misseeming foule array;  
 The whiles, that mighty man did her demean  
 With all the euill tearmes and cruell meane  
 That he could make; And ecke that angry foole,  
 Which follow'd her, with cursed hands vnleane  
 Whipping her horse, did with his smarting roole  
 Oitwhip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

40  
 Ne ought it mote auail her to entreat  
 The one or th'other, better her to vse:  
 For, both so wilfull were and obstinate,  
 That all her pittious plaint they did refuse,  
 And rather did the more her beat and bruse.  
 But most, the former villaine, which did lead  
 Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuse;  
 Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,  
 Yet would nor let her lite, nor rest a little stead.

41  
 For, he was sterne, and terrible by nature,  
 And ecke of person huge and hideous,  
 Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,  
 And rather like a Giant monstrous.  
 For sooth he was defended of the house  
 Of those old Giants, which did warres darraine  
 Against the heauen in order battailous,  
 And sib to great *Orgolio*, which was flaine  
 By *Arthur*, when as *Vnasknight* hee did maintaine.

42  
 His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eyes  
 (Like two great Beacons) glared bright and wide,  
 Glauncing askew, as if his enemies  
 He scorned in his overweening pride;  
 And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stride  
 At every step vpon the tip-toes hie:  
 And all the way he went, on euery side  
 He gaz'd about, and stared horribly,  
 As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

43  
 He wore no armour, ne for none did care,  
 As no whit dreading any liuing wight;  
 But in a Iacket quilted richly rare,  
 Vpon checklaton, he was strangely dight,  
 And on his head a roll of linnen plight,  
 Like to the Moores of Malabar he wore;  
 With which, his locks, as black as pitchy night,  
 Were bound about, and voyded from before,  
 And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

44  
 This was *Disdaine*, who led that Ladies horse  
 Through thicke & thin, through mountaines & through  
 Compelling her, where she would not by force (Plaines,  
 Haling her Palfrey by the hempen reins.  
 But that same foole, which most increast her paines,  
 Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,  
 Her there-with yirks, and still when she complaines,  
 The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,  
 To see her sore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whofe

45  
Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,  
And saw those villaines her so vilely vse,  
His gentle hart with indignation lweild,  
And could no lenger beare so great abuse,  
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse;  
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,  
That forc't him th' halter from his hand to loose,  
And mauer all his might, backe to relent:  
Else had he surely there bene flaine, or foully flent.

46  
The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,  
Gathered himselfe together soone againe;  
And with his iron batton which he bore,  
Let driue at him so dreadfully amaine,  
That for his safety he did him constraîne  
To giue him ground, and shuft to euery side,  
Rather then once his burden to sustaine:  
For, bootlesse thing him seemed to abide  
So mighty blowes, or proue the puissance of his pride.

47  
Like as a Mastiffe, hauing at a bay  
A saluage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat  
Desperate danger, if he them assay,  
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,  
To spy where he may some advantage get;  
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore:  
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,  
And fume in his disdainfull mind the more,  
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

48  
Nath'lesse, so sharply still he him pursw'd,  
That at advantage him at last he rooke,  
When his foot slip't (that slip he dearely rew'd)  
And with his iron club to ground him strooke;  
Where still he lay, ne out of swonne awooke,  
Till heauy hand the Carle vpon him layd,  
And bound him fast: Tho, when he vp did looke,  
And saw himselfe captiu'd, he was dismayd,  
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

49  
Then vp he made him rise, and forward fare,  
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bind;  
Ne ought that foole for pittie did him spare;  
But with his whip him following behind,  
Him often scourg'd, and forc't his feet to find:  
And other-whiles, with bitter mocks and mowes  
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mind  
Was much more grieuous then the others blowes:  
Words sharply wound, but greater griefe of scorning  
(growes.

50  
The faire *Serena*, when she saw him fall  
Vnder that villaines club, then surely thought  
That flaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,  
And fled away with all the speed she mought,  
To seeke for safety, which long time she sought:  
And past through many perils by the way,  
Ere she againe to *Calepine* was brought;  
The which discourse as now I must delay,  
Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I doe further say.

## Canto VIII.

*Prince Arthur ouercomes Disdaine,  
quites Mirabell from dreed:  
Serena, found of Saluages,  
by Calepine is freed.*

1  
Y<sup>e</sup> gentle Ladies, in whose foueraine powre  
Loue hath the glory of your kingdome left,  
And th' harts of men, as your eternall dowre,  
In iron chaines, of liberty bereft,  
Deliucred hath into your hands by gift;  
Be well aware, how ye the same doe vse,  
That pride doe not to tyranny you list;  
Least if men you of crueltie accuse,  
He from you take that chiefedome, which ye doe abuse.

2  
And as ye soft and tender are by kind,  
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,  
So be ye soft and tender eke in mind;  
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,  
That all your other praises will deface,  
And from you turne the loue of men, to hate.  
Ensample take of *Mirabellaes* case,  
Who from the high degree of happy state,  
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,  
 VVhich she beheld with lamentable eye,  
 Was touch'd with compassion entire,  
 And much lamented his calamity,  
 That for her sake fell into misery:  
 Which boot'd nought for prayers, nor for threat,  
 To hope for to release or mollifie;  
 For, aye the more that she did them intreat,  
 The more they him misus'd, and cruelly did beat.

So, as they forward on their way did pass,  
 Him still reuiling and affliction fore,  
 They met Prince *Arthur* with Sir *Enias*  
 (That was that courteous Knight, whom he before  
 Hauing subdew'd, yet did to life restore)  
 To whom as they approach't, they gan augment  
 Their cruelty, and him to punish more,  
 Scourging and haling him more vehement;  
 As if it them should grieue to see his punishment.

The Squire him selfe, when-as he saw his Lord,  
 The witness of his wretchednesse, in place,  
 Was much asham'd, that with an hempen cord  
 He like a dog was led in captiue case;  
 And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,  
 As loth to see, or to be seene at all:  
 Shame would be hid. But when-as *Enias*  
 Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,  
 His manly mind was much emmou'd there-withall,

And to the Prince thus said; See you, Sir Knight,  
 The greatest shame that euer eye yet saw?  
 Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight  
 Abus'd, against all reason and all law,  
 Wjthout regard of pittie or of awe.  
 See how they doe that Squire beat and reuile;  
 See how they doeth the Lady hale and draw.  
 But if ye please to lend me leaue awhile,  
 I will them loone acquite, and both of blame assoile.

The Prince assented: and then he straight way  
 Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,  
 With which approaching, thus he gan to say;  
 Abide ye caytiue treacherous vntrew,  
 That haue with treason thralled vnto you  
 These two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;  
 And now your crime with cruelty pursue.  
 Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;  
 Or else abide the death, that hard before you stands.

The villaine staid not, answer'd to invent,  
 But with his iron club preparing way,  
 His mindes sad message backe vnto him sent;  
 The which descended with such dreadfull sway,  
 That seem'd nought the course thereof could stay:  
 No more then lightning from the lofty sky.  
 Ne list the knight the powre thereof assay,  
 Whose doome was death; but lightly slipping by,  
 Vnwares defrauded his intended destiny.

And to requite him with the like againe,  
 With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,  
 And strooke to strongly, that the Carle with paine  
 Saued himselfe, but that he there him flew:  
 Yet sav'd not so, but that the bloud it drew,  
 And gaue his foe good hope of victory.  
 Who there-with fiesht, vpon him set anew,  
 And with the second stroke, thought certainly  
 To haue supplid the first, and paid the vsury.

But Fortune answer'd not vnto his call;  
 For, as his hand was heaued vp on hight,  
 The villaine met him in the middle fall,  
 And with his club bet backe his brondir on bright  
 So forcibly, that with his owne hands might  
 Rebeatn backe vpon himselfe againe,  
 He driuen was to ground in selfe despight;  
 From whence ere he recovery could gaine,  
 He in his necke had set his foote with fell diddaine.

With that, the foole, which did that end await,  
 Came running in; and whil't on ground he lay,  
 Laid heauy hands on him, and held so strait,  
 That downe he kept him with his scornfull sway,  
 So as he could not wield him any way.  
 The whiles, that other villaine went about  
 Him to haue bound, and thrald without delay;  
 The whiles, the foole did him reuile and flout,  
 Threatning to yoke them two, & tame their courage stout.

As when a sturdy Plough-man with his hind  
 By strength haue overthrowne a stubborne steare,  
 They downe him hold, and fast with cords do binde  
 Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:  
 So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.  
 Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,  
 He left his lofty steed to aide him neare;  
 And buckling loone himselfe, gan fiercely fly  
 Vpon that Carle, to saue his friend from ieopardie.

The villaine, leauing him vnto his mate  
 To be captiu'd, and handled as he list,  
 Himselfe addrest vnto this new debate,  
 And with his club him all about so blist,  
 That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:  
 Some-times aloft he layd, some-times alowe;  
 Now here, now there, and oft him neere he mist;  
 So doubtfully, that hardly one could knowe  
 Whether more wary were to giue or ward the blowe.

But yet the Prince so well enured was  
 With such huge strokes, approued oft in fight,  
 That way to them he gaue forth-right to pass;  
 Ne would endure the danger of their might,  
 But wait advantage, when they downe did light.  
 At last, the caytiue after long discourse,  
 When all his strokes he saw avoided quite,  
 Resolv'd in one assemblé all his force,  
 And make one end of him without ruthe or remorse.

15  
His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft;  
And with his dreadfull instrument of ire,  
Thought sure haue powned him to powder soft,  
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entire:  
But Fortune did not with his will conspire.  
For, ere his stroke attained his intent,  
The noble child preuenting his desire,  
Vnder his club with wary boldnesse went,  
And smote him on the knee, that neuer yet was bent.

16  
It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now,  
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,  
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow:  
But all that leg which did his body beare,  
It crackt through-out, yet did no blood appeare;  
So as it was vnable to support  
So huge a burden on such broken geare,  
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt;  
Whence he assaid to rise, but could not for his hurt.

17  
Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept;  
And, least he should recouer foot againe,  
His head meant from his shoulders to haue swept.  
VWhich when the Lady saw, she cride amaine;  
Stay, stay, Sir Knight, for loue of God abstaine,  
From that vnwares yee weetelesse doe intend;  
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine:  
For, more on him doth then himselfe depend;  
My life will by his death haue lamentable end.

18  
He staid his hand according her desire,  
Yet nathemore him suffred to arise;  
But still suppressing, gan of her inquire,  
What meaning mote those vncouth words comprize,  
That in that villaines health her safety lies:  
That, were no might in man, nor hart in Knights,  
Which durst her dreaded reskew enterprize,  
Yet heauens themselves, that fauour feeble rights,  
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such despights.

19  
Then, bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast  
Like many water streames, awhile she staid;  
Till the sharp passion becing over-past,  
Her tongue to her restor'd, then thus she said;  
Nor heauens, nor men, can me most wretched maid  
Deliver from the doome of my defart;  
The which the God of Loue hath on me laid,  
And damned to endure this direfull smart,  
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

20  
In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre  
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloome delight,  
And Nature me endu'd with plentious dowe  
Of all her gifts that pleas'd each liuing sight,  
I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,  
And sude and sought with all the seruice dew:  
Full many a one for me deepe ground and sight,  
And to the doore of death for sorrow drew,  
Complaining out on me, that would not on them rew.

21  
But let them loue that list, or liue or die;  
Me list not die for any Louers doole:  
Ne list me leaue my loued libertie,  
To pity him that list to play the foole:  
To loue my selfe I learned had in schoole.  
Thus I triumphed long in Louers paine,  
And sitting carelesse on the scorners stoole,  
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:  
But all is now repaid with interest againe.

22  
For, loe, the winged God, that woundeth harts,  
Caus'd me be called to account therefore;  
And for reuengement of those wrongfull smarts,  
VWhich I to others did inflict afore,  
Addeem'd me to endure this penance sore;  
That in this wise, and this vnunct array,  
With these two lewd companions, and no more,  
*Disdaine* and *Scorne*, I through the world should stray,  
Till I haue sau'd so many as I carst did slay.

23  
Certes, said then the Prince, the God is iust,  
That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile:  
For, were no law in loue, but all that lust  
Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,  
His kingdome would continue but awhile.  
But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare  
This bottle thus before you with such toile,  
And eke this wallet at your backe areare,  
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?

24  
Heere, in this bottle, said the sory Maid,  
I put the teares of my contrition,  
Till to the brim I haue it full defraid:  
And in this bag which I behind me don,  
I put repentance for things past and gon.  
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,  
That all which I put in, falls out anon;  
And is behind me trodden downe of *Scorne*,  
Who mocketh all my paine, & laughs the more I mourne.

25  
The Infant harkned wisely to her tale,  
And wondred much at *Cupids* iudgement wise,  
That could so meekly make proud harts auale,  
And wreake himselfe on them that him despise.  
Then suffred he *Disdaine* vp to arise,  
Who was not able vp himselfe to reere,  
By means his leg, through his late lucklesse prife,  
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feere  
Was holpen vp, who him supported standing neere.

26  
But, beeing vp, hee lookt againe aloft,  
As if he neuer had receiued fall;  
And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,  
As if hee would haue daunted him with-all:  
And, standing on his tip-toes to seeme tall,  
Downe on his golden feet he often gazed,  
As if such pride the other could apall;  
Who was so far from beeing ought amazed,  
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraised.

Then

27  
Then, turning backe vnto that captiue thrall,  
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,  
Vnwillling to be knowne, or seene at all,  
Hee from those bands weend him to haue vnwound.  
But when approaching neare, he plainly found,  
It was his owne true groomme, the gentle Squire,  
He therat wext exceedingly astound,  
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire;  
Ne could, with seeing, satisfie his great desire.

28  
Meane-while, the Saluage man, when he beheld  
That huge great foole oppressing th' other Knight,  
Whom with his weight vnwieldy downe he held,  
He flew vpon him, like a greedy Kight  
Vnto some carrion offered to his sight:  
And downe him plucking, with his nailes and teeth  
Gan him to hale and teare, and scratch, and bite;  
And from him taking his owne whip, there-with  
So fore him scourgeth, that the blood downe followeth.

29  
And sure, I weene, had not the Ladies cry  
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,  
He would with whipping, him haue done to die:  
But beeing checkt, he did abstaine straight way,  
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say:  
Now Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispoic,  
That if ye list haue liberty, ye may,  
Vnto your selfe I freely leaue to chose,  
Whether I shall you leaue, or from these villaines lose.

30  
Ah! nay, Sir Knight, said she, it may not be,  
But that I needs must by all meanes fulfill  
This penance, which enioyned is to me,  
Least vnto me betide a greater ill;  
Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will.  
So humbly taking leaue, she turn'd aside;  
But *Arthur*, with the rest, went onward still  
On his first quest: in which did him betide  
A great adventure, which did him from them diuide.

31  
But first, it falleth me by course to tell  
Of faire *Serena*: who as earst you heard,  
When first the gentle Squire at variance fell  
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard  
Of villany to be to her inferd:  
So fresh the image of her former dread,  
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,  
That euery foot did tremble, which did tread,  
And euery body two, and two she foure did read.

32  
Through hills & dales, through bushes, & through breres  
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought  
Her selfe now past the perill of her feares.  
Then looking round about, and seeing nought,  
Which doubt of danger to her offer mought,  
She from her palfrey lighted on the Plaine;  
And sitting downe, her selfe awhile bethought  
Of her long trauell and turmoiling paine;  
And often did of loue, and oft of lucke complaine.

33  
And euermore, she blamed *Calepine*,  
The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,  
As th'onely author of her wofull tine:  
For beeing of his loue to her so light,  
As her to leaue in such a pittious plight.  
Yet neuer Turtletruer to his Make,  
Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright:  
Who all this while endured, for her sake,  
Great perill of his life, and refllesse paines did take.

34  
Tho, when as all her plaints she had displaid,  
And well disburdened her engriued brest,  
Vpon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd;  
Where beeing tyrd with trauell, and opprest  
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest.  
There, whil' st in *Morpheus* bosome safe she lay,  
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,  
False Fortune did her safety betray,  
Vnto a strange mischaunce, that menac't her decay.

35  
In these wilde deserts, where she now abode,  
There dwelt a saluage Nation, which did liue  
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode  
Into their neighbours borders; ne did giue  
Themselues to any trade (as for to driue  
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,  
Or by aduentrous marchandize to thriue)  
But on the labours of poore men to feed,  
And serue their owne necessities with others need.

36  
There-to they vs'd one most accursed order,  
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote find,  
And strangers to deuour, which on their border  
Were brought by error, or by wreckfull wind;  
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kind.  
They towards euening wandring euery way,  
To seeke for booty, came (by Fortune blied)  
Where-as this Lady, like a sheepe astray,  
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

37  
Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee  
They made amongst them selues! but when her face  
Like the faire Iuory shining they did see,  
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,  
For ioy of such good hap by heavenly grace.  
Then gan they to deuise what course to take:  
Whether to slay her there vpon the place,  
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,  
And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

38  
The best aduizement was of bad, to let her  
Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:  
For, sleepe (they said) would make her battill better.  
Then, when she wak't, they all gaue one consent,  
That sith by grace of God she there was sent,  
Vnto their God they would her sacrifice;  
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would present:  
But, of her daintie flesh they did deuize  
To make a common feast, & feed with gurmardize.



So, round about her they them selues did place  
 Vpon the grasse, and diuerfly dispose,  
 As each thought best to spend the lingring space.  
 Some with their eyes the daintiest morfels chose;  
 Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose;  
 Some whet their kniues, and strip their elboues bare:  
 The Priest himselfe a garland doth compose  
 Of finest flowres, and with full bufic care  
 His bloody vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

The Damzell wakes : then all attonce vp-start,  
 And round about her flocke, like many flies,  
 Whooping, and hollowing on euery part,  
 As if they would hate rent the brasen skies.  
 Which when she sees with ghastly grieffull eyes,  
 Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew  
 Benumbs her cheekes : Then out aloud she cries,  
 Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,  
 And reads her golden locks, and snowy brefts embrew.

But all bootes not : they hauns vpon her lay;  
 And first they spoile her of her iewels deare,  
 And afterwards of all her rich array;  
 The which amongst them they in peeces teare,  
 And of the prey each one a part doth beare.  
 Now being naked to their fordid eyes  
 The goodly treasures of Nature appeare:  
 Which as they view with lustfull fantasies,  
 Each wiseth to himselfe, and to the rest enuies.

Her yuory necke, her alablaster breast,  
 Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were,  
 For Lone in soft delight thereon to rest;  
 Her tender sides her belly white and cleare,  
 Which like an Altar did it selfe vp-reare,  
 To offer sacrifice diuine thereon;  
 Her goodly thighes, whose glory did appeare  
 Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon  
 The spoiles of Princes hangd, which were in battell won :

Those dainty parts, the dearlings of delight,  
 Which mote not be profan'd of common eyes,  
 Those vill'eins view'd with loose lasciuious sight,  
 And closely tempted with their crafty spies;  
 And some of them gan amongst them selues deuise,  
 Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure.  
 But them the Priest rebuking did aduise  
 To dare not to pollute so sacred treasure,  
 Vow'd to the gods : religion held euen the cues in measure.

So being stayd, they her from thence directed  
 Vnto a little groue not faire aside,  
 In which an altar shortly they erected,  
 To slay her on. And now the Euentide  
 His broad black wings had through the heauens wide  
 By this dispred, that was the time ordained  
 For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hide:  
 Of few green turfes an altar soone they fayned,  
 And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh hand obtained.

Tho, when-as all things readie were aright,  
 The Damzell was before the altar set,  
 Being already dead with fearefull fright.  
 To whom the Priest with naked armes full net  
 Approaching nigh, and murderous knife well whet,  
 Gan mutter cloie a certaine secreet charme,  
 With other diuelish ceremonies met :  
 Which doen, he gan aloft r'aduance his arme,  
 Wherewith they shouted all, and made aloud alarme.

Then gan the bag-pipes and the hornes to shrill,  
 And shriek aloud, that with the peoples voice  
 Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,  
 And made the wood to tremble at the noyce :  
 The whiles she wayld, the more they did reioice.  
 Now mote ye vnderstand that to this groue  
 Sir *Calepine* by chance, more then by choice,  
 The selfe same euening fortune hither droue,  
 As he to seek *Serena* through the woods did roue.

Long had he fought her, and through many a foyle  
 Had traueled full on foot in heauy armes,  
 Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,  
 Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes :  
 And now all weetelesse of the wretched stormes,  
 In which his Lone was lost, he slept full fast,  
 Till being waked with these loud alarmes,  
 He lightly started vp like one aghast,  
 And catching vp his arms streight to the noise forth past.

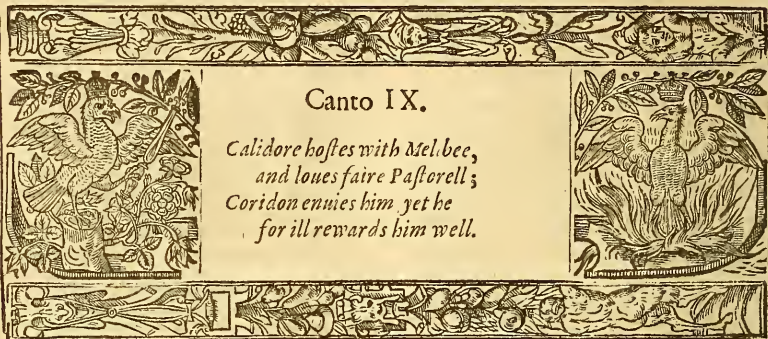
There by th'vncertaine glimse of starry night,  
 And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,  
 He more perceine a little dawning sight  
 Of all, which there was doing in that quire :  
 Mongst whom, a woman spoyld of all attire  
 He spide lamenting her vnlukey strife,  
 And groning sore from grieued heart entire ;  
 Eftsoones he sawe one with a naked knife  
 Ready to launce her breast, and let out loued life.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,  
 And enen as his right hand adowne descends,  
 He him preuenting, layes on earth along,  
 And sacrificeth to th'infernall scends.  
 Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends ;  
 Of whom he makes such hauocke and such hew,  
 That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends :  
 The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,  
 Fly like a flocke of doues before a Faulcons view.

From them returning to that Ladie backe,  
 Whom by the Altar he doth sitting finde,  
 Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke  
 Of clothes to couer what shee ought by kinde,  
 He first her hands beginneth to vnbide;  
 And then to question of her present woe ;  
 And afterwards to cheare with speeches kind.  
 But she, for nought that he could say or doe,  
 One word durst speake, or answer him whit thereto.

So inward shame of her vncomely case  
 She did conceine, through care of womanhood,  
 That though the night did coner her disgrace,  
 Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,

Would not bewray the state in which shee stood.  
 So, all that night to him vnknown she past.  
 But day that doth discover bad and good,  
 Ensweing, made her known to him at last:  
 The end whereof Ile keep vntill another cast.



## Canto IX.

*Calidore hostes with Melibee,  
 and loues faire Pastorell;  
 Coridon ennies him yet he  
 for ill rewards him well.*

**N**ow turne againe my tenneth iolly swain,  
 Backe to the furrow which I lately left;  
 I lately left a furrow, one or twaine (clest:  
 Vnplough'd, the which my conter hath not  
 Yet seem'd the soile both fair & fruitfull est,  
 As I it past; that were to great a shame,  
 That so rich fruit should be from vs bereft;  
 Besides the great dishonour and defame,  
 Which should befall to *Calidore's* immortal name.

Great trauell hath the gentle *Calidore*  
 And toyle endred, sith I left him last  
 Sewing the *Blatant Beast*; which I forbore  
 To finish then, for other present haste.  
 Full many paths, and perils he hath past, (Plains,  
 Through hills, through dales, thrugh Forrests & through  
 In that same quest, which Fortune on him cast;  
 Which he atchieued to his owne great gaines,  
 Reaping eternall glory of his restlesse paines.

So sharply he the monster did persue,  
 That day nor night he suffred him to rest:  
 Ne rested he himselfe (but Natures dew)  
 For dread of danger, nor to be redrest,  
 If he for slouth forlackt so famous quest.  
 Him first from court he to the cities coursed,  
 And from the Cities to the townes him prest,  
 And from the townes into the country forced,  
 And from the country back to priuate farms he scorfed.

From thence into the open fields he fled,  
 Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,  
 And shepheards singing to their flocks, that fed,  
 Layes of sweet loue and youthes delightfull hear:

Him thither eke (for all his fearefull threat)  
 He followed fast, and chased him so nie,  
 That to the folds, where sheep at night doe seat,  
 And to the little cotes, where shepheards lie  
 In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

There on a day as he persued the chase,  
 He chaunc'd to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,  
 Playing on pipes, and caroling apace,  
 The whiles their beasts there in the budded broomes  
 Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:  
 For other worldly wealth they cared nought.  
 To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,  
 And them to tell him courteously besought,  
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thither brought.

They answer'd him, that no such beast they sawe,  
 Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend  
 Their happie flocks, nor danger to them drawe:  
 But if that such there were (as none they kend)  
 They prayd high God him farre from them to send.  
 Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,  
 After his rusticke wife (that well he weend)  
 Offred him drinke, to quench his thirsty heat,  
 And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,  
 And took their gentle offer: so adowne  
 They prayd him sit, and gaue him for to feed  
 Such homely what, as serues the simple clowne,  
 That doth despise the dainties of the towne.  
 Tho, hauing fed his fill, he there beside  
 Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne  
 Of sundry flowers, with silken ribbands tyde,  
 Yclad in home-made green that her owne hands had dyde.  
 Vpon

8

Vpon a little hillocke she was placed  
Higher then all the rest, and round about  
Ennirond with a girlond, goodly graced,  
Of lonely lasses: and them all without  
The lusty shepheard swaines fate in a rout,  
The which did pipe and sing her prayes dew,  
And oft reioice, and oft for wonder shout,  
As if some miracle of heavenly hew  
Were downe to them descended in that earthly view.

9

And softly sure she was full faire of face,  
And perfectly well shap't in euery lim;  
Which she did more augment with modest grace,  
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,  
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:  
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,  
Did for their foueraine goddesse her esteeme,  
And caroling her name both day & night,  
The fairest *Pastorella* her by name did hight.

10

Ne was there Heard, ne was there shepherds swaine  
But her did honour, and eke many a one  
Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing paine  
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:  
But most of all the shepheard *Coridon*  
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;  
Yet nether she for him, nor other none  
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:  
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

11

Her whiles Sir *Calidore* there viewed well,  
And markt her rare demeaure, which him seemed  
So farre the meane of shepherds to excell,  
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,  
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed;  
He was vnwares surpriz'd in subull bands  
Of the blind Boy, ne thence could be redeemed  
By any skill out of his cruell hands,  
Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

12

So stood he still long gazing therupon,  
Ne any will had thence to moue away,  
Although his quest were farre afore him gone;  
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,  
And fate there still, vntill the flying day  
Was farre-forth spent, discoursing diuersly  
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delays;  
And euermore his speech he did apply  
To th'heards, but meant them to the dazels fantasee.

13

By this, the moystie night approaching fast,  
Her dewy humour gan on th'earth to shed,  
That warn'd the shepherds to their homes to haste  
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,  
For feare of wetting them before their bed.  
Then came to them a good olde aged Syre,  
Whose siluer lockes bedect his beard and head,  
With shepherds hook in hand, and fit attire,  
That will'd the *Danzell* rise; the day did now expire.

14

He was to weet by common voice esteemed  
The father of the fairest *Pastorell*,  
And of her selfe in very deed so deamed;  
Yet was not so, bur as old stories tell  
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,  
In th'open fields an Infant left alone,  
And taking vp brought home, and nourfed well  
As his owne childe; for other he had none,  
That she in tract of time accepted was his owne.

15

She at his bidding meekly did arise,  
And streight vnto her little focke did fare:  
Then all the rest about her rofe likewise,  
And each his sundry sheep with fenerall care  
Gathered together, and them home-ward bare:  
Whil't euery one with helping hands did striue  
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,  
To heipe faire *Pastorella*, home to driue  
Her fleecy focke; but *Coridon* most helpe did giue.

16

But *Melibee* (so hight that good old man)  
Now seeing *Calidore* left all alone,  
And night arrued hard at hand, began  
Him to inuite vnto his simple home;  
Which though it were a cottage clad with lorne,  
And all things therein meane; yet better so  
To lodge, then in the saluage fields to roine.  
The Knight full gladly loone agreed thereto,  
Being his hearts owne with, and home with him did goe.

17

There he was welcom'd of that honest Syre,  
And of his aged Beldame homely well;  
Who him belought himselfe to disatyre,  
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;  
By which, home came the fayrest *Pastorell*,  
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde:  
And, supper ready dight, they to it fell  
With small adoe, and nature satisfide,  
The which doth little craue, contented to abide.

18

Tho, when they had their hunger staked well,  
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away;  
The gentle knight, as he that did excell  
In courtesie, and well could doe and say,  
For fo great kindnesse as he found that day,  
Gan greatly thank his host and his good wife;  
And drawing thence his speech another way,  
Gan highly to commend the happy life,  
Which Shepherds lead, without debate or bitter strife.

19

How much, sayd he, more happy is the state,  
In which ye father here do dwell at ease,  
Leading a life so free and fortunate,  
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,  
Whichrosse the rest in dangerous disease?  
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie  
Doethem afflict, which no man can appease;  
That certes I your happinesse eniue,  
- And wish my lot were plac't in such felicitie.

Gg 2

Surely

20  
Surely my sonne (then answer'd he againe)  
If happie, then it is in this intent,  
That hauing small, yet do I not complaine  
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,  
But do my selfe, with that I haue, content;  
So taught of Nature, which doth little need  
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment.  
The fields my food, my flock my rayment breed;  
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

21  
Therefore I doe not any one enuy,  
Nor am enuide of any one therefore;  
They that haue much, feare much to lose thereby,  
And store of cares doth follow riches store.  
The little that I haue growes daily more  
Without my care, but onely to attend it.  
My lambs do euery yeare increase their score,  
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.  
What haue I, but to praise th' Almighty, that doth send it?

22  
To them, that list, the worlds gay shewes I leaue,  
And to great ones such follies do forgue,  
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weaue,  
And through ambition downe themselves do driue  
To sad decay, that might contented liue.  
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,  
Ne once my minds vnmooued quiet grieue;  
But all the night in slumber sleep I spend,  
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

23  
Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe  
Vnto my Lambes, and him dislodge away;  
Sometime the fawne I practice, from the Doe,  
Or from the Goat her kiddie how to conuay;  
Another while I baites and nets display,  
The birds to catch or fishes to beguile;  
And when I weary am, I downe do lay  
My limbes in euery shade, to rest from toyle,  
And drinke of euery brooke, when thirst my throte doth

24  
The time was once, in my first prime of yeeres,  
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,  
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peeres  
To follow sheepe and shepherds base attire:  
For further fortune then I would inquire.  
And leauing home, to royall court I sought;  
Where I did sell my selfe for yearly hire,  
And in the Princes garden daily wrought:  
There I beheld such vaine glee, as I neuer thought.

25  
With sight whereof soone cloy'd, and long deluded  
With idle hopes, which them do entertaine,  
After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded  
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,  
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,  
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare.  
Tho, backe returning to my sheep againe,  
I from thenceforth haue learn'd to loue more deare  
This lowly quiet life, which I inherite here.

26  
Whil'f thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care  
Hong still vpon his melting mouth attent;  
Whose sensefull words empiric't his heart so neare,  
That he was wrapt with double ratiishment,  
Both of his speech that wrought him great content,  
And also of the obiect of his view,  
On which his hungry eye was alwaies bent;  
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,  
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entranced grew.

27  
Yet to occasion meanes, to worke his minde,  
And to insinuate his hearts desire,  
He thus replid e; Now surely syre I finde,  
That all this worlds gay shewes, which we admire,  
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retire  
Of life . which here in lowlinesse ye lead,  
Fearelesse of foes, or Fortunes wrackfull yre,  
Which toffeth states, and vnder foot doth tread  
The mighty ones, affrayd of euery changes dread.

28  
That euen I which dayly doe behold  
The glory of the great, mongst whom I won;  
And now haue prov'd, what happinesse ye hold  
In this small plot of your dominion,  
Now loath great Lordship and ambition;  
And wist th' heavens so much had graced me,  
As grant meliue in like condition;  
Or that my fortunes might transposed be  
From pitch of higher place, vnto this lowe degree.

29  
In vaine, said then old *Melibee*, doe men  
The heauens of their fortunes fault accuse;  
Sith they know best, what is the best for them:  
For, they to each such fortune doe diffuse,  
As they do knowe each can most aptly vse.  
For, not that, which men couet most, is best,  
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;  
But fittest is, that all contented rest  
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

30  
It is the mind, that maketh good or ill,  
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poore:  
For some, that hath abundance at his will,  
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;  
And other, that hath little, askes no more,  
But in that little is both rich and wife.  
For, wisdom is most riches: fooles therefore  
They are, which fortunes do by vowes deuize,  
Sith each vnto himselfe his life may fortunize.

31  
Since then in each mans selfe, sayd *Calidore*,  
It is, to fashion his owne lifes estate,  
Giue leaue awhile, good father, in this store  
To rest my barke, which hath been beaten late  
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,  
In seas of troubles and of toyle some paine;  
That whether quite from them for to retrace  
I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,  
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

Not that the burden of so bold a guest  
 Shall chargefull be, or change to you at all;  
 For, your meane food shall be my dayly feast,  
 And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.  
 Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall  
 You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,  
 That may perhaps you better much withall,  
 And in this quiet make you safer liue.  
 So, forth he drew much golde, and toward him it driue.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer  
 Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,  
 And thus bespake: Sir knight, your bountious proffer  
 Be farre from me, to whom ye ill display  
 That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,  
 That mote empayre my peace with dangers dread.  
 But if ye algates couet to assay  
 This simple sort of life, that Shepheards lead,  
 Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe acad.

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,  
 And long while after, whil'ft him list remaine,  
 Dayly beholding the faire *Pastorell*,  
 And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.  
 During which time, he did her entertaine  
 With all kinde courtesies, he could inuent;  
 And euery day, her companie to gaine,  
 When to the field she went, he with her went:  
 So, for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

But she that neuer had acquainted beene  
 With such quaint vsage, fit for Queenes and Kings,  
 Ne euer had such knightly seruice seene  
 (But being bred vnder base Shepheards wings,  
 Had euer learn'd to loue the lowly things)  
 Did little whit regard his courteous guise;  
 But cared more for *Colins* carolings  
 Then all that he could doe, or eue deuize:  
 His layes, his loues, his lookes he did them all despize.

Which *Calidore* perceiuing, thought it best  
 To change the manner of his lofty looke;  
 And doffing his bright armes, himselfe address't  
 In Shepheards weed, and in his hand he took,  
 In stead of Steele-head speare, a Shepheards hook;  
 That who had seene him then, would haue bethought  
 On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brook,  
 When he the loue of faire *Benoné* sought,  
 What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

So being clad vnto the fields he went  
 With the faire *Pastorella* euery day,  
 And kept her sheep with diligent attent,  
 Watching to driue the rauenous Wolfe away,  
 The whyl'ft at pleasure she mote sport and play;  
 And euery euening helping them to fold:  
 And otherwhiles for need, he did assay  
 In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,  
 And out of them to presse the milk: loue so much could.

Which seeing *Coridon*, who her likewise  
 Long time had lov'd, and hop't her loue to gaine,  
 He much was troubled at that strangers guise,  
 And many ielalous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,  
 That this of all his labour and long paine  
 Should reap the haruest, ere it ripened were:  
 That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine  
 Of *Pastorell* to all the shepheards there,  
 That she did loue a stranger swayne then him more dere.

And euer when he came in companie,  
 Where *Calidore* was present, he would loure,  
 And byte his lip, and euen for ielousie  
 Was ready oft his owne heart to deuoure,  
 Impatient of any Paramoure:  
 Who on the other side did seem so farre  
 From malicing, or grudging his good houre,  
 That all he could, he graced him with her,  
 Ne euer shew'd signe of rancour or of iarre.

And oft, when *Coridon* vnto her brought  
 Or little sparrows, stolen from their nest,  
 Or wanton squirrels, in the woods farre sought,  
 Or other dainty thing for her address't;  
 He would commend his gift, and make the best;  
 Yet she no whit his presents did regard,  
 Ne him could finde to fancy in her breast:  
 This new come shepheard had his market mard.  
 Old loue is little worth, when new is more prefard.

One day when as the shepheard swaynes together  
 Were met, to make their sports and merry glee,  
 As they are wont in faire sun-shiny weather,  
 The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded be,  
 They fell to dance: then did they all agree,  
 That *Colin Clout* should pipe, as one most fit;  
 And *Calidore* should lead the ring, as he  
 That most in *Pastorellas* grace did sit.  
 Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip closely bit.

But *Calidore*, of courteous inclination,  
 Took *Coridon*, and set him in his place,  
 That he should lead the dance, as was his fashion;  
 For, *Coridon* could dance, and trimly trace.  
 And when as *Pastorella*, him to grace,  
 Her slowy g ulond took from her owne head,  
 And plac't on his, he did it soone displace,  
 And did it put on *Coridons* in stead:  
 Then *Coridon* woxe frolicke, that earst seemed dead.

Another time, when as they did dispose  
 To practice games, and malmes to trie,  
 They for their Iudge did *Pastorella* chofe;  
 A garland was the meed of victorie.  
 There *Coridon*, forth stepping openly,  
 Did challenge *Calidore* to wrestling game:  
 For, he, through long and perfect industry,  
 Therein well practis'd was, and in the fame  
 Thought sure to avenge his grudge, & worke his foe great  
 Gg 3 But

44

But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake;  
 For, he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,  
 That with one fall his necke he almost brake:  
 And had he not vpon him fallen light,  
 His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.  
 Then was the oaken crowne by *Pastorell*  
 Giuen to *Calidore*, as his due right;  
 But he, that did in courtesie excell,  
 Gaue it to *Coridon*, and sayd he wonne it well.

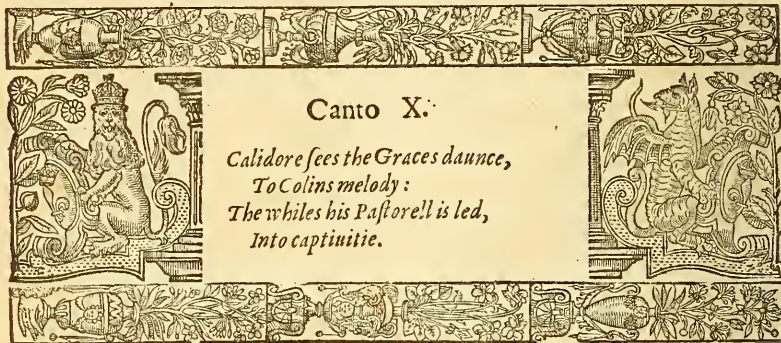
45

Thus did the gentle knight himselve beare  
 Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,  
 That euen they the which his rituals were,  
 Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:

For, courtesie amongst the rudest breeds  
 Good will and fauour. So it surely wrought  
 With this faire *Mayd*, and in her mind the seeds  
 Of perfect loue did sowe, that last forth brought  
 The fruit of ioy & blis, though long time dearly bought.

46

Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,  
 To win the loue of the faire *Pastorell*;  
 Which hauing got, he vfed without crime  
 Or blamefull blot: but menaged so well,  
 That he of all the rest, which there did well,  
 Was fauoured, and to her grace commended.  
 But what strange fortunes vnto him befell,  
 Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,  
 Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.



## Canto X.

*Calidore* sees the Graces daunce,  
 To *Colins* melody:  
 The whiles his *Pastorell* is led,  
 Into captiuitie.

1

Ho now does follow the foule *Blatant Beest*,  
 Whil't *Calidore* does follow that faire *Mayd*,  
 Vnmindfull of his vowe and high behest,  
 Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,  
 That he should neuer leaue, nor be delayd  
 From chasing him, till he had it atchieued?  
 But now, entrap't of loue, which him betrayd,  
 He mindeth more, how he may be relieued (griued);  
 With grace from her, whose loue his heart hath lore en-

2

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew  
 His former quest, so full of toyle and paine;  
 Another quest, another game in view  
 He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine:  
 With whom he mindes for euer to remaine,  
 And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,  
 Rather then hunt still after shadows vaine  
 Of courtly fauour, fed with light report  
 Of euery blaste, and sayling alwaies in the port.

3

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,  
 From so high step to stoupe vnto so lowe.  
 For, who had tasted once (as oft did he)  
 The happy peace, which there doth ouer-flowe,

And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe growe  
 Amongst poore hundes, in hils, in woods, in dales,  
 Would neuer more delight in painted showe  
 Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales,  
 T'entrap vniuery fooles in their eternall bales.

4

For, what hath all that goodly glorious gaze  
 Like to one sight, which *Calidore* did view?  
 The glauce whereof their dimmed eyes would daze,  
 That neuer more they should endure the shew  
 Of that sunne-shine, that makes them look askew:  
 Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare  
 (Sauce onely *Glorianes* heavenly hew;  
 To which what can compare?) can it compare;  
 The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

5

One day as he did range the fields abroad,  
 Whil't his faire *Pastorella* was elsewhere,  
 He chaunc't to come, far from all peoples troad,  
 Vnto a place, whose pleasance did appeare  
 To passe all others, on the earth which were:  
 For, all that euer was by natures skill  
 Deuiz'd to worke delight, was gathered there,  
 And there by her were poured forth in fill,  
 As if this to adorne, the all the rest did pill.

6

It was an hill, plac't in an open Plaine,  
That round about was bordered with a wood,  
Of matchlesse height, that seem'd th'earth to disdaigne;  
In which all trees of honour stately stood,  
And did all winter as in sommer bud,  
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,  
Which in their lower branches sung aloud,  
And in their tops the foring hauke did towre,  
Sitting like king of fowles, in maiesty and powre.

7

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flud  
His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,  
Vnmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;  
Ne mote wilde beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne  
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:  
But Nymphes and Faeries by the banks did sit,  
In the woods shade, which did the waters crowne,  
Keeping all noyome things away from it,  
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

8

And on the top therof a spacious Plaine  
Did spred it selfe, to serue to all delight,  
Either to dance, when they to dance would faine,  
Or else to courtse about their bases light;  
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might  
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:  
So pleasantly the hill, with equall height,  
Did seeme to ouer-look the lowly vale;  
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale*.

9

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose  
Her selfe to pleasure, vied to resort  
Vnto this place, and therein to repose  
And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,  
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;  
That euen her owne Cytheron, though in it  
She vied most to keep her royall Court,  
And in her foueraigne maiesty to sit,  
She in regard hereof refused and thought vnfit.

10

Vnto this place when as the Elfin knight  
Approacht, him seemed that the merry found  
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,  
And many feet fast thumping th'hollow ground,  
That through the woods their *Eccho* did rebound.  
He nipher drew, to weet what mote it bee;  
There he a troupe of Ladies dancing found  
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,  
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

11

He durst not enter into th'open Greene,  
For dread of them vnwares to be descide,  
For breaking of their dance, if he were scene;  
But in the couert of the wood did bide,  
Beholding all, yet of them vnespide.  
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,  
That euen he himselfe his eyes enuide,  
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,  
All ranged in a ring, and dancing in delight.

12

All they without were ranged in a ring,  
And danced round; but in the midst of them  
Three other Ladies did both dance and sing,  
The whil'f the rest them round about did hemme,  
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:  
And in the midst of those same three was placed  
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme  
Amidst a ring most richly well enched,  
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

13

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore  
Vpon her yuory forehead that same day  
That *Theseus* her vnto his bride bore  
(When the bold *Centaurus* made that bloody fray  
With the fierce *Lapithes* which did them dismay)  
Being now placed in the firmament,  
Through the bright heauen doth her beams display,  
And is vnto the starrs an ornament,  
Which round about her moue in order excellent:

14

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,  
Whose fundry parts were here too long to tell:  
But she that in the midst of them did stand,  
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,  
Crownd with a rosie girlond, that right well  
Did her beseeeme. And euer, as the crew  
About her daunc't, sweet flowres, that far did smell,  
And fragrant odours they vpon her threw:  
But most of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

15

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,  
Handmaidys of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt  
Vpon this hill, and dance there day and night:  
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,  
And all, that *Venus* in her selfe doth vaunt,  
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,  
That in the midst was placed parauant,  
Was she to whom that shepheard pyp't alone,  
That made him pipe so merrily, as neuer none.

16

She was to weet that iolly Shepheards lisse,  
Which piped there vnto that merry rout:  
That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was  
Poore *Colin Clout* (who knows not *Colin Clout*?)  
He pyp't apace, whil'f they him daunc't about.  
Pype iolly shepheard, pype thou now apace  
Vnto thy Loue, that made thee lowe to loue;  
Thy Loue is present there with thee in place,  
Thy Loue is there aduanc't to be another Grace.

17

Much wondred *Calidore* at this strange sight,  
Whose like before his eye had neuer scene:  
And standing long astonished in spright,  
And rapt with pleasure, wist not what to weene;  
Whether it were the traine of beauties *Queene*,  
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted showe,  
With which his eyes mote haue deluded bene,  
Therefore resolving, what it was, to knowe,  
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

Gg 4

But

18

But soone as he appeared to their view,  
 They vanish all away out of his sight,  
 And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew;  
 All saue the Shepheard, who for fell despight  
 Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,  
 And made great mone for that vnhappy turne.  
 But *Calidore*, though no lesse sorry wight,  
 For that mis-hap, yet seeing him to mourne,  
 Drew neere, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

19

And first him greeting, thus vnto him spake;  
 Haile iolly Shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes  
 Here leadeest in this goodly merry-make,  
 Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,  
 Which to thee flocke, to heare thy louely layes;  
 Tell me, what mote these dauntie Damzels be,  
 Which here with thee do make their pleasant playes?  
 Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see:  
 But why, when I them sawe, fled they away from me?

20

Not I so happy, answerd then that swaine,  
 As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst chase,  
 Whom by no means thou canst recall againe.  
 For, being gone, none can them bring in place,  
 But whom they of themselves list to to grace.  
 Right sorry I, sayd then Sir *Calidore*,  
 That my ill fortune did them hence displace.  
 But since things passed none may now restore,  
 Tell me, what were they all, whose lack thee grieues so fore.

21

Tho, gan that Shepheard thus for to dilate;  
 Then wote thou Shepheard, whatsoever thou be,  
 That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,  
 Are *Venus* Damzels, all within her see,  
 But differing in honour and degree:  
 They all are Graces which on her depend,  
 Besides a thousand more, which ready be  
 Her to adorne, when-so she forth doth wend:  
 But those three in the middt do chiefe on her attend.

22

They are the daughters of sky-ruling Ioue,  
 By him begot of faire *Eurynomé*,  
 The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant groue,  
 As he this way coming from feastfull glee  
 Of *Thetis* wedding with *Acidee*,  
 In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.  
 The first of them hight mylde *Euphrosyne*,  
 Next faire *Aglata*, last *Thalia* merry,  
 Sweet goddesses all three which men in mirth do cherry.

23

These three on men all gracious gifts bestowe,  
 Which decke the body or adorne the minde,  
 To make them louely or well fauoured shoue:  
 As, comely carnage, entertainment kind,  
 Sweet semblant, friendly offices that binde,  
 And all the complements of courtesie:  
 They teach vs, how to each degree and kinde  
 We should our selues demeane, to lowe, to hie;  
 To friends, to foes: which skill men call Ciuility.

24

Therefore they alwayes smoothly seem to smile,  
 That we likewise should milde and gentle be;  
 And also naked are, that without guile  
 Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,  
 Simple and true from conert malice free:  
 And eke themselves so in their dance they bore,  
 That two of them still forward seem'd to be,  
 But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore;  
 That good should from vs go, then come, in greater store.

25

Such were those goddesses, which ye did see;  
 But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,  
 Who can aread, what creature mote she be,  
 Whether a creature or a goddesse graced  
 With heavenly gifts from heauen first embraced?  
 But what-so sure she was, the worthy was  
 To be the fourth, with those three other placed:  
 Yet was she certes but a country lasse,  
 Yet she all other country lasses farre did passe.

26

So farre as doth the daughter of the day,  
 All other lesser lights in light excell,  
 So farre doth she in beautifull array,  
 Above all other lasses beare the bell:  
 Ne lesse in vertue that beemes her well,  
 Doth she exceede the rest of all her race;  
 For which, the Graces that here wont to dwell,  
 Haue for more honour brought her to this place,  
 And graced her so much to be another Grace.

27

Another Grace she well deserues to be,  
 In whom so many Graces gathered are,  
 Excelling much the meane of her degree;  
 Diuine resemblance, beauty foueraine rare,  
 Firme Chastitie, that spight ne blemish dare;  
 All which she with such courtesie doth grace,  
 That all her Peers cannot with her compare,  
 But quite are dimmed, when she is in place.  
 She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

28

Sunne of the world, great glory of the skie,  
 That all the earth do't lighten with thy rayes,  
 Great *Gloriana*, greatest Majesty,  
 Pardon thy Shepheard mongst for many layes,  
 As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,  
 To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,  
 And vnderneath thy feete to place her praye;  
 That when thy glory shall be farre displayd  
 To future age, of her this mention may be made.

29

When that that Shepheard ended had his speech,  
 Sayd *Calidore*; Now sure it yrketh mee,  
 That to thy blis I made this lucklesse breach,  
 As now the Author of thy bale to be,  
 Thus to bereaue thy Loues deare sight from thee:  
 But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,  
 Who rashly fought that, which I mote not see.  
 Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,  
 And to recomfort him, all comely means did frame.



29  
In such discourses they together spent  
Long time, as fit occasion for them led;  
With which, the knight himselfe did much content,  
And with delight his greedie fancy fed,  
Both of his words, which he with reason red;  
And also of the place, whose pleasures state  
With such regard his senses ravished,  
That thence, he had no will away to fare,  
But wisht, that with that shepheard he mote dwelling share.

30  
But that enuenim'd sting, the which of yore,  
His poysonous point deep fixed in his heart  
Had left, now gan afresh to rankle sore,  
And to renne the rigour of his smart:  
Which to recure, no skill of Leaches art  
Mote him auale, but to returne againe  
To his wounds worker, that with louely dart  
Dinting his breast, had bred his restlesse paine,  
Like as the wounded Whale to shore sits from the mayne.

31  
So, taking leaue of that same gentle swaine,  
He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,  
Where his faire *Pastorella* did remaine:  
To whom in fort, as he at first begonne,  
He daily did apply himselfe to donne  
All dewfull seruice, void of thoughts impure:  
Ne any paines ne perill did he fionne,  
By which he might her to his loue allure,  
And liking in her yet vtamed heart procure.

32  
And euermore the Shepheard *Coridon*,  
What-euer thing he did her to agrate,  
Did striue to match, with strong contention,  
And all his paines did closely emulate;  
Whether it were to caroll, as they fate  
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercise,  
Or to present her with their labours late;  
Through which if any grace chaunc't to arize  
To him, the Shepheard streight with ieaousie did frize.

33  
One day, as they all three together went  
To the greene wood, to gather strawberries,  
There chaunc't to them a dangerous accident:  
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,  
That with fell claws full of fierce gourmandize,  
And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,  
Did runne at *Pastorell*, her to surprize:  
Whom she beholding, now all desolate  
Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

34  
Which *Coridon* first hearing, ran in haste  
To rescue her: but when he saw the feend,  
Through coward feare he fled away as fast,  
Ne durst abide the danger of the end;  
His life he steemed dearer then his friend.  
But *Calidore* soone comming to her ayde,  
When he the beast saw ready now to rend  
His Loues deare spoile, in which his heart was praide,  
He ran at him enrag'd, in stead of being fraide.

35  
He had no weapon, but his shepheards hooke,  
To serue the vengeance of his wrathfull wil;  
With which so stemely he the monster strooke,  
That to the ground astonished he fell;  
Whence ere he could recov'r, he did him quell,  
And hewing off his head, it presented  
Before the feete of the faire *Pastorell*;  
Who, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,  
A thousand times him thank't, that had her death prevented.

36  
From that day forth she gau him to affect,  
And daily more her fauour to augment;  
But *Coridon* for cowardize reiect,  
Fit to keepe sheepe, vnfit for loues content:  
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.  
Yet *Calidore* did not despise him quight,  
But vs'd him friendly for further intent,  
That by his fellowship, he colour might  
Both his estate, and loue, from skill of any wight.

37  
So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,  
With humble seruice, and with daily sute,  
That at the last vnto his will he brought her;  
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,  
That of his loue he reapt the timely fruit,  
And ioied long in close felicity;  
Till Fortune fraught with malice, blind, and brute,  
That eruius louers long prosperity,  
Blew vp a bitter storme of foule aduersity.

38  
It fortun'd one day, when *Calidore*  
Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)  
A lawlesse people, *Brigants* hight of yore,  
That neuer vs'd to liue by plough nor spade,  
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made  
Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,  
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,  
And spoild their houses, and themselues did murder;  
And drone away their flocke, with other much disorder.

39  
Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,  
They spoild old *Melibee* of all he had,  
And all his people captiue led away;  
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,  
Faire *Pastorella*, sorrowfull and sad,  
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that euer sigh't,  
Now made the spoile of thecues and *Brigants* bad,  
Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight,  
That euer liv'd, and th'onely glory of his might.

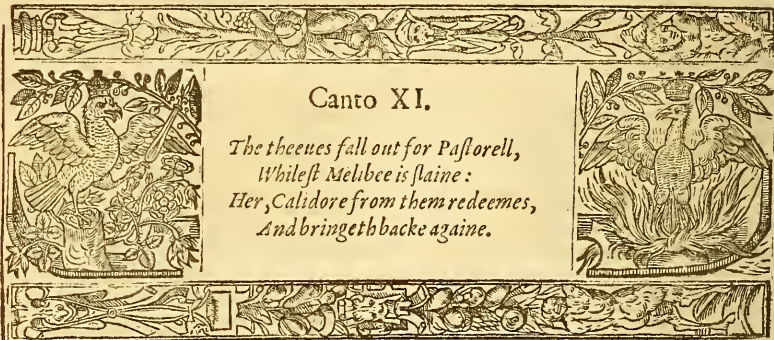
40  
With them also was taken *Coridon*,  
And carried captiue by those thecues away;  
Who in the covert of the night, that none  
Mote them descry, nor rescue from their pray,  
Vnto their dwelling did them close conuay.  
Their dwelling in a little Island was,  
Couered with shrubby woods, in which no way  
Appear'd for people in nor out to passe,  
Nor any footing find for ouer-grown grasse.

<sup>41</sup>  
 For vnderneath the ground thei way was made,  
 Through hollow canes, that no man mote discover  
 For the thick shrubs, which did them alwaies shade  
 From view of liuing wight, and couered ouer:  
 But darknesse drad and daily night did houer  
 Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.  
 Ne lightned was with window, nor with louer,  
 But with continuall candle-light, which dealt  
 A doubtfull sense of things, nor so well seen, as felt.

<sup>42</sup>  
 Hither those *Brigants* brought their present pray,  
 And kept them with continuall watch and ward;  
 Meaning so soone, as they conuenient may,  
 For slaves to sell them, for no small reward,

To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,  
 Or sold againe. Now when faire *Pastorell*  
 Into this place was brought, and kept with gard  
 Of grisly theeues, she thought her selfe in hell,  
 Where with such damned fiends she should in darknes dwell.

<sup>43</sup>  
 But for to tell the dolefull diriger,  
 And pittifull complaints, which there she made  
 (Where day and night she nought did but lament  
 Her wretched life, that vp in deadly shade,  
 And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade  
 Like to a flowre, that feelles no heate of sunne,  
 Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade)  
 And what befell her in that theeuish wonne,  
 Will in another Canto better be cononne.



## Canto XI.

*The theeues fall out for Pastorell,  
 Whilst Melibee is slaine:  
 Her, Calidore from them redeemes,  
 And bringeth backe azaine.*

<sup>1</sup>  
**T**He ioyes of loue, if they should euer last,  
 Without affliction or disquietnesse,  
 That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,  
 Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,  
 Liker to heauen then mortall wretchednesse.  
 Therefore the winged god, to let men weet,  
 That here on earth is no sure happinesse,  
 A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,  
 To make it seem more deare and dainty, as is meet.

<sup>2</sup>  
 Like as is now besalne to this faire mayde,  
 Faire *Pastorell*, of whom is now my song:  
 Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd,  
 Amongst those theeues, which her in bondage strong  
 Detaynd; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong  
 Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,  
 And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;  
 That who-so heares her beaunnesse, would rewe  
 And pitie her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasant hew.

<sup>3</sup>  
 Whilst thus she in these hellish dens remained,  
 Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts wnest,  
 It so befell (as Fortune had ordained)  
 That he, which was their Capitaine profest,

And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,  
 One day as he did all his prisoners view,  
 With lustfulleyes beheld that louely guest,  
 Faire *Pastorella*: whose sad mournfull hew  
 Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did shew.

<sup>4</sup>  
 At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,  
 And inly burnt with flames most raging hot,  
 That her alone he for his part desired  
 Of all the other prey, which they had got,  
 And her in minde did to himselfe allot.  
 From that day forth he kindnesse to her shewed,  
 And sought her loue, by all the means he mote;  
 With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed:  
 And mixed threats among, and much vnto her vowed.

<sup>5</sup>  
 But all that euer he could doe or say,  
 Her constant mind could not a whit remoue,  
 Nor draw vnto the lure of his lewd lay,  
 To grant him fauour, or afford him loue.  
 Yet ceast he not to sew and all waies proue,  
 By which he mote accomplish his request,  
 Saying and doing all that mote behoue:  
 Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,  
 But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

6

At last, when him she so importune sawe,  
 Fearing least he at length the raines would lend  
 Vnto his lust, and make his will his lawe,  
 Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend;  
 She thought it best, for shadow to pretend  
 Some shew of fauour, by him gracing small,  
 That she thereby might eiter freely wend,  
 Or at more ease continue there his thrall:  
 A little well is lent, that gaineth more withall.

7

So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,  
 With better rearmes she did him entertaine:  
 Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe perswade,  
 That he in time her ioyance should obtaine.  
 But when she sawe, through that small fauours gaine,  
 That further, then she willing was, he prest;  
 She found no meanes to barre him, but to faime  
 A foudaine sicknesse, which her fore opprest,  
 And made vnfit to serue his lawlesse mindes behest.

8

By meanes whercof, she would not him permit  
 Once to approach to her in priuity,  
 But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,  
 Mourning the rigour of her malady,  
 And seeking all things meet for remedy.  
 But she resol'd no remedy to finde,  
 Nor better would to shew in misery,  
 Till Fortune charge her captiue bonds vnbinde.  
 Her sicknesse was not of the body, but the minde.

9

During which space that she thus sicke did ly,  
 It chaun't a sort of merchants which were wont  
 To skim those coastes, for bondmen there to buy,  
 And by such traffique after gaires to hunt,  
 Arriu'd in this Isle (though bare and blunt)  
 T'inquire for slaues; where being ready met  
 By some of these same theeues at th' instant brunt,  
 Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was set  
 By his faire Patients side with sorrowfull regret.

10

To whom they shewed, how those merchants were  
 Arriu'd in place, their bondslaues for to buy;  
 And therefore prayd, that those same captiues there  
 Mote to them for their most commodity  
 Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.  
 This their request the Captaine much appalled;  
 Yet could he not their iust demand deny,  
 And willed freight the slaues should forth he called,  
 And sold for most aduantage not to be forstalled.

11

Then forth the good old *Melibee* was brought,  
 And *Coridon*, with many other moe,  
 Whom they before in diuerse spoiles had caught:  
 All which he to the marchants sale did shoue;  
 Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,  
 Gan to inquire for the faire shepheardesse,  
 Which with the rest they took not long agoe,  
 And gan her form and feature to expresse,  
 The more t'augmet her price, through praise of comliness.

12

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize  
 Made answer, that the Mayd of whom they spake,  
 Was his owne purchase and his onely prize:  
 With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,  
 But he himselfe which did that conquest make;  
 Little for him to haue one silly lasse:  
 Besides, through sicknesse now so wan and weake,  
 That nothing meet in marchandise to pass.  
 So shew'd them her, to proue how pale & weake she was.

13

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,  
 And eke but hardly seeme by candle-light:  
 Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,  
 In doubtfull shadowe of the darksome night,  
 With starry beames about her shining bright,  
 These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,  
 That what through wonder, & what through delight,  
 Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,  
 And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

14

At last, when all the rest them offered were,  
 And prices to them placed at their pleasure,  
 They all refused in regard of her,  
 Ne ought would buy, how-euer pris'd with measure,  
 Withouten her, whose worth aboue all threasure  
 They did esteeme, and offered store of gold.  
 But then the Captaine fraight with more displeasure,  
 Bad them be still, his Loue should not be sold:  
 The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

15

Therewith, some other of the chiefest theeues  
 Boldly him bade such iniury forbear;  
 For, that same maid, how-euer it him grieues,  
 Should with the rest be sold before him there,  
 To make the prices of the rest more deare.  
 That with great rage he stoutly doth deny;  
 And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare,  
 That who-so hardy hand on her doth lay,  
 It dearly shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

16

Thus as they words amongst them multiply,  
 They fall to strokes, the fruit of too much talke:  
 And the mad steele about doth fiercely sie,  
 Not sparing wight, ne leauing any balke,  
 But making way for death at large to walke;  
 Who, in the horror of the grieffull night,  
 In thousand dreadfull shapes doth mongst them stalke,  
 And makes huge hauocke, whiles the candle light  
 Out-quenched, leaues no skil nor difference of wight.

17

Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet  
 About some carcase by the common way,  
 Doe fall together, striuing each to get  
 The greatest portion of the greedy prey;  
 All on confused heaps themselues assay,  
 And snatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and teare;  
 That who them sees, would wonder at their fray;  
 And who sees not, would be affrayd to heare:  
 Such was the conflict of those cruell *Brigants* there.

18

But first of all, their captiues they do kill,  
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,  
Or rise against the remnant at their will:  
Old *Melibe* is slaine, and him beside  
His aged wife, with many others wide:  
But *Coridon*, escaping craftily,  
Creeps forth of doores, whilst darknesse him doth hide,  
And flies away as fast as he can flye,  
Ne stayeth leaue to take, before his friends doe dye.

19

But *Pastorella*, wofull wretched Elfe,  
Was by the Captaine all this while defended:  
Who minding more her safety then himselfe,  
His target alwaies ouer her pretended;  
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,  
He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground;  
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended  
Fayre *Pastorell*, who with the selfe same wound  
Lanc't through the arm, fell down with him in dreary swoord.

20

There lay she couered with confused preasse  
Of carcases, which dying on her fell.  
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan cease,  
And each to other calling, did compell  
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,  
Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone.  
Thereto they all at once agreed well,  
And lighting candles new, gan search anone,  
How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

21

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,  
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,  
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds vp-hild:  
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd,  
With cloud of death vpon her eyes displayd:  
Yet did the cloud make euen that dimmed light  
Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse layd,  
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright,  
To sparke out little beames, like starres in foggy night.

22

But when they mov'd the carcases aside,  
They found that life did yet in her remaine:  
Then all their helps they busily applide,  
To call the soule backe to her home againe;  
And wrought so well with labour and long paine,  
That they to life recovered her at last.  
Who sighing sore, as if her heart in twaine  
Had riuen been, and all her hart-frings brast,  
With dreary drooping eyne lookt vp like one aghast.

23

There she beheld, that fore her griev'd to see,  
Her father and her friends about her lying,  
Her selfe sole left, a second spoile to be  
Of those, that hauing saved her from dying,  
Renew'd her death by timely death denying:  
What now is left her, but to wayle and weepe,  
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?  
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe  
Albewith all their might those *Brigants* her did keepe.

24

But when they sawe her now reuiv'd again,  
They left her so, in charge of one the best  
Of many worst, who with unkinde distaunce  
And cruell rigour her did much molest;  
Scarce yeelding her due food, or timely rest,  
And fearfully suffering her infected wound,  
That fore her payn'd, by any to be drest.  
So leaue we her in wretched thraldome bound,  
And turne we backe to *Calidore*, where we him found.

25

Who when he backe returned from the wood,  
And saw his shepherds cottage spoyled quight,  
And his Loue rest away, he wexed wood,  
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;  
That euen his heart for very fell delpight,  
And his owne flesh he ready was to teare:  
He chaufit, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sigh't,  
And fared like a furious wilde Beare,  
Whose whelps are stolne away, the being other-where.

26

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,  
Newight he found of whom he might inquire;  
That more increast the anguish of his paine.  
He sought the woods; but no man could see there:  
He sought the Plaines; but could no tydings heare.  
The woods did nought but echoes vaine rebound;  
The Plaines all waste and empty did appear:  
Where wont the shepherds oft their pipes resound,  
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

27

At last, as there he romed vp and downe,  
He chaunc't one coming towards him to spy,  
That seem'd to be some fory simple clowne,  
With ragged weeds, and lockes vp-staring hie,  
As if he did from some late danger flee,  
And yet his feare did follow him behind:  
Who as he vnto him approched nic,  
He mote perceiue by signes, which he did finde,  
That *Coridon* it was, the silly shepherds hynd.

28

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay  
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest;  
Where *Pastorell*? who full of fresh dismay,  
And gushing forth in teares, was so oppress,  
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,  
And vp to heauen his eyes fast streaming threw.  
Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,  
But askt againe, what meant that ruefull how:  
Where was his *Pastorell*? where all the other crew?

29

Ah well away, sayd he then sighing sore,  
That euer I did liue, this day to see,  
This dismall day, and was not dead before,  
Before I saw faire *Pastorella* dye.  
Die? out alas then *Calidore* did cry:  
How could the death dare euer her to quell?  
But read thou shepherd, read what destiny,  
Or other direfull hap from heauen or hell.  
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and tell.

Tho

30  
 Tho, when the shepheard breathed had awhile,  
 He thus began: Where shall I then commence  
 This wofull tale? or how those *Brigants* vile,  
 With cruell rage, and dreadfull violence  
 Spoild all our cots, and carried vs from hence?  
 Or how faire *Pastorell* should haue been sold  
 To Marchants, but was lai'd with strong defence?  
 Or how those thecues, whil'ft one fought her to hold,  
 Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

31  
 In that same conflict (woe is me) befell  
 This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,  
 Whose heauy tydings now I haue to tell.  
 First, all the captiues which they here had hent,  
 Were by them slaine by generall consent;  
 Old *Melibee*, and his good wife withall  
 These eyes saw die, and deereley did lament:  
 But when the lot to *Pastorell* did fall,  
 Their Captaine long withstood, & did her death forfall.

32  
 But what could he gainst all them doe alone?  
 It could not boote; needs mote she die at last:  
 I onely scap't through great confusion  
 Of cries and clamors, which amongst them past,  
 In dreadfull darknesse, dreadfully aghast;  
 That better were with them to haue been dead,  
 Then here to see all desolate and waste,  
 Deprived of those ioyes and jolly head  
 Which with those gentle shepheards here I wont to lead.

33  
 When *Calidore* these ruefull newes had raught,  
 His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,  
 And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught;  
 That he his face, his head, his breast did beate,  
 And death it selfe vnto himselfe did threat;  
 Oit cursing th'heauens, that so cruell were  
 To her, whose name he often did repeat;  
 And wishing oft, that he were present there,  
 When she was slaine, or had been to her succour nere.

34  
 But after grieft awhile had had his course,  
 And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last  
 Began to mitigate his swelling course,  
 And in his mind with better reason cast,  
 How he might saue her life, if life did last;  
 Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,  
 Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;  
 Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,  
 Then for to die with her, and his liues threed to breake.

35  
 Tho, *Coridon* he prayd, sith he well knew  
 The ready way vnto that thieuisish womne,  
 To wend with him, and be his conduct trew  
 Vnto the place, to see what should be donne.  
 But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,  
 Would not for ought be drawne to former dreed;  
 But by all means the danger knowne did shonne:  
 Yet *Calidore*, so well him wrought with meed,  
 And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

36  
 So, forth they goe together (God before)  
 Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,  
 And both with shepheards hookes: But *Calidore*  
 Had vnderneath, him armed priuily.  
 Tho, to the place wher' him approached nie,  
 They chaunc't vpon an hill, not farre away,  
 Some flocks of sheepe and shepheards to clypy;  
 To whom they both agreed to take their way,  
 In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

37  
 There did they find, that which they did not feare,  
 The selfe same flocks, the which those thieues had rest  
 From *Melibee* and from themselves whyleare,  
 And certaine of the thieues there by them left,  
 The which for want of hearts themselves then kept.  
 Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late sheepe,  
 And seeing them, for tender pittie wept:  
 But when he saw the thieues which did them keepe,  
 His hart gan faile, albe he saw them all asleepe.

38  
 But *Calidore*, recomforting his grieft,  
 — Though not his feare: for, nought may feare dissuade;  
 Him hardly forward drew, where-as the thiefe  
 Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,  
 Whom *Coridon* him counseld to inuade  
 Now all vnwares, and take the spoile away;  
 But he, that in his mind had closely made  
 A further purpose, would not so them slay,  
 But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

39  
 Tho, sitting downe by them vpon the Greene,  
 Of sundry things he purpose gan to faine;  
 That he by them might certaine tydings weene  
 Of *Pastorell*, were she alieue or slaine.  
 Mongst which, the thieues them questioned againe,  
 What mister men, and eke from whence they were.  
 To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine, (Here  
 That they were poore heard-groomes, the which why-  
 Had from their maisters fled, & now sought hire elsewhere.

40  
 Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made  
 To hire them well, if they their flocks would keepe:  
 For, they themselves, were euill groomes, they said,  
 Vnyont with beads to watch, or pasture sheepe,  
 But to forray the Land, or scoure the deepe.  
 There-to they soone agreed, and earnest tooke,  
 To keepe their flocks for little hire and chepe:  
 For, they for better hire did shortly looke;  
 So there all day they bode, till light the sky forooke.

41  
 Tho, when-as towards darksome night it drew,  
 Vnto their hellish dennes those thieues them brought;  
 Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,  
 And all the secrets of their entrailes sought.  
 There did they find (contrary to their thought)  
 That *Pastorell* yet liv'd; but all the rest  
 Were dead, right so as *Coridon* had taught:  
 Wherof they both full glad and blithe did rest,  
 But chiefly *Calidore*, whom grieft had most possest.

42  
At length, when they occasion fittest found,  
In dead of night, when all the theeves did rest  
After a late forray, and slept full found,  
Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought best,  
Hauing of late (by diligent inquest)  
Prouided him a sword of meanest sort:  
With which he straight went to the Captaines nest,  
But *Coridon* durst not with him comfort,  
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

43  
When to the Caue they came, they found it fast:  
But *Calidore*, with huge resistlesse might,  
The dores assailed, and the locks vp-braist.  
With noyse whereof the thiefe awaking light,  
Vnto the entrance ran: where the bold Knight  
Encountering him with small resistance slew;  
The whiles faire *Pastorell* through great affright  
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new  
Some vp-rore were like that, which lately she did view.

44  
But when as *Calidore* was comen in,  
And gan aloud for *Pastorell* to call;  
Knowing his voice (although noheard long sin)  
She suddaine was reuiued there-withall,  
And wondrous ioy feltn in her spirits thrall:  
Like him that beeing long in tempest tost,  
Looking each howre into deaths mouth to fall,  
At length, espies at hand the happy coast,  
On which he safety hopes, that earst feard to be lost.

45  
Her gentle hart, that now long season past  
Had neuer ioyance felt, nor chearefull thought,  
Began some smack of comfort new to taste,  
Like lifefull heat to nummed senses brought,  
And life to feele, that long for death had sought:  
Ne lesse in hart reioyced *Calidore*  
When he her found; but like to one distraught  
And robd of reason, towards her him bore,  
A thousand times embrac't, and kist a thousand more.

46  
But now by this, with noyse of late vp-rore,  
The huc and cry was raised all about;  
And all the *Brigants*, flocking in great store;  
Vnto the Caue gan preace, nought hauing doubt  
Of that was done, and entred in a rout.  
But *Calidore*, in th'entry close did stand,  
And entertaining them with courage stout,  
Still slew the formost that came first to hand,  
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

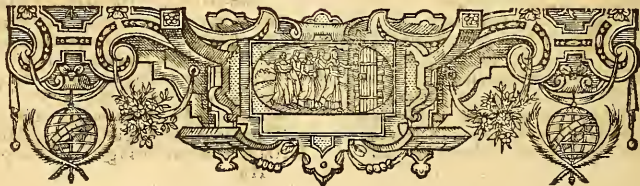
47  
Tho, when no more could nigh to him approche,  
He breath'd his sword, and rested him ill day:  
Which when he spide vpon the earth t'encroche,  
Through the dead carcasses he made his way;  
Mongft which he found a sword of better say,  
With which he forth went into th'open light;  
Where all the rest for him did ready stay,  
And fierce assailing him, with all their might  
Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

48  
How many flies in hottest Sommers day  
Doe seize vpon some beast, whose flesh is bare,  
That all the place with swarmes doe ouer-lay,  
And with their little stings right felly fare;  
So many thieues about him warming are,  
All which doe him assaile on euey side,  
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare:  
But he doth with his raging brond diuide  
Their thickest troupes, & round about him scattreth wide.

49  
Like as a Lion mongft an heard of Dere,  
Dispersth them to catch his choicest pray;  
So did he sie amongst them here and there,  
And all that nere him came, did hewe & slay,  
Till he had strow'd with bodies all the way;  
That none his danger daring to abide,  
Fled from his wrath, and did themselues conuay  
Into their Caues, their heads from death to hide,  
Ne any left, that victory to him enuide.

50  
Then backe returning to his dearest Dere,  
He her gan to recomfort all he might,  
With gladfull speeches, and with louely cheare;  
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,  
Whereof the long had lackt the wishful sight,  
Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue  
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.  
So, her vneath at last he did reuiue,  
That long had lien dead, and made againe aliue.

51  
This doen, into thosethieuissh dennes he went,  
And thence did all the spoiles and treasures take,  
Which they from many long had robd and rent,  
But fortune now the Victors meed did make;  
Of which the best he did his Loue betake;  
And also all those flocks, which they before  
Had rest from *Melibæ*, and from his Make,  
He did them all to *Coridon* restore.  
So, droue them all away, and his Loue with him bore.





## Canto XII.

*Faire Pastorella, by great hap,  
her parents vnderstands:  
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast  
subdew, and binde in bands.*



**L**ike as a ship, <sup>1</sup> that through the Ocean wide  
Directs her course vnto one certaine coast,  
Is met of many a counter wind and tide,  
With which her winged speed is let & crost,  
And she herselfe in stormie surges tost;  
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,  
Still winneth way, ne hath her compass lost:  
Right so it fares with me in this long way,  
Whole course is often staid, yet neuer is astray.

<sup>2</sup>  
For, all that hitherto hath long delaid  
This gentle Knight, from sewing his first quest,  
Though our of course, yet hath not been mis-said,  
To shew the courties by him profest,  
Euen vnto the lowest and the least.  
But now I come into my course againe,  
To his archiement of the *Blatant Beast*;  
Who all this while at will did range and raine,  
Whil'ft none was him to stop, nor none him to restrain.

<sup>3</sup>  
Sir *Calidore*, when thus he now had rought  
*Faire Pastorella* from those *Erigants* powre,  
Vnto the Castle of *Belgard* her brought,  
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamour*;  
Who whylome was in his youthes freshest flowre  
A lustie Knight, as euer wielded speare,  
And had endured many a dreadfull soure  
In bloody battell for a Lady deare,  
The fairest Lady then of all that liuing were.

<sup>4</sup>  
Her name was *Claribell*: whose father hight  
The Lord of *Many Ilands*, faire renownd  
For his great riches, and his greater might.  
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,  
This daughter thought in wedlocke to haue bound  
Vnto the Prince of *Picteland*, bordering nere;  
But see, whose sides before with secret wound  
Of loue to *Bellamour* empearced were,  
By all meanes shund to match with any forraine secre.

<sup>5</sup>  
And *Bellamour* againe so well her pleased,  
With daily seruice and attendance dew,  
That of her loue he was entirely seized,  
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few.  
VWhich when her father vnderstood, he grew  
In so great rage, that them in dungeon deepe  
VWithout compassion cruelly he threw;  
Yet did so straightly them asunder keepe,  
That neither could to company of th'other creepe.

<sup>6</sup>  
Nath'lesse, Sir *Bellamour*, whether through grace  
Or secret gifts, so with his Keepers wrought,  
That to his Loue sometimes he came in place;  
Whereof, her wombe vnwift to wight was franght,  
And in due time a maiden child forth brought.  
Which the straight way (for dread least if her Sire  
Should know thereof, to fley he would haue sought)  
Deliu'rd to her handmaid, that (for hire)  
She should it cause be fostred vnder strange attire.

<sup>7</sup>  
The trustie Damzell, bearing it abroad  
Into the emptie fields, where liuing wight  
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,  
She forth gan lay vnto the open light.  
The little babe, to take thereof a sight.  
Whom, whil'ft she did with wary eyne behold,  
Vpon the little breast (like crysell bright)  
She mote perceiue a little purple mold,  
That like a Rose, her silken leaues did faire vnfold.

<sup>8</sup>  
VVell she it markt, and pittied the more,  
Yet could not remedie her wretched cases:  
But closing it againe like as before,  
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:  
Yet left not quite, but drew a little space  
Behind the bushes, where she her did hide,  
To weet what mortal hand, or heauens grace  
Would for the wretched infants helpe prouide,  
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cride.

At length, a Shepheard, which there-by did keepe  
 His fleecie flocke vpon the Plaines around,  
 Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,  
 Came to the place; where when he wrapped found  
 Th'abandon'd spoile, he softly it vnbound:  
 And seeing there that did him pittie fore,  
 He tooke it vp, and in his mantle bore;  
 So, home vnto his honest wife it bore,  
 Who as her owne it nurst, and named euermore.

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,  
 And *Bellamour* in bands, till that her sire  
 Departed life, and left vnto them all.  
 Then all the stormes of Fortunes former ire  
 Were turn'd, and they to freedome did retire.  
 Thence-forth, they ioy'd in happinesse together,  
 And liued long in peace and loue entire,  
 VVithout disquiet, or dislike of either,  
 Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pafiorella* thither.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;  
 For, *Bellamour* knew *Calidore* right well,  
 And loued for his prowesse, sith they twaine  
 Long since had fought in field. Als *Claribell*  
 No lesse did tender the faire *Pafiorell*,  
 Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.  
 There they awhile together thus did dwell  
 In much delight, and many ioyes among,  
 Vntill the damzell gan to wax more found and strong.

Tho, gan *Sir Calidore* him to advise  
 Of his first quest, which he had long forelore;  
 Asham'd to thinke, how he that enterpris'd,  
 The which the Faery Queene had long afore  
 Bequeath'd to him, forsack'd had to fore;  
 That much he feared, least reprochfull blame,  
 With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;  
 Besides the losse of so much praise and fame,  
 As through the world there-by should glorifie his name.

Therefore resolving to returne in haste  
 Vnto so great atchieuement, hee bethought  
 To leaue his Loue, now perill being put,  
 VVith *Claribell*, whilst he that monster fought  
 Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.  
 So, taking leaue of his faire *Pafiorell*  
 (Whom to recomfort, all the meanes he wrought)  
 VVith thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribell*,  
 He went forth on his quest, and did that him befall.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell,  
 In this exploit, me needeth to declare  
 What did betide to the faire *Pafiorell*,  
 During his absence left in heavy care,  
 Through daily mourning, and nightly misfate:  
 Yet did that ancient Matrone all the might,  
 To cherish her with all things choise and rare;  
 And her owne hand-maid, that *Melissa* hight,  
 Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

Who, in a morning, when this Maiden faire  
 Was dighting her (hauing her snowy breast  
 As yet not laced, nor her golden haire  
 Into their comely tresses dewly drest)  
 Chaunc't to espy vpon her Iuorie chest  
 The rosie marke, which she remembered well  
 That little Infant had, which forth the keft,  
 The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,  
 The which she bore, the whites in prison she did dwell.

Which well avizing, straight she gan to cast  
 In her conceitfull mind, that this faire Maid,  
 Was that same infant, which so long since past  
 Shee in the open fields had loofely laid  
 To Fortunes spoile, vnable it to ayd.  
 So, full of ioy, straight forth she ran in haste  
 Vnto her Mistresse, bearing halfe ditmaid,  
 To tell her, how the heauens had her gract,  
 To saue her child, which in misfortunes mouth was plac't.

The sober mother, seeing such her mood  
 (Yet knowing not what meant that laddaine thro)  
 Askt her, how mote her words be vnderstood,  
 And what the matter was that mou'd her fo.  
 My liefe, said shee, ye know, that long ygo,  
 Whilst ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue  
 A little maid, the which ye child'd tho;  
 The same againe if now ye list to haue,  
 The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did saue.

Much was the Lady troubled at that speech,  
 And gan to question streight how she it knew.  
 Most certaine marks, said she, doe me it reach;  
 For, on her breast I with these eyes did view  
 The little purple rose, which there-on grew,  
 Where-of her name ye then to her did giue.  
 Besides, her countenance, and her likly hew,  
 Matched with equall yeeres, do surely pricke,  
 That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth liue.

The Matrone staid no longer to enquire,  
 But forth in haste ran to the stranger Maid;  
 Whom catching greedily for great desire,  
 Rent vp her breast, and boosome open laid;  
 In which that rose the plainly saw displayd.  
 Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,  
 She long so held, and softly weeping said;  
 And liu'st thou my daughter now againe?  
 And art thou yet aliue, whom dead I long did saue?

Tho, further asking her of sundry things,  
 And times comparing with their accidents,  
 She found at last, by very certaine signes,  
 And speaking markes of passed monuments,  
 That this young Maid, whom chance to her presents,  
 Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.  
 Tho, wondring long at those so strange euents,  
 A thousand times she her embraced neare,  
 With many a ioyfull kisse, and many a melting teare.



21

Who-euer is the mother of one child,  
Which hauing thought long dead, she findes alieue,  
Let her by prooue of that which she hath filde  
In her owne breast, this mothers ioy descriue:  
For, other none such passion can contriue  
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,  
When she so faire a daughter saw suriue,  
As *Pastorella* was, that nigh she swelt  
For passing ioy, which did all into pittie melt.

22

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,  
She vnto him recounted all that fell:  
Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,  
Acknowleg'd for his owne faire *Pastorell*.  
There leaue we them in ioy, and let vs tell  
Of *Calidore*; who seeking all this while  
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,  
Through every place, with restlesse paine and toile  
Him follow'd, by the track of his outrageous spoile.

23

Through all estates he found that he had past,  
In which he many massacres had left,  
And to the Clergy now was come at last;  
In which such spoile, such hauck, and such theft  
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,  
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,  
Who now no place besides vnfought had left,  
At length into a Monastery did light,  
Where he him found despoiling all with maine & might.

24

Into their Cloysters now he broken had,  
Through which the Monkes he chased heere & there,  
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,  
And searched all their Cels and secrets neare;  
In which, what filth and ordure did appeare,  
Were irkesome to report; Yet that foule Beast,  
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,  
And ransack all their dennes from most to least,  
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

25

From thence, into the sacred Church he broke,  
And robd the Chancell, and the desks downe threw,  
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke;  
And the Images, for all their goodly hew,  
Did cast to ground, whil' it none was them to rew;  
So all confounded and disordered there.  
But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,  
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;  
But he him fast pursuing, loone approached neare.

26

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,  
And fierce assailing, forc't him turne againe:  
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke.  
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine  
With open mouth, that seemed to containe  
A full good peck within the vtmost brim,  
All set with iron teeth in ranges twaine,  
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,  
Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus*, grilly grim.

27

And therein were a thousand tongues empight,  
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality;  
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,  
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry:  
And some of Beares, that groyn'd continually;  
And some of Tigres, that did seeme to gren,  
And snar at all, that euer passed by:  
But most of them were tongues of mortal men,  
Which spake reprochefully, not caring where nor when.

28

And them amongst, were mingled here and there,  
The tongues of Serpents, with three forked stings,  
That spat out poyson and gore bloody gere  
At all that came within his rauening,  
And spake licentious words, and hateful things  
Of good and bad alike, of lowe and hie;  
Ne Kefars spared he a whit, nor Kings,  
But either blotted them with infamy,  
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

29

But *Calidore*, thereof no whit afraid,  
Re'ncountred him with fo impetuous might,  
That th'outrage of his violence he staid,  
And bet abacke, threatening in vaine to bite,  
And speting forth the poyson of his spight,  
That fomed all about his bloody iawes.  
Tho, rearing vp his former feet on high,  
He rampt vpon him with his rauenous paws,  
As if he would haue rent him with his cruell claws.

30

But he, right well aware his rage to ward,  
Did cast his shield awenee; and there-withall,  
Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,  
That backward he enforced him to fall:  
And becing downe, ere he new helpe could call,  
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;  
Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall  
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,  
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be thoroughly queld.

31

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,  
To be downe held, and maistred to with might,  
That he gan fret and fume out bloody gore,  
Striuing in vaine to reare himselfe vp-right.  
For, still the more he stroue, the more the Knight  
Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew;  
That made him almost mad for fell despight.  
He grind, he bit, he scatcht, he venom threw,  
And fared like a fiend, right horrible in hew.

32

Or like the hell-borne *Hydra*, which they faine  
That great *Aleides* whylome over-threw,  
After that he had labour'd long in vaine,  
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new  
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.  
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,  
Whil' *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw;  
Who nathemore his heauy load releast:  
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

Hh 3.

Tho,

33  
 Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought auail  
 By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,  
 And sharply at him to reuile and rail,  
 With bitter tearnes of shamefull infamy;  
 Oft interlacing many a forged lie,  
 Whose like he neuer once did speake, nor heare,  
 Nor euer thought thing so vnworthily:  
 Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear,  
 But strained him so straightly, that he choakt him near.

34  
 At last, when-as he found his force to shrink,  
 And rage to quail, he tooke a muzzell strong  
 Of surettiron, made with many a linke;  
 There-with he mured vp his mouth along,  
 And therein shut vp his blasphemous tong,  
 For neuer more defaming gentle Knight,  
 Or vnto louely Lady dooing wrong:  
 And there-vnto, a great long chaine he tight,  
 With which he drew him forth, euen in his owne despight.

35  
 Like as whylome that strong *Tyrynthian* swaine,  
 Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,  
 Against his will fast bound in iron chaine;  
 And roring horribly, did him compell  
 To see the hatefull funne; that he might tell  
 To grieisly *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,  
 And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell  
 For aye in darknesse, which day light doth shonne:  
 So led this Knight his captiue, with like conquest wonne.

36  
 Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those  
 Strange bands, whose like till then he neuer bore,  
 Ne euer any durst till then impose,  
 And chauffed inly, seeing now no more  
 Him liberty was left aloud to rore:  
 Yet durst he not draw back; nor once withstand  
 The proued powre of noble *Calidore*,  
 But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,  
 And like a fearefull dog him followed through the Land.

37  
 Him through all Faery Land he follow'd fo,  
 As if he learned had obedience long,  
 That all the people where-so he did goe,  
 Out of their townes did round about him throng.

To see him lead that Beast in bondage strong;  
 And seeing it, much wondred at the sight:  
 And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,  
 Reioyced much to see his captiue plight, (Knight.  
 And much admir'd the Beast, but more admir'd the

38  
 Thus was this Monster, by the maistring might  
 Of doughty *Calidore*, suppressd and tamed,  
 That neuer more he mote endamage wight  
 With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,  
 And many causelesse caused to be blamed:  
 So did he eke long after this remaine,  
 Vntill that (whether wicked fate so framed,  
 Or fault of men) he broke his iron chaine,  
 And got into the world at liberty againe.

39  
 Thence-forth, more mischuefe & more scathe hee wrought  
 To mortall men, then he had done before;  
 Ne euer could by any more be brought  
 Into like bands, ne maistred any more:  
 Albe that long time after *Calidore*,  
 The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand;  
 And after him, Sir *Lamorack* of yore,  
 And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;  
 Yet none of them could euer bring him into band,

40  
 So now he raungeth through the world againe,  
 And rageth fore in each degree and state;  
 Ne any is, that may him now restraine,  
 He growen is so great and strong of late,  
 Barking, and biting all that him doe bate,  
 Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:  
 Ne spareth he most gentle wits to rate,  
 Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,  
 But rends without regard of person or of time.

41  
 Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,  
 Hope to escape his venomous despite,  
 More then my former writs, all were they clearest  
 From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,  
 With which some wicked tongues did it backbite,  
 And bring into a mightie Peeres displeasure,  
 That neuer so deserued to endite.  
 Therefore do you my rimes keepe better measure, (sure,  
 And seeke to please, that now is counted wise mens threa-

The end of the sixt Booke.



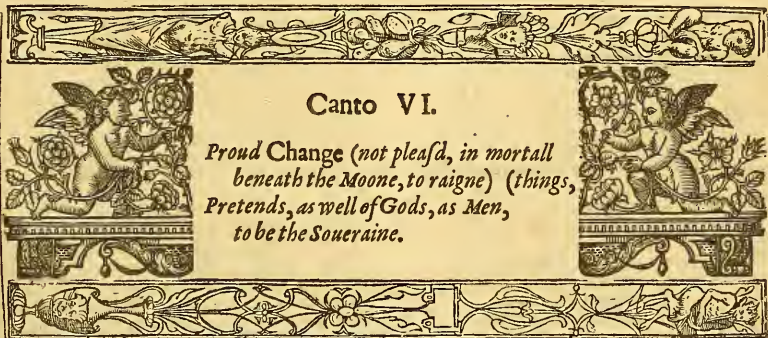
# TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE:

Which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare  
to be parcell of some following Booke of the  
*FAERIE QVEENE,*

(..)

VNDER THE LEGEND  
OF  
*Constancie.*

Neuer before imprinted.



## Canto VI.

*Proud Change (not pleas'd, in mortall  
beneath the Moone, to raigne) (things,  
Pretends, as well of Gods, as Men,  
to be the Soueraine.*

<sup>1</sup>  
**W**Hat man that sees the cuer-whirling wheele  
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth  
But that thereby doth find, & plainly feele, (sway,  
How *MUTABILITIE* in them doth play  
Her cruell sports, to many mens decay?  
Which that to all may better yet appeare,  
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,  
How she at first her selfe began to reare, (beare.  
Gainst all the Gods, and th'empire fought from them to

<sup>2</sup>  
But first, here falleth fittest to vsfold  
Her antique race and linage ancient,  
As I haue found it registred of old,  
In *Faery Land* mongst records permanent:  
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent  
Of those old *Titans*, that did whylome striue  
VWith *Saturnes* sonne for heauens regiment.  
Whom, though high *Ioue* of kingdome did deprite,  
Yet many of their stemme long after did suruiue.  
Hh. 4.

And

And many of them, afterwards obtain'd  
Great power of *Ioue*, and high authority;  
As *Hecate*, in whose almighty hand,  
He plac't all rule and principality,  
To be by her disposed diuersly,  
To Gods, and men, as she them list diuide:  
And drad *Bellona*, that doth found on hie  
Warres and allarums vnto Nations wide,  
That makes both heauen & earth to tremble at her pride.

So likewise did this *Titanesse* aspire,  
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine;  
That as a Goddesse, men might her admire,  
And heauenly honours yield, as to them twaine.  
And first, on earth she fought it to obtaine;  
Where she such prooffe and sad examples shewed  
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,  
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewd)  
But eke all other creatures, her bad dooings rewed.

For, she the face of earthly things so changed,  
That all which Nature had establish't first  
In good estate, and in meet order rang'd,  
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:  
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst  
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)  
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst  
That God had blest; and did at first prouide  
In that still happy state for euer to abide.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,  
But eke of Iustice, and of Policie;  
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,  
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:  
Since which, all liuing wights haue learn'd to die,  
And all this world is woxen daily worse.  
Opituous worke of *MVTABILITIE*!  
By which, we all are subiect to that curse,  
And death in stead of life haue suckt from our Nurse.

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought  
To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,  
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought,  
T'attemp'th' empire of the heauens hight,  
And *Ioue* himselfe to shoulder from his right.  
And first, she pass't the region of the ayre,  
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight,  
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,  
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare.

Thence, to the Circle of the Moone she clambe,  
Where *Cynthia* raignes in euerlasting glory,  
To whole bright shining palace straight she came,  
All fairely deckt with heauens goodly story;  
Whose siluer gates (by which there fate an hory  
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,  
Hight *Tyme*) she entred, were he liefc or sory:  
Ne staid till she the highest stage had scand,  
VWhere *Cynthia* did sit, that neuer still did stand.

Her sitting on an Iuory throne shee found,  
Drawne of two steeds, th'one black, the other white,  
Enuiron'd with tennethoufand starres around,  
That duly her attended day and night;  
And by her side, thereran her Page, that hight  
*Vesper*, whom we the Euening-starre intend:  
That with his Torche, still twinkling like twylight,  
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,  
And ioy to weary wandring trauailers did lend:

That when the hardy *Titanesse* beheld  
The goodly building of her Palace bright,  
Made of the heauens substance, and vp-held  
With thousand Crystall pillars of huge hight,  
Sheegan to burne in her ambitious spright,  
And t'envie her that in such glorie raigned.  
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might,  
Her to displace; and to her selfe to haue gain'd  
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wain'd,

Boldly she bid the Goddesse downe descend,  
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne;  
For, shee her selfe more worthy thereof wend,  
And better able it to guide alone:  
Whether to men, whose fall she did bemone,  
Or vnto Gods, whose state she did maligne,  
Or to th'inferrall Powers, her need giue lone  
Of her faire light, and bounty most benigne,  
Her selfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne.

But shee that had to her that soueraigne feat  
By highest *Ioue* assign'd, therein to beare  
Nights burning lamp, regard'd not her threat,  
Ne yielded ought for fauour or for feare;  
But with sterne countenance and disdainfull cheare,  
Bending her horned brows, did put her back:  
And boldly blaming her for comming there,  
Bade her atonce from heauens coast to pack,  
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

Yet nathemore the *Giantesse* forbare:  
But boldly preacing-on, raught forth her hand  
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;  
And there-with lifting vp her golden wand,  
Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand.  
Where-at the starres, which round about her blazed,  
And eke the Moones bright wagon, still did stand,  
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,  
And on her vncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

Meane-while, the lower World, which nothing knew  
Of all that chanced here, was darkned quite;  
And eke the heauens, and all the heauenly crew  
Of happy wights, now vnpuruaide of light,  
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight:  
Fearing least *Chaos* broken had his chaine,  
And brought againe on them eternall night:  
But chiefly *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,  
Ran forth in haste, vnto the king of Gods to plaine.

15  
All ran together with a great out-cry,  
To *Iobes* faire Palace, fixt in heauens hight;  
And beating at his gates full earnestly,  
Can call to him aloud with all their might,  
To know what meant that suddaine lack of light.  
The father of the Gods when this he heard,  
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,  
Doubting least *Typhon* were againe vprear'd,  
Or other his old foes, that once him formerly fear'd.

16  
Eftsoones the sonne of *Maia* forth he sent  
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe  
The cause of this so strange astonishment,  
And why shee did her wonted course forflowe;  
And if that any were on earth belowe  
That did with charmes or Magick her molest,  
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe:  
But, if from heauen it were, then to arrest  
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.

17  
The wingd-foot God, so fast his plumes did beat,  
That loone he came where—as the *Titanesse*  
Was striuing with faire *Cynthia* for her seat:  
At whose strange sight, and haughty hardnesse,  
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse.  
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,  
At last, he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)  
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,  
Or come before high *Ioue*, her dooings to discharge.

18  
And there-with-all, he on her shoulder laid  
His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power  
Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends afraid:  
VVhere—at the *Titanesse* did sternely lower,  
And stoutly answer'd, that in euill hower  
He from his *Ioue* such message to her brought,  
To bid her leaue faire *Cynthia's* siluer bower;  
Sith shee his *Ioue* and him esteemed nought,  
No more then *Cynthia's* selfe; but all their kingdoms

19  
The Heauens Herald staid not to reply,  
But past away, his doings to relate  
Vnto his Lord; who now in th' highest sky,  
VVas plac'd in his principall Estate,  
VVith all the Gods about him congregate:  
To whom when *Hermes* had his message told,  
It did them all exceedingly amate,  
Sauc *Ioue*; who, changing nought his count'nance bold,  
Did vnto them at length these speeces wise vnfold;

20  
Harken to mee awhile yee heauenly Powers;  
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed feed  
Sought to assaile the heauens eternall towers,  
And to vs all exceeding feare did breed:  
But how we then defeated all their deed,  
Yee all doe knowe, and them destroyed quite;  
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed  
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite  
Vpon the fruitfull earth, which doth vs yet despise.

21  
Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,  
That now with bold presumption doth aspire  
To thrust faire *Phæbe* from her siluer bed,  
And eke our selues from heauens high Empire,  
If that her might were match to her desire:  
VVherefore, it now behoues vs to advise  
What way is best to driue her to retire;  
Whether by open force, or counsell wife,  
Areed ye sonnes of God, as best ye can detise.

22  
So hauing said, he ceast; and with his brow  
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beek  
Is wont to wield the world vnto his vow,  
And euen the highest Powers of heauen to check)  
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake:  
Who straight gan cast their counsell graue and wise.  
Meane-while, th' Earths daughter, though she nought did  
Of *Hermes* message; yet gan now advise, (reck  
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprise.

23  
Eftsoones she thus resolvd; that whil' st the Gods  
(After returne of *Hermes* Embassie)  
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at odds,  
Before they could new counseils re-alle,  
To set vpon them in that extasie;  
And take what fortune time and place would lend:  
So, forth she rose, and through the purest sky  
To *Ioues* high Palace straight cast to ascend,  
To prosecute her plot: Good on-setboads good end.

24  
Shee there arriuing, boldly in did pass;  
Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,  
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was  
At sight of her they suddaine all arose,  
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose.  
But *Ioue*, all fearelesse, forc't them to aby;  
And in his soueraine throne, gan straight dispose  
Himselfe more full of grace and Maieitie,  
That mote encheare his friends, & foes mote terrific.

25  
That, when the haughty *Titanesse* beheld,  
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,  
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;  
And inly quaking, seem'd as rest of sense,  
And voyd of speech in that drad audience:  
Vntill that *Ioue* himselfe, her selfe bespake:  
Speake thou fraile woman, speake with confidence,  
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now make?  
What idle errand hast thou, earths mansion to forsake?

26  
Shee, halfe confus'd with his great command,  
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,  
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund:  
I am a daughter, by the mothers side,  
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide  
Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:  
But by the fathers (be it not enuide)  
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)  
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heauen exil'd.

For,

27

For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge must)  
Was *Saturnus* elder brother by birth-right;  
Both, sonnes of *Vranus*: but by vniust  
And guilefull means, through *Corybantes* slight,  
The younger thrust the elder from his right:  
Since which, thou *Ioue*, iniuriously hast held  
The Heauens rule from *Titans* sonnes by might;  
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld:  
Witnesse ye Heauens truth of all that I haue told.

28

Whil' she thus spake, the Gods that gaue good care  
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,  
Being of stature tall as any there  
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face,  
As any of the Goddesses in place,  
Stood all astonied, like a sort of Steeres;  
Mongst whom, some beast of strange & forraine race,  
Vnwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres:  
So did their ghastly gaze betray their hidden feares.

29

Till hauing pauz'd awhile, *Ioue* thus bespake;  
VVill neuer mortall thoughts cease to aspire,  
In this bold sort, to Heauen claime to make,  
And touch celestiall featues with earthly mire?  
I would haue thought, that bold *Prociustes* hire,  
Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixioms* paine,  
Or great *Prometheus*, tasting of our ire,  
Would haue suffiz'd, the rest for to refraine;  
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine:

30

But now, this off-scum of that curst fry,  
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,  
And challenge th'heritage of this our skie;  
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise  
Should handle as the rest of her allies,  
And thunder-driue to hell? Wich that, he shooke  
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes  
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,  
And est his burning leuin-brond in hand he tooke.

31

But, when he looked on her louely face,  
In which, faire beames of beauty did appeare,  
That could the grearest wrath soone turne to grace  
(Such sway doth beauty euen in Heauen beare)  
He staide his hand: and hauing chang'd his cheare,  
He thus againe in milder wise began;  
But ah! if Gods should striue with flesh yfere,  
Then shortly should the progeny of Man  
Be rooted out, if *Ioue* should doe fill what he can:

32

But thee faire *Titans* child, I rather weene,  
Through some vaine error or inducement light,  
To see that mortall eyes haue neuer seene;  
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,  
*Bellona*; whose great glory thou doost spight,  
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe,  
Mongst wretched men (distmaide with her affright)  
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdomes to bestowe:  
And sure thy worth, no lesse then hers doth seem to shoue.

33

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titanesse*,  
That not the worth of any liuing wight  
May challenge ought in Heauens interesse;  
Much lesse the Title of old *Titans* Right:  
For, we by Conquest of our soueraine might,  
And by etemall doome of Fates decree,  
Haue wonne the Empire of the Heauens bright;  
Which to our selues we hold, and to whom wee  
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

34

Then cease thy idle claime thou foolish gerle,  
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine  
That place from which by folly *Titan* fell;  
There-to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine  
Haue *Ioue* thy gracious Lord and Soueraigne.  
So, hauing said, she thus to him replide;  
Cease *Saturnus* sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine  
Of idle hopes t'allure mee to thy side,  
For to betray my Right, before I haue it tride.

35

But thee, ô *Ioue*, no equall Iudge I deeme  
Of my desert, or of my dewfull Right;  
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:  
But to the highest him, that is behigh't  
Father of Gods and men by equall might;  
To weete, the God of Nature, I appeale.  
There-at *Ioue* wexed wroth, and in his spright  
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;  
And bade *Dan Phæbus* Scribe her Appellation seale.

36

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,  
Where all, both heauenly Powers, & earthly wights,  
Before great Natures presence should appeare,  
For triall of their Titles and best Rights:  
That was, to weete, vpon the highest heights  
Of *Arlo-hill* (Who knows not *Arlo-hill*?)  
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)  
Of my old father *Mole*, whom Shepheards quill  
Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rural skill.

37

And, were it not ill fitting for this file,  
To sing of hilles & woods, mongst warres & Knights,  
I would abate the sternesse of my stile,  
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights;  
And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianaes* spights  
(Being of old the best and fairest Hill  
That was in all this holy-Islands heights)  
Was made the most vnpleasant, and most ill.  
Meane while, ô *Clio*, lend *Caliope* thy quill.

38

Whylome, when *I REL A N D* flourish'd in fame  
Of wealths and goodnesse, far about the rest  
Of all that beare the *British* Islands name,  
The Gods then vs'd (for pleasure and for rest)  
Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best:  
But none of all there-in more pleasure found,  
Then *Cynthia*; that is soueraine Queeneprofest  
Of woods and Forrests, which therein abound,  
Sprinkled with wholsom waters, more the most on ground.

But

But mongst them all, as first for her game,  
 Either for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,  
 Or for to shroude in shade from *Phæbus* flaine,  
 Or bathe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe,  
 Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,  
 She chose this *Arlo*; where shee did resort  
 With all her Nymphes enraged on a rowe,  
 With whom the woody Gods did oft consort:  
 For, with the Nymphes, the Satyres loue to play & sport.

Amongst the which, there was a Nymph that hight  
*Molanna*; daughter of old father *Male*,  
 And sister vnto *Mulla*, faire and bright:  
 Vnto whose bed false *Bregog* whylome stole,  
 That Shepheard *Colin* dearely did condole,  
 And made her lucklesse loues well knowne to be.  
 But this *Molanna*, were the not so shole,  
 Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:  
 Yet as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks,  
 On which, a groue of Oakes high mounted growes,  
 That as a girland seemes to deck the locks  
 Of som faire Bride, brought forth with pompous shoues  
 Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:  
 So, through the flowry Dales she tumbling downe,  
 Through many woods, and shady covertes flowes  
 (That on each side her siluer channell crowne)  
 Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleys shee doth  
 (drowne).

In her sweet streames, *Diana* vsed oft  
 (After her sweatie chace and toilefome play)  
 To bathe her selfe; and after, on the soft  
 And downy grasse, her dainty limbes to lay  
 In couert shade, where none behold her may:  
 For, much she hated sight of liuing eye.  
 Foolish God *Faunus*, though full many a day  
 He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly  
 To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in priuity.

No way he found to compass his desire,  
 But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,  
 Her to discover for some secret hire:  
 So, her with flattering words he first assaid;  
 And after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,  
 Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,  
 VVith which he her allured and betraid,  
 To tell what time he might her Lady see  
 When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee.

There-to hee promist, if shee would him pleasure  
 With this small boone, to quit her with a better;  
 To weat, that where-as shee had out of measure  
 Long lov'd the *Fanchin*, who by nought did set her,  
 That he would vndertake, for this to get her  
 To be his Loue, and of him liked well:  
 Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter  
 For many moe good turnes then he would tell;  
 The least of which, this little pleasure should excell.

The simple maid did yield to him anone;  
 And est him placed where he close might view  
 That neuer any saw, save only one;  
 V Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,  
 Was of his hounds deuour'd in Hunters hew.  
 Tho, as her manner was on funny day,  
*Diana*, with her Nymphes about her, drew  
 To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,  
 She bath'd her louely limbes, for *Ioue* a likely pray.

There *Faunus* saw that pleased much his eye,  
 And made his hart to tickle in his brest,  
 That for great ioy of some-what he did spy,  
 He could him not containe in silent rest;  
 But breaking forth in laughter, loud profest  
 His foolish thought. A foolish *Faune* indeed,  
 That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden best,  
 But wouldest needs thine owne conceit breed.  
 Babblers vnworthy been of so diuine a meed.

The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise,  
 In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;  
 And running straight where-as he heard his voice,  
 Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,  
 Like darred Larke; not daring vp to looke  
 On her whose sight before so much he sought.  
 Thence, forth they drew him by the hornes, & shooke  
 Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;  
 And then into the open light they forth him brought.

Like as an huswife, that with busie care  
 Thinks of her Dairie to make wondrous gaine,  
 Finding where-as some wicked beast vnware  
 That breakes into her Dayr'house, there doth draine  
 Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine;  
 Hath in some snare or gin set close behind,  
 Entrapp'd him, and caught into her traine,  
 Then thinks what punishment were best assign'd,  
 And thousand deaths deuiceth in her vengefull mind:

So did *Diana* and her maydens all  
 Vle silly *Faunus*, now within their baile:  
 They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;  
 Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,  
 And by his goatish beard some did him haile:  
 Yet he (poore soule) with patience all did beare;  
 For, nought against their wils might countervail:  
 Ne ought he said what euer he did heare;  
 But hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,  
 They gan to cast what penaunce him to giue.  
 Some would haue gelt him, but that some would spill  
 The Wood-gods breed, which must for euer liue:  
 Others would through the riuier him haue drine,  
 And ducked deepe; but that seem'd penaunce light;  
 But most agreed and did this sentence giue,  
 Him in Deares skin to clad; & in that plight, (might)  
 To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe saue how hee

51  
 But *Cynthia's* selfe, more angry then the rest,  
 Thought not enough, to punish him in sport,  
 And of her shame to make a gamesome iest;  
 But gan examine him in straighter sort,  
 Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,  
 Him thither brought, and her to him betraid?  
 He, much affeard, to her confessed short,  
 That 'twas *Molanna* which her so bewraid.  
 Then all attonce their hands vpon *Molanna* laid.

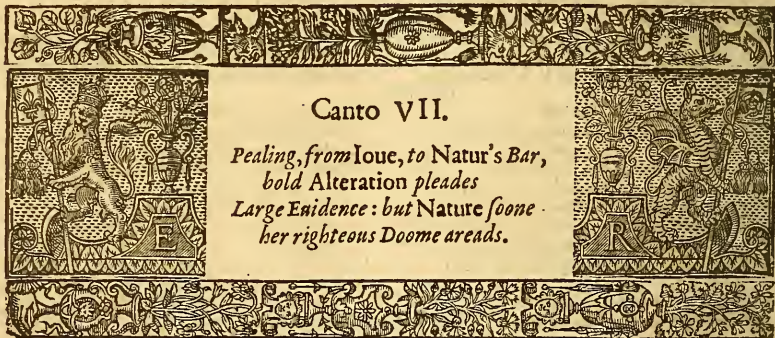
52  
 But him (according as they had decreed)  
 With a Deeres-skin they couered, and then chaff  
 With all their hounds that after him did speed;  
 But he more speedy, from them fled more fast  
 Then any Deere: so fore him dread aghaft.  
 They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,  
 Shouting as they the heauens would haue braff:  
 That all the woods and dales where he did flie,  
 Did ring againe, and loud reecho to the skie.

53  
 So they him follow'd till they weary were:  
 When, back returning to *Molann's* againe,  
 They, by commandment of *Diana*, there  
 Herwhelm'd with stones. Yet *Faunus* (for her paine)

Of her beloued *Fanchin* did obtaine,  
 That her he would receiue vnto his bed.  
 So now her waues passe through a pleasant Plaine,  
 Till with the *Fanchin* she her selfe doe wed,  
 And (both combin'd) themselues in one faire riuer spread.

54  
 Nath'lesse, *Diana*, full of indignation,  
 Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke;  
 In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,  
 So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:  
 Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke  
 All those faire forrests about *Arlo* hid,  
 And all that Mountaine, which doth over-looke  
 The richest champion that may else be rid,  
 And the faire *Shure*, in which are thousand Salmons bred.

55  
 Them all, and all that she deare did way,  
 Thence-forth she left; and parting from the place,  
 There-on an heauy haplesse curse did lay,  
 To weat, that Wolues, where she was wont to space,  
 Should harbour'd be, and all those Woods deface,  
 And Thieues should rob and spoile that Coast around.  
 Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chase,  
 Doth to this day with Wolues and Thieues abound:  
 Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since haue found.



## Canto VII.

*Peeling, from loue, to Natur's Bar,  
 bold Alteration pleades  
 Large Euidence: but Nature soone  
 her righteous Doome areads.*

1  
**A**H! whicher doost thou now thou greater Muse  
 Me from these woods & pleasing forrests bring?  
 And my fraile spirit (that dooth oft refuse  
 This too high sight, vnfit for her weake wing)  
 Lift vp aloft, to tell of heauens King  
 (Thy soueraine Sire) his fortunate successe,  
 And victory, in bigger noates to sing,  
 Which he obtain'd against that *Titanesse*,  
 That him of heauens Empire fought to dispossesse.

2  
 Yet sith I needs must follow thy best,fit,  
 Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,  
 Fit for this turne; and in my fable brest  
 Kindle fresh sparks of that immortal fire,

Which learned minds in flames with desire  
 Of heavenly things: for, who but thou alone,  
 That art yborne of heauen and heavenly Sire,  
 Can tell things doen in heauen so long ygone;  
 So farre past memory of man that may be knowne.

3  
 Now, at the time that was before agreed,  
 The Gods assembled all on *Arlo* hill;  
 As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,  
 As those that all the other world doe fill,  
 And rule both sea and land vnto their will:  
 Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;  
 Aswell for horror of their count'naunce ill,  
 As for th'vnruely fiends which they did feare;  
 Yet *Pluto* and *Proserpina* were present there.



And thither also came all other creatures,  
 What-euer life or motion doe retaine,  
 According to their fundry kinds of features;  
 That *Arlo* scarfly could them all containe;  
 So full they filled euery hill and Plaine:  
 And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)  
 Them well disposed by his busie paine,  
 And raunged farre abroad in euery border,  
 They would haue caused much confusion and disorder.

Then forth isswed (great goddesse) great dame *Nature*,  
 With goodly port and gracious Maiesty;  
 Being far greater and more tall of stature  
 Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:  
 Yet certes by her face and physnomy,  
 Whether she man or woman inly were,  
 That could nor any creature well descry:  
 For, with a veile that wimpled euery where,  
 Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appeare.

That some doe say was so by skill deuiz'd,  
 To hide the terror of her vncooth hew,  
 From mortall eyes that should be fore agrized;  
 For that her face did like a Lion shew,  
 That eye of wight could not indure to view:  
 But others tell that it so beauious was,  
 And round about such beames of splendor threw,  
 That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,  
 Ne could be seene, but like an image in a glasse.

That well may seemen true: for, well I weene  
 That this same day, when she on *Arlo* sat,  
 Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,  
 That my fraile wit cannot deuize to what  
 It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that,  
 As those three sacred *Saints*, though else most wise,  
 Yet on mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgot,  
 When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise  
 Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze their eyes.

In a fayre Plaine vpon an equall Hill,  
 She placed was in a pavilion;  
 Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill  
 Are wont for Princes states to fashion:  
 But th'earth her self of her owne motion,  
 Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe  
 Most dainty trees; that, shooting vp anon,  
 Did seeme to bow their blossoming heads full lowe,  
 For homage vnto her, and like a throne did shew.

So heard it is for any liuing wight,  
 All her array and vestiments to tell,  
 That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whose gentle spright  
 The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)  
 In his *Foules* parley durst not with it mel,  
 But it transfer'd to *Alane*, who he thought  
 Had in his *Plaint of Kindes* describ'd it well:  
 Which who will read set forth so as it ought,  
 Go seek he out that *Alane* where he may be fought.

And all the earth far vnderneath her feete  
 Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew  
 Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet,  
 Tenne thousand mores of fundry odour and hew,  
 That might delight the smell, or please the view:  
 The which, the Nymphes, from all the brooks thereby  
 Had gathered, which they at her foot-stoole threw;  
 That richer seem'd then any tapestry,  
 That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

And *Mole* himselfe, to honour her the more,  
 Did deck himself in freshest faire attire,  
 And his high head, that seemeth alwaies hore  
 With hardened frosts of former winters ire,  
 He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,  
 As if the loue of some new Nymph late seene,  
 Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,  
 And made him change his gray attire to greene;  
 Ah gentle *Mole*! such ioyance hath thee well becene.

Was neuer so great ioyance since the day,  
 That all the gods whylome assembled were,  
 On *Hemus* hill in their diuine array,  
 To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare,  
 Twixt *Pelene*, and dame *Thetis* pointed there;  
 Where *Phabus* self, that god of Poesis hight,  
 They say did sing the spousall hymne full cleere;  
 That all the gods were cramsift with delight  
 Of his celestiall song, & Musicks wondrous might.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred  
 Great *Nature*, euery young yet full of eld,  
 Still mouing, yet vnmooued from her sted;  
 Vnseene of any, yet of all beheld;  
 Thus sitting in her throne as I haue teld,  
 Before her came dame *Mutabilitie*;  
 And being lowe before her presence feld,  
 With meek obaysance and humilitie,  
 Thus gan her plaintif Plea, with words to amplifie;

To thee O greatest goddesse, onely great,  
 An humble suppliant loe, I lowely fly  
 Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;  
 Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,  
 Damning all Wrong and tortious Iniurie,  
 Which any of thy creatures doe to other  
 (Oppressing them with power, vnequally)  
 Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,  
 And knittest each to each, as brother vnto brother.

To thee therefore of this same *Ioue* I plaine,  
 And of his fellow gods that faine to be,  
 That challenge to themselves the whole worlds raign;  
 Of which, the greatest part is due to me,  
 And heauen it selfe by heritage in Fee:  
 For, heauen and earth I both alike do deeme,  
 Sith heauen and earth are both alike to thee;  
 And, gods no more then men thou doest esteeme:  
 For, euen the gods to thee, as men to gods do seeme.

16

Then weigh,  $\delta$  *soueraigne* goddesse, by what right  
 These gods do claime the worlds whole souerainty;  
 And that is onely dew vnto thy might  
 Arrogate to themselues ambitiously:  
 As for the gods owne principality,  
 Which *Ioue* vsurpes vnjustly; that to be  
 My heritage, *Ioue's* self cannot deny,  
 From my great Grandfire *Titan*, vnto mee,  
 Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well knowne to thee.

17

Yet mauger *Ioue*, and all his gods beside,  
 I doe possesse the worlds most regiment;  
 As, if ye please it into parts diuide,  
 And euery parts inholders to content,  
 Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.  
 And first, the Earth (great mother of vs all)  
 That only seems vnmov'd and permanent,  
 And vnto *Mutability* not thrall;  
 Yet is she chang'd in part, and eke in generall.

18

For, all that from her springs, and is ybredde,  
 How-euer fayre it flourish for a time,  
 Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,  
 To turne again vnto their earthly slime:  
 Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,  
 We daily see new creatures to arise;  
 And of their Winter spring another Prime,  
 Vnlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:  
 So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wile.

19

As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts,  
 The beasts we daily see massacred dy,  
 As thralls and vassalls vnto mens becheats:  
 And men themselues doe change continually,  
 From youth to eld, from wealth to pouerty,  
 From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.  
 Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly:  
 But eke their minds (which they immortall call)  
 Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

20

Ne is the water in more constant case;  
 Whether those same on high, or these belowe.  
 For, th'Ocean mouth full, from place to place;  
 And euery Riuer still doth ebbe and flowe:  
 Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,  
 Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde,  
 When any winde doth vnder heauen blowe;  
 With which, the clouds are also tost and roll'd;  
 Now like great Hills; & streight, like sluces, them vnfold.

21

So likewise are all watry liuing wights  
 Still tost, and turned, with continuall change,  
 Neuer abiding in their stedfast plights.  
 The fish, still floting, doe at randon range,  
 And neuer rest; but euermore exchange  
 Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:  
 Ne haue the watry foules a certaine grange,  
 Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;  
 But sitting full doe flie, and still their places vary.

22

Next is the Ayre: which who fecles not by sense  
 (For, of all sense it is the middle meane)  
 To sit still? and, with subtil influence  
 Of his thin spirit, all creatures to maintaine,  
 In state of life? O weake life! that does leane  
 On thing so tickle as th'vnsteady ayre;  
 Which euery howe is chang'd, and alured cleane  
 With euery blast that bloweth fowle or faire:  
 The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impair.

23

Therein the changes infinite beholde,  
 Which to her creatures euery minute chaunce;  
 Now, boyling hot: streight, friczing deadly cold:  
 Now, faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce:  
 Streight, bitter storms and balefull countenance,  
 That makes them all to shiuer and to shake:  
 Rayne, hayle, and snowe do pay them sad penance,  
 And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)  
 With flames & flashing lights that thousand changes make.

24

Last is the fire: which, though it liue for euer,  
 Ne can be quenched quite; yet, euery day,  
 Wee see his parts, so soone as they do seuer,  
 To lose their heat, and shortly to decay;  
 So, makes himself his owne consuming pray.  
 Ne any liuing creatures doth he breed:  
 But all, that are of others bredd, doth slay;  
 And, with their death, his cruell life dooth feed;  
 Nought leauing, but their barren ashes, without seede.

25

Thus, all these fower (the which the ground-work bee  
 Of all the world, and of all liuing wights)  
 To thousand sorts of *Change* we subiect see:  
 Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous sights)  
 Into themselues, and lose their natiue might;  
 The Fire to Aire, and th'Ayre to Water there,  
 And Water into Earth: yet Water fights  
 With Fire, and Aire with Earth approaching neere:  
 Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

26

So, in them all raignes *Mutabilitie*;  
 How-euer these, that Gods themselues do call,  
 Of them doe claime the rule and souerainty:  
 As, *Vesta*, of the fire æthereall;  
*Vulcan*, of this, with vs so vsuall;  
*Ops*, of the earth; and *Iuno* of the Ayre;  
*Neptune*, of Seas; and *Nymphes*, of Riuers all.  
 For, all those Riuers to me subiect are:  
 And all the rest, which they vsurp, be all my share.

27

Which to approuen true, as I haue told,  
 Vouchsafe,  $\delta$  goddesse, to thy presence call:  
 The rest which doe the world in being hold:  
 As, times and seasons of the yeare that fall:  
 Of all the which, demand in generall,  
 Or iudge thy selfe, by verdit of thine eye,  
 Whether to me they are not subiect all.  
*Nature* did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by,  
 Bade *Order* call them all, before her Maiesty.

28

So, forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare;  
 First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaues of flowres  
 That freshly budded and new bloomes did beare  
 (In which a thousand birds had built their bowres  
 That sweetly sung, to call forth Paramours):  
 And in his hand a iuelin he did beare,  
 And on his head (as fit for warlike flowers)  
 A guilt engrauen morion he did weare;  
 That as some did him loue, so others did him feare.

29

Then came the iolly *Sommer*, being dight  
 In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,  
 That was vnlyned all, to be more light:  
 And on his head a girlond well becene  
 He wore, from which as he had chuffed been  
 The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore  
 A boawe and shaftes, as he in Forrest greene  
 Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,  
 And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated fore.

30

Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad,  
 As though he ioyed in his plentious store,  
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad  
 That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore  
 Had by the belly oft him pinched fore.  
 Vpon his head a wreath that was enrold  
 With eares of coroe, of euery sort he bore:  
 And in his hand a fickle he did holde,  
 To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

31

Lastly, came *Winter* clothed all in frize,  
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,  
 Whil'ft on his hoary beard his breath did freeze;  
 And the dull drops that from his purpled bill  
 As from a limbeck did adown distill.  
 In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,  
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still:  
 For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;  
 That scarce his loofed limbes he habile was to weld.

32

These, marching softly, thus in order went,  
 And after them, the Monthes all riding came;  
 First, sturdy *March* with brows full sternly bent,  
 And armed strongly, rode vpon a Ram,  
 The same which ouer *Hellepontus* swam:  
 Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,  
 And in a bag all sorts of seeds yfame,  
 Which on the earth he strowed as he went,  
 And sild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

33

Next came fresh *Aprill* full of lustyhed,  
 And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds:  
 Vpon a Bull he rode, the same which led  
*Europa* floating through th' *Argolick* fluds:  
 His hornes were gilden all with golden studs  
 And garnished with garlonds goodly dight  
 Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds  
 Which th' earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd in sight  
 With waues, through which he waded for his lones delight.

34

Then came faire *May*, the fayrest mayd on ground,  
 Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,  
 And throwing flowres out of her lap around:  
 Vpon two brethrens shoulders the did ride,  
 The twinnes of *Leda*; which on cyther side  
 Supported her like to their soueraine Queene.  
 Lord! how all creatures laugh, when her they spide,  
 And leapt and daunc't as they had rauisht beene!  
 And *Cupid* selfe about her flattered all in greene.

35

And after her, came iolly *Iune*, arrayd  
 All in greene leaues, as he a Player were;  
 Yet in his time, he wrought as well as playd,  
 That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:  
 Vpon a Crab herode, that him did beare  
 With crooked crawling steps an vnouth pafe,  
 And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare  
 Bending their force contrary to their face,  
 Like that vngracious crew which faines demurest grace.

36

Then came hot *Iuly* boyling like to fire,  
 That all his garments he had cast away:  
 Vpon a Lyon raging yet with ire  
 He boldly rode and made him to obay:  
 It was the beast that whylome did forray  
 The *Nemæan* Forrest, till th' *Amphytrionide*  
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array:  
 Behinde his back a sith, and by his side  
 Vnder his belt he bore a fickle circling wide.

37

The sixt was *August*, being rich arrayd  
 In garment all of gold downe to the ground:  
 Yet rode he not, but led a louely Mayd  
 Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround  
 With eares of corne, and full her hand was found;  
 That was the righteous *Virgin*, which of old  
 Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;  
 But, after Wrong was lovd and Iustice solde,  
 She left th' vnrighteous world and was to heauen extold.

38

Next him, *September* marched ecke on foote;  
 Yet was he heauy laden with the spoyle  
 Of haruets riches, which he made his boot,  
 And him enrich with bounty of the foyle:  
 In his one hand, as fit for haruets toyle,  
 He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand  
 A paire of waights, with which he did affoyle  
 Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,  
 And eual gaue to each as Iustice duly scann'd.

39

Then came *October* full of merry glee:  
 For, yet his noule was toty of the must,  
 Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,  
 And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust  
 Made him so frolick and so full of lust:  
 Vpon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,  
 The same which by *Dianæs* doom vnjust  
 Slew great *Orion*: and ecke by his side  
 He had his ploughing share, and coulter readye.

12

Next

40  
Next was *November*, he full full grosse and fat,  
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;  
For, he had been a fatting hogs of late,  
That yet his browes with sweat, did reek and steem,  
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;  
In planting ecke he took no small delight:  
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;  
For it a dreadfull *Centaure* was in fight,  
The feed of *Saturne*, and faire *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

41  
And after him, came next the chill *December*:  
Yet he through merry feasting which he made,  
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;  
His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad:  
Vpon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,  
The same wherewith *Dan Ioue* in tender yeares,  
They say, was nourisht by th' *Lean* mayd;  
And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares;  
Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

42  
Then came old *January*, wrapped well  
In many weeds to keep the cold away;  
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,  
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may:  
For, they were numb'd with holding all the day  
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,  
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray;  
Vpon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood;  
From whose wide mouth, there flowed forth the *Romance*  
(flood.)

43  
And lastly, came cold *February*, sitting  
In an old wagon, for he could not ride;  
Drawne of two fishes for the season sitting,  
Which through the flood before did softly flyde  
And swim away; yet had he by his side  
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,  
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride  
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round:  
So past the twelue Months forth, & their dew places found.

44  
And after these, there came the *Day*, and *Night*,  
Riding together both with equall pace,  
Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;  
But *Night* had couered her vncomeely face  
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,  
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,  
And sleep and darknesse round about did trace:  
But *Day* did beare, vpon his cepters hight,  
The goodly Sun, encompass all with beames bright.

45  
Then came the *Howres*, faire daughters of high *Ioue*,  
And timely *Night*, the which were all endewed  
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle loue;  
But they were Virgins all, and lone eschewed,  
That might forsack the charge to them fore-shewed  
By mighty *Ioue*; who did them Porters make  
Of heaueus gate (whence all the gods issued)  
Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake  
By euen turnes, ne euer did their charge forsake.

46  
And after all came *Life*, and lastly *Death*;  
*Death* with moit grim and grieley visage scene,  
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;  
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,  
Vnbodied, vnsoul'd, vnheard, vnscene.  
But *Life* was like a faire young lusty boy,  
Such as they faire *Dan Cupid* to haue beene,  
Full of delightfull health and liuely ioy,  
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

47  
When these were past, thus gan the *Titanesse*;  
Lo, mighty mother, now be iudge and say,  
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse  
*CHANCE* doth not reign & beare the greatest sway:  
For, who sees not, that *Time* on all doth pray?  
But *Times* do change and moue continually.  
So nothing here long standeth in one stay:  
Wherefore, this lower world who can deny  
But to be subiect still to *Mutabilitie*?

48  
Then thus gan *Ioue*; Right true it is, that these  
And all things else that vnder heauen dwell  
Are chaung'd of *Time*, who doth them all disseise  
Of being: But, who is it (to me tell)  
That *Time* himselfe doth moue and still compell  
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee  
Which poure that vertue from our heauenly cell,  
That moues them all, and makes them changed be?  
So them we gods doe rule, and in them also thee.

49  
To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things  
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd,  
Ye may attribute to your selues as Kings,  
And say they by your secret powre are made:  
But what we see not, who shall vs perswade?  
But were they so, as ye them faire to be,  
Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your ayde;  
Yet what If I can proue, that euen yee  
Your selues are likewise chang'd, and subiect vnto mee?

50  
And first, concerning her that is the first,  
Euen you faire *Cynthia*, whom so much ye make  
*Ioues* dearest darling, she was bred and nurst  
On *Cynthus* hill, whence her her name did take:  
Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake;  
Besides, her face and countenance euery day  
We changed see, and sundry forms partake,  
Now horn'd, now roūd, now bright, now brown & gray:  
So that as changefull as the *Moone* men vse to say.

51  
Next, *Mercury*, who though he lesse appeare  
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one;  
Yet, he his course doth altar euery yeare,  
And is of late far out of order gone:  
So *Venus* ecke, that goodly Paragone,  
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day;  
And *Phaebus* self, who lightsome is alone,  
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,  
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

52  
Now *Mars* that valiant man is changed most:  
For, he some times so far runs out of square,  
That he his way doth seem quite to haue lost,  
And cleane without his vsuall sphere to fare;  
That euen these Star-gazers stonist are  
At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:  
So likewise, grim Sir *Saturne* oft doth spare  
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes:  
So many turning cranks these haue, so many crookes.

53  
But you *Dan Ioue*, that only constant are,  
And King of all the rest, as ye do claime,  
Are you not subiect ecke to this misfate?  
Then let me aske you this withouten blame,  
Where were ye borne? some say in *Crete* by name,  
Others in *Thebes*, and others other-where;  
But wherefoeuer they comment the fame,  
They all consent that ye begotten were,  
And borne here in this world, no other can appeare.

54  
Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,  
Vnlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make  
Immortall, and vnchangeable to be:  
Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,  
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,  
And your owne natures change: for, each of you  
That vertue haue, or this, or that to make,  
Is checkt and changed from his nature trow,  
By others opposition or obliquid view.

55  
Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares,  
So sundry waies and fashions as clerkes saue,  
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares;  
What is the same but alteration plaine?  
Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine:  
Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still moue,  
And euen it self is mov'd, as wizards saue.  
But all that moueth, doth mutation loue:  
Therefore both you and them to me I subiect proue.


56  
Then since within this wide great *Vniuerse*  
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,  
But all things toft and turned by transuise:  
What then should let, but I aloft should reare  
My Trophée, and from all, the triumph beare?  
Now iudge then (ô thou greatest goddesse trow!)  
According as thy selfe doct see and heare,  
And vnto mee addoom that is my dew;  
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

57  
So hauing ended, silence long ensfewed,  
Ne *Nature* to or fro spake for a space,  
But with firme eyes affixt, the ground still viewed.  
Meane while, all creatures, looking in her face,  
Expecting th'end of this so doubtfull case,  
Did hang in long suspence what would ensfew,  
To whether side should fall the foueraigne place:  
At length, she looking vp with chearefull view,  
The silence brake, and gaue her doome in speeches few.

58  
I well consider all that ye haue sayd,  
And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate  
And changed be: yet being rightly wayd  
They are not changed from their first estate;  
But by their change their being doe dilate:  
And turning to themselues at length againe,  
Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate:  
Then ouer them Change doth not rule and raigne;  
But they raigne ouer change, and doe their states maintaine.

59  
Cease therefore daughter further to aspire,  
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me:  
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;  
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,  
And from thenceforth, none no more change shall see.  
So was the *Titanes*' put downe and whist,  
And *Ioue* confirm'd in his imperiall see.  
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,  
And *Natur*'s selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

### The VIII. Canto, vnperfite.

1  
 Hen I bethinke me on that speech whyleare,  
Of *Mutability*, and well it way:  
Me seemes, that though she all vnworthy were  
Of the Heavns Rule; yet very sooth to say  
In all things else she beares the greatest sway,  
Which makes me loath this state of life to tickle,  
And loue of things so vaine to cast away,  
Whose flowing pride, so fading and so fickle,  
Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

2  
Then gin I thinke on that which *Nature* sayd,  
Of that same time when no more *Change* shall be,  
But stedfast rest of all things firmly stayd  
Vpon the pillours of Eternity,  
That is contrayrto *Mutabilitie*:  
For, all that moueth, doth in *Change* delight:  
But thence-forth all shall rest eternally  
With Him that is the God of *Sabbaoth* hight:  
O that great *Sabbaoth* God, graunt me that *Sabaoths* sight.

## F I N I S.



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